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JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

DOCTOR HOLLAND, editor-in-chief of this magazine since its foundation, died suddenly at his home in New York City on the morning of the 12th of October, 1881. The announcement will not be new to the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE when it reaches them in these pages, but it gives pain to write it in the magazine which was the chief interest and the greatest pride of his later years. The record here is the solemn sealing up of a life full of versatile activity and crowned with many-sided distinction,—the formal farewell to him who was the public benefactor of thousands, and the affectionate and generous personal friend of all those who lived or labored near him.

His family was of the oldest Puritan stock; the original ancestors, John and Judith Holland, appear to have been members of that church which was organized before sailing from Plymouth, in England, and which emigrated, bodily and ecclesiastically, into the wilderness at Dorchester, under the guidance of the Rev. John Warham. The settlement in Dorchester, in 1630, carries us back to the Massachusetts genesis, that being the year of the "great migration" under Winthrop, the bringing over of the charter, and the first planting of organized settlements in "the Bay." All the threads of Doctor Holland's ancestry seem to have been interwoven, for many generations, with the web of New England life and history. His mother was Anna Gilbert, a daughter of Major John Gilbert, and a native of Hebron, in Connecticut. Harrison Holland, his father, came of a branch of the family that had lived for a long time in Petersham. He was an excellent and lovable man, whose lot it was to be always extremely poor. The silk used in a factory in which Harrison Holland was employed was brought from China upon reels of his invention. One of Doctor Holland's brothers was also an inventor, and Doctor Holland himself once invented a steam-plow, and thought out long ago a stylographic pen, and a lamp for use in railway cars. But in him the inventive talent of his father was associated with larger powers, and was exercised chiefly on a higher plane. It was this inventive imagination, inherited from his father, no doubt, that made him so versatile, so fertile in resources, so ready to meet an exigency half-way with expedients. Doctor Holland had the tenderest regard and reverence for his father, mingled with a humorous perception of his peculiar traits, and in the ballad of "Daniel Gray," which first appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," he describes the lovely, homely man in lines that are as quaintly humorous as they are pathetic. In what a severe struggle with fate has New England, hard mother of great men, trained her sons to be leaders! The Spartans cast away the weakly child, as unfit to serve a warlike state, and the old New England, with a savage penury and a fierce natural selection, put down the ambitious youth whose fiber was not of the strongest. None of New England's greatest sons was more roughly handled by poverty than Doctor Holland. During a considerable part of his childhood, the family, pursued by misfortune, led a sort of roving life. For some years they lived in Heath, then they returned to Belchertown; then we find them migrating to South Hadley, to Granby, and elsewhere, and then to Northampton, moving their slender household goods from place to place as the unprosperous father was able to find work. The promising son, Josiah, had little chance for learning, getting but a few months in the public schools in winter, and working hard to help sustain the family for the rest of the

year. This contact with poverty wrought images in his memory which were ineffaceable, and which appear and re-appear in his books. In his early novel entitled "Miss Gilbert's Career," one finds depicted the humiliation which wounded his pride, the vulgarity of associates which offended his better nature, and even the sharpness of the dye liquid which stung his blistered palms while he worked as a lad in a factory. The removal of "Arthur Bonnicastle" is but a description of the removal of his father's household to Northampton.

When, in their migrations, the Holland family reached Northampton, Josiah had come to feel aspirations that were not to be smothered in the steam of the factory, nor trodden out of him by misfortune. The son confided to his father (who was loved and reverenced for his worth, in spite of his inability to cope with fate) his desire to get a liberal education. The thumb-screw of poverty probably never gave Harrison Holland a severer twist than when he felt himself obliged to confess, as he did, that he could do nothing to help the budding ambition of his boy. Josiah, however, entered the Northampton High School, and pushed his studies with the strenuous eagerness of one who is attracted by a love of knowledge and propelled by aversion to an uncongenial environment. But the sedentary and studious life was too severe a strain on the youth accustomed to active labor in field and factory. He fell ill, and when after months his strength began to return, the accumulated obstacles in the way of his acquiring a liberal education were too appalling even for his courage. He still sought to educate himself, however, while resorting to many devices to get a livelihood. The older inhabitants of certain little mountain villages in Vermont will tell you to-day of a tall young man who, more than forty years ago, taught penmanship from town to town, and who used to recite his own poems to his intimate friends. He tried daguerreotypy and district-school teaching, and strove in vain, as he afterward confessed to the writer of these words, to fight off the despairing conclusion that the world had no suitable work for him to do.

Since a college course was out of the question, Doctor Holland took almost the only other road that seemed open at that time to one who wished to live by the work of his brain: at twenty-one years of age he began the study of medicine. His friends had assured him that writing for the press would never bring bread, and that he must have a more regular calling. The rigor of the struggle with poverty which had lasted from his birth had not abated. He still eked out his living by various shifts. His good penmanship stood him in hand, and he was, for a while, a copyist of deeds in an office of record. Once, during this study of medicine, it became necessary to borrow ten dollars, but, after the debt had been contracted, the proud and honorable young man walked the streets of Northampton an entire night, in anguish of spirit because he could see no way of repaying the money. It was in one of these hard years that his three sisters died, one after another, and this bereavement affected his sensitive and affectionate nature more than all his other troubles.

In 1844, he was graduated at the Berkshire Medical College with honor. The struggling youth had fought out one battle, having, by dint of resolute endeavor, become a recognized member of a learned profession; but, like many another young man in a similar position, he found that a diploma increased the difficulty of existence. A professional man cannot go "carpet-bagging" around the country as writing-master to get his bread; he must sit and wait—a much harder thing to do. Energy of character in such circumstances only serves to wear out its possessor. He may starve, but he must make no sign and put forth no effort until he is called. Youth, a blessing invaluable to other men, is almost a crime in a physician, and he comes to look anxiously for signs of age and maturity.

When, in 1845, Doctor Holland and his classmate, Doctor Bailey, put up their sign as partners in medical practice, it was a partnership in youth, inexperience, and poverty. They had settled in Springfield when it was like a town on the frontier. The introduction of railways had begun to shift population: the car-shops had just been located in Springfield, and many working-men had come to increase the population of the village. It was prospectively a railway center, and all kinds of people who desired to "grow up with the place" had come to settle in the future metropolis of Western Massachusetts. The people were, for the most part, poor, or, at best, plain people, rich in hopes excited by the new order of things. There was, especially, a superabundance of doctors, who, in the sharp rivalry of an overstocked market, were in a state of lively discord among themselves. The older physicians held the practice in the families of substance, and those newly arrived had, for the most part, to contend for that of the workmen, and such like impecunious people. The young Doctor Holland is remembered as a man of fine presence; he was tall, lithe, and dignified. An eminent man, who knew him intimately in these years of waiting for prosperity, characterizes him as "sensitive, independent, and sweet." The practice of medicine was distaste-

ful, and brought but little money. As for poverty, he must by this time have become well seasoned to it; there seemed, indeed, no prospect of anything else for him. Though he suffered much, at times, from his privations and anxieties, I do not imagine that he was ever an unhappy man. His nature, though sensitive, was essentially buoyant and joyous.

In 1845, the year after his graduation, with the hopefulness of youth, he married Miss Elizabeth Chapin, of Springfield, and thus, in his season of darkness, laid the foundation of a domestic life of great happiness. It was during his leisurely life as a young doctor that he began to contribute to the old "Knickerbocker Magazine" and other periodicals, spending in writing the time which a young physician ought to pass in the study of medicine. It was not to be expected that so energetic and self-reliant a nature as his could brook this long waiting. His instinct led him to journalism. There lies before me the prospectus of "A New Family Newspaper," signed by "J. G. Holland, editor and proprietor." It was to be called the "Bay State Weekly Courier," and was to be published simultaneously in Springfield and the neighboring village of Cabotville. One sees here that the very ideas afterward characteristic of the "Springfield Republican" and SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY while under his direction, were fermenting in Doctor Holland thirty-five years ago. The "Courier" was to be a paper with a mission,—it was "to elevate the standard of literary taste," not only in Springfield and Cabotville, but in Middle and Western Massachusetts generally, and to defend the inalienable rights of MAN,—the word was spelled significantly in small capitals,—to afford a vehicle for free discussion, and to "tell the truth boldly and freely," on all things which concerned "Patriotism, Philanthropy, and Religion." The promise of tolerant discussion and the prominence given in this prospectus to philanthropic and religious subjects is the small beginning of a change which was wrought in the character of American journalism, in a measure through Doctor Holland's initiative. The new paper, thus announced a generation ago, was to be "independent of party, sect, or social organization." This was italicized, and was likewise characteristic of the conductor of this magazine.

This literary organ of Springfield and Cabotville lived but six months. What first venture in journalism ever succeeded? For four years Doctor Holland had been waiting for success in his profession, and in 1848 his patience and hope appear fairly to have broken down. Offered a place as a teacher in Richmond, Virginia, he accepted it and remained there for three months, until he was invited to take charge of the public schools in Vicksburg, whereupon he returned to Springfield to make preparations for the long journey. Every remonstrance of friends in Springfield against his removal to a place so antipodal to New England ways and ideas as was Vicksburg in that day, he met with the plea of necessity. The journey was made in company with Mrs. Holland, in the dead of winter, and being chiefly by stage and steam-boat, was one of considerable difficulty and hardship.

At the end of the tedious river voyage, he found that the public schools which he had been called to superintend had not yet been organized, and that beyond a department for girls, they had no existence. Doctor Holland was warned that discipline was out of the question—that if he exacted obedience he would be put out by the larger boys. There ensued a stern fight for supremacy between him and his rebellious pupils, in which his quick decision of character gave him the mastery. Even at a later day than this, such a thing as the shooting of a school-master for whipping a boy was not unknown in the Southwest, and it is a wonder that Doctor Holland escaped violence. Nothing but his superior quickness and unfaltering courage saved him.

Once, the larger boys resolved on revenge. One who had suffered a sharp punishment at his hands provided himself with a club, and, backed by a crowd of burly, overgrown school-fellows, waited to attack the teacher on his way to the post-office. Seeing the crowd, and knowing its meaning, Doctor Holland fixed his steady dark eyes on the one who held the club, clenched his fists, and walked straight forward through the very midst of the group, which melted slowly away at the approach of the terrible master. When the rebels had dispersed, the teacher found the prints of his nails in the palms of his hands. Though he staid in Vicksburg but fifteen months, he wrought a revolution in its educational system. In less than a year from his coming, the private schools were all given up, except one which derived its support from out-of-town pupils. The schools were graded, and were taught in one building under his supervision.

The illness of Mrs. Holland's mother rendered it necessary that he should resign his place and return once more to Springfield, which event—the turning-point in his life,—took place in April, 1849. He seems to have felt no inclination to reënter the struggle for medical practice, for within two weeks after his return, he was installed as assistant editor of the "Republican." He was now thirty years of age, with a varied experience and large possibilities. His pay, for the first

year, was four hundred and eighty dollars, and as he and Mr. Bowles constituted the entire staff of the paper, he not only wrote editorials, but reported cattle-shows, public meetings, primary caucuses, runaway horses, —the two editors "doing the work of five." His second year's pay was seven hundred dollars, and at the close of the year, Mr. Bowles was so anxious to retain him that he sold him a quarter interest in the paper for three thousand five hundred dollars, for which amount Doctor Holland gave his notes. When he sold out his share in the "Republican," fifteen years later, it was worth more than fourteen times what he had paid.

That was a rare conjunction which brought together on the same paper, in a small inland town, two men of such journalistic ability as Holland and Bowles. On that side of journalism which affects public life, Samuel Bowles was one of the greatest of his class. Editing a paper that could never be other than provincial, his rare insight and foresight, his unpartisan frankness, his rugged and even rude integrity, made the opinions of his paper more valuable, and its adverse judgments more feared, than those of any other journal in the nation. Greeley and Raymond were great partisan advocates, but Bowles was a journalistic day of judgment. His masterpiece of wisdom in selecting his lieutenants was his hitting upon Doctor Holland, whose gifts were of a kind precisely opposite to his own. Mr. Bowles's attention was absorbed by public questions, and the business management of the paper; Holland, though writing on national topics, had small relish for politics. He was the most popular and effective preacher of social and domestic moralities in his age; the oracle of the active and ambitious young man; of the susceptible and enthusiastic young woman; the guide, philosopher, and school-master of humanity at large, touching all questions of life and character. If Bowles made the "Republican" esteemed and feared in Massachusetts and the nation, Holland made it loved in ten thousand homes. Wanting either of these men, the paper must have failed to become what it did.

Your true journalist never reaches a point of repose; he is always seeking for something to "improve the paper," and is never weary of trying to heap Atlas's load upon his own shoulders. Still possessed with the ideals of journalism which he had announced in the prospectus of the "Bay State Courier," Holland sought to give the "Republican" some other interest than that of politics, market reports, and town gossip. His first serial-writing was in the letters "from Max Mannering to his sister in the country." These were satires of social life, as social life existed in a largish village like Springfield a quarter of a century ago. Doctor Holland did a much more important thing for the paper. He introduced into the "Republican," and was one of the first to bring into secular journalism, the discussion of social, moral, philanthropic, and religious topics. The American public has always been profoundly interested in such questions, but American journalism of old stood aloof from them as something that would be out of place in a newspaper. You might as well read the Bible at a primary caucus, as to write of religion or personal morals in a journal devoted "to politics and general intelligence." Whether Doctor Holland fully appreciated the benefit which the change he was working would confer on journalism, or whether he only wrote on such themes from the irresistible tendency of his nature, I cannot say. No man knew the people better than he did,—he was bone of their bone,—and I make no doubt that much of the early success of the "Republican" was due to the qualities that made Holland's writings so popular.

Neither Doctor Holland nor Mr. Bowles was content with the "Republican" as a village or county paper. They had the sagacity to see how favorable was the opportunity made by the concentering of railway lines at Springfield to conquer a somewhat wider world. "Write a play about me, and my son-in-law and I will be interested in it," says an old man in a French comedy. The way to interest the people of the hill-country of Massachusetts in the "Springfield Republican" was to write about them and their forefathers. So, to all his other endeavors to improve the paper, Dr. Holland now added that of writing for the "Republican" a "History of Western Massachusetts," which should appear serially in its columns. One who has not attempted historical writing cannot imagine the drudgery of the task to which the rising journalist now set himself. To say that he was required to read a hundred, or, perhaps, hundreds of times the number of lines that he wrote, will give no notion of it. To track a fact and dog a vexed question until you run it to earth takes much time and wearisome research, and perhaps results in changing a date or erasing a line. When Holland, yet quite ignorant of his subject, and even of the kind of writing, approached such patient special students as Sylvester Judd and the librarian of Harvard University, seeking material, they frankly expressed amazement at the boldness of a young man who should endeavor to cover such a field in a year and a half. A man of Doctor Holland's temperament cer-

tainly would not be attracted by the rusty-musty books and pamphlets in which his material lay. The two volumes of this work represented, as he confessed, "an enormous amount of drudgery." It procured his election to membership in the Massachusetts Historical Society, and is an accepted authority in its field to-day. I doubt if he felt any more desire to push further his reputation as a local historian than a discharged galley-slave has to exercise with the oars.

And yet, as Samson got honey from the lion, so Doctor Holland's first novel, "Bay Path," came from his study of local history. This novel also appeared serially in the "Republican," into whose columns, like the true journalist that he was, Holland poured without reserve the best that was in him. The story was brought out in 1857, by the house of Putnam, in New York. Though more favorably received by the critics than some of its successors, "Bay Path" did not have an encouraging sale.

Doctor Holland's positive personal success began at last where he probably did not expect it. Nine years after he entered the paper, he began the publication of the "Letters to Young People, Married and Single" in the columns of the "Republican." The playful signature, "Timothy Titcomb," and all the circumstances of their production, go to show that the author had no thought of winning his first decisive battle with these general epistles. But they were popular from the start, and Holland found out then what all the world knows now, that he was a great preacher. But, notwithstanding their newspaper popularity, the Titcomb letters traveled all up and down the streets of Boston and New York seeking a publisher. "Bay Path" had not sold largely, the trade was yet staggering under the financial blow of 1857, and few publishers were willing to risk anything so like sermons in their texture as Timothy Titcomb's Letters. At last Mr. Charles Scribner was approached. He listened to Doctor Holland's reading of the letters awhile, and was delighted. "Stop there," he said, "I'll take the book." It had an amazing run, as all the world knows, and the total sale in this country has been sixty-two thousand copies. This was the starting-point of a series of books, of which the Scribner book-house has sold four hundred and eighty-one thousand volumes; and with its publication began the friendship which brought about the conjunction of Doctor Holland and Mr. Scribner at the beginning of this magazine.

The poem of "Bitter-sweet" appeared in the same year, 1858, and was yet more successful. Its sale has run up to seventy-five thousand copies, besides its circulation in the collected poems. "Gold-foil," which appeared serially as "Preachings from Popular Proverbs," was put in covers in 1859, "Miss Gilbert's Career," a novel, was issued in the following year; "Lessons in Life" in 1861, and the "Letters to the Joneses" in 1863; a volume of lectures was published in 1865, and in the same year appeared Doctor Holland's "Life of Abraham Lincoln," which was sold by subscription, and brought him more money than he probably ever dreamed of possessing during his early life. The climax of his fame and popular success as an author of books was attained in 1868, when the poem "Kathrina" appeared. It has outstripped all its fellows in popular favor, and outsold all other American poems except Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The sales now aggregate over ninety-nine thousand. "The Marble Prophecy," a poem founded on the Laocoön, was issued in 1872, and then appeared in succession, in the pages of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY first, and afterward in book form, the later group of novels, "Arthur Bonnicastle," "Sevenoaks," and "Nicholas Minturn." Though reaching a sale far in advance of most novels of their time, they have not attained to the popularity of the author's first works. Yet they contain some of his best writing. "The Mistress of the Manse" appeared in 1875.

Doctor Holland was always proud of that which his critics have made a reproach to him. He was in all respects in the closest sympathy with the people, and his literary success never drew him away from them. He lived the life of the people; was interested in churches, Sunday-schools, and total abstinence societies; possessing a fine tenor voice, he led the excellent quartette choir of the North Church in Springfield for many years. Among his intimate friends were the pastors to whom he listened. Such were Dr. Noah Porter, now president of Yale College, and Dr. Buckingham, of Springfield, to both of whom I am much indebted for reminiscences of his early life and struggles, and such was Mr. Drummond, a volume of whose sermons he edited after the author's death. Doctor Holland, in conjunction with his steadfast friend, Mr. George M. Atwater, was active in establishing a church in Springfield, which was, and is to-day, without attachment to any denomination, and tolerably free from creed restrictions. Which leads one to remark on the character of Doctor Holland's religious life. "Formulas mean nothing to me," he said; "I receive Christianity through my feelings."

Before the founding of the Memorial Church, he was once accused of teaching heresy to

his Bible-class, and an informal investigation was had, at which he would give no statement of his doctrine, but read a chapter from the New Testament, saying: "That is my creed." His heresies, whatever they were, seem never to have passed beyond the nebulous stage. If he did not formulate orthodox statements, he uttered no heretical ones. Heartily religious with a piety cast in evangelical molds, he did not care at all for the molds.

There is some interesting self-revelation in his will: "I am thankful for having enjoyed the privileges of labor and influence, thankful for wife and children, thankful for all my successes. I have intentionally and consciously wronged no man, and if I know my heart, I have forgiven all my enemies. For the great hereafter, I trust in the Infinite Love, as it is expressed to me in the life and death of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

These closing words, evangelical in sentiment, but without dogmatic precision, well express Dr. Holland's religious life.

It was not that he shrank from the obloquy of heresy—he boldly accepted that in a vicarious way. He was the most chivalrous defender of the right of other people to think the thought that was in them, and to express it. He hated in his own brave fashion all ecclesiastical processes for suppressing freedom of thought in established organizations, and he took all risks of being misunderstood in defending those who had offended by their candor and courage. Soon after the success of the Titcomb letters made him widely known, he became one of the most popular of all American lecturers, and from end to end of the country he traveled, delivering before the lyceums lectures which were little else than pleasing sermons, full of healthy common-sense and sound moral teaching. For, in an age of much literary and pulpit charlatanism, the most hostile critic never accused him of sensational methods.

When Mr. Bowles tried for a short time to plant a successful journal in the soil of Boston, so uncongenial to a man of his stamp, Dr. Holland became chief editor of the "Republican," whose fortunes he had helped to make. When, foiled by circumstances beyond control, Mr. Bowles came back disappointed to Springfield, Dr. Holland resigned the editorship of the paper to him, and in 1867, he sold his share in the establishment. He was now at liberty, the possessor of large means for a man of letters, the owner of a beautiful home in the suburbs of Springfield, the most beloved and influential member of the Memorial Church, a citizen greatly respected in his little city, and at the zenith of his fame.

In 1868, he went to Europe, where he remained two years. It was a very important epoch in his life, and an important point in the history of American literature and art, for it was, as he has related, on a bridge in Geneva that he proposed to his friend Mr. Roswell Smith the founding of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, a plan which had grown out of the proposition previously made by his friend Mr. Charles Scribner, that he take the editorship of "Hours at Home." This institution is of itself enough to make American literature forever Dr. Holland's debtor.

I shall not tell again the story of this magazine and its wonderful success. It is the offspring of many minds, the work of many hands. None knew better than Doctor Holland how largely it was indebted to the masterful business tact and force of its publisher, to the diligence, tasteful discrimination, and journalistic ability of his editorial associates, and to the coöperation of an able staff of contributors and artists; but the editorial authority was Doctor Holland's, and it was his large tolerance of spirit that made room for the successful play of the individuality of his associates. The maxim *facit per alium, facit per se* is nowhere truer than in newspaper and magazine work, and with a chief editor of views less liberal or methods less large, the magazine could never have reached its brilliant results.

Doctor Holland's last years were years of great enjoyment. He was surrounded by a multitude of friends in New York, and held, for some years, the presidency of the Board of Education. Even after he knew that his heart-disease must prove fatal, he had many sources of happiness. The great magazine with which his name must ever be most prominently associated was prosperous, well-manned and organized, so that he felt less and less solicitude about it, and handed it over more and more to those who should come after him. Knowing that his remaining years must be few, he wisely sold his share of the magazine stock to his business and editorial associates, and arranged his affairs in such a way as to make its management by his family an easy task. He had his home in New York and his beautiful country place in the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, and he was able to pass the closing hours of life's day-time in thorough enjoyment of the world. Fortune, which had been niggardly enough in his youth, opened both hands to him as he advanced in life.

Let others measure his genius and mark his limitations at some future time. I cannot attempt a critical estimate of him now, when he has but just gone, and while the printer

waits for the words I write. But this one fact should always be remembered: that he was preëminently a moralist. Whether he wrote poetry or prose, letters or essays, novels or editorials, the moral purpose never forsook him. It is by this that he is to be judged. His art was never merely for art's sake, but it served to give wings to his instructions. Doctor Holland wrote, long ago: "I account the honor of occupying a pure place in the popular heart—of being welcomed in God's name into the affectionate confidence of those for whom life has high meanings and high issues, of being recognized as among the beneficent forces of society, the greatest honor to be worked for and won beneath the stars."

I am far from undervaluing the literary character of his writings,—I believe, indeed, that many of his best utterances in prose and verse have not yet received the recognition they deserve. There comes always a sifting time when an author dies. The world cannot carry the burden of a hundredth part of what is written, even by those of eminent reputation. That which is best and compactest is preserved, the rest is gradually left behind to make room for the thought of new thinkers. It is too soon to say what, or how much, of all Doctor Holland's large production will be kept alive. But he is more fortunate than other writers, in that he has a worthy fame that is quite beyond the reach of literary oblivion. A French critic says that "an orator is remembered by the effects he has produced." So a great journalist is remembered, not alone by the preservation of his writings, which may lose interest as the occasion of them is forgotten. It is possible that little of all that Greeley or Raymond has written will have any permanent place in letters, but the men have achieved fame by what they did. Doctor Holland was, of course, far more of a literary man than either of them, but his talent was preëminently journalistic, and he is sure of a rank among the greater journalists. His ideas and plans were always large; he would have a liberal scale of payment to contributors, and he was ever ready to incur the cost of the most excellent art-work to be had. He knew that small economies wrongly applied are fatal to a great enterprise.

Doctor Holland was a man of dignified and impressive presence; he had something of that talent for affairs which is indispensable to the journalist, but he was also a man of rare simplicity and transparency. He often showed his inmost thoughts to strangers, and sometimes cast the pearls of his confidence before swine who turned upon him. He loved approbation and he craved affection. De Quincey never got over the physical pangs occasioned by prolonged hunger, and the man who has been thoroughly browbeaten and downtrodden by persistent hard fortune in his youth is likely to have a life-long hunger for the love and appreciation of his fellows. This appetite for approval, joined to a nature incorrigibly frank and open, made Doctor Holland seem to some people to possess more self-esteem than he really had. In truth, a good deal of what appeared to be self-assertion was the offspring of a latent self-discouragement. No critic could make a more acute estimate of Doctor Holland's ethical books than he does in these modest words from the preface to "Lessons in Life":

> "In this book, as in its predecessors, the author has aimed at being neither brilliant nor profound. He has endeavored, simply, to treat in a familiar and attractive way a few of the more prominent questions which concern the life of every thoughtful man and woman. Indeed, he can hardly pretend to have done more than organize and put into form the average thinking of those who read his books,—to place before the people the sum of their own choicer judgments,—and he neither expects nor wishes for these essays higher praise than that which accords to them the quality of common sense."

Having been poor himself, he gave freely to others who were straitened. His generosity, and what I have denominated his simplicity, made him a prey to the ingenious romancers who live upon the sympathies of the good. He said once that he could better afford to give a worthless fellow twenty-five dollars than to subject himself to the demoralizing influences of suspicion. It gave him a severe pang to distrust anybody.

After all, the great heart was a large part of the man. He cherished high and generous ideals himself, and nourished them in others. His sympathies and sensibilities nothing could blunt. He had words of kindness for the humblest, and he loved the common people with a sympathy which reacted upon his own life and character. He would sometimes, at Bonnie-castle, hide his face in his hands with a sort of terror when he saw strangers approaching, but he would never refuse to see them and show them about the place. His superabundant sympathy drew to him, from all classes of society, a love not often given to any man. People visited his summer home as though making a pilgrimage to a shrine, and carried away relics of every kind, begging sometimes for even a handful of pebbles out of the road-way. This grateful love of thousands grew out of the genuine service that he had been able to render to the men and women of his generation, and it was a noble and enviable guerdon, bravely and worthily won.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

A CRITICAL estimate of the importance and value of President Garfield's public services cannot well be made, until sufficient time elapses for us to see to what extent his busy, fruitful life and tragic death influence our future politics, and how effective his teachings and example prove in molding the thought and purposes of the nation. In this paper I shall only endeavor to sketch the prominent traits of his character, and give a few reminiscences drawn from cherished memories of a friendship of nearly twenty years —a friendship which, on his side, was always faithful, helpful, and sympathetic.

The real secret of General Garfield's success was courageous, persevering industry. He was gifted with a receptive and observant mind, a robust physical constitution, a candid, affectionate disposition, and a reasonable amount of ambition. Hard work did the rest. He was the most indefatigable worker I ever knew. He was never satisfied with the amount of study needed to gain the knowledge he wanted for use in any given direction; he went to the bottom of every subject he took hold of, and having got to the bottom of it, reached out on all sides for all the facts and opinions he could gather relating to it. He seemed to think that to be honest with himself he must be content with no superficial acquirements. When he was at the head of a committee to prepare a bill for taking the ninth census, he studied the history of every census taken in this or any other country about which the Library of Congress afforded information, and then, getting his committee together one hot vacation season, selected a cool room in the basement of the Capitol, and, much to their annoyance, opened what might have been called a school for the study of the science of statistics. What his fellow-members had dreaded as a dry and perfunctory affair, he converted into a symposium of instructive research and discussion. I think they will all agree that the weeks they spent with General Garfield in the census work were among the most valuable and agreeable of their Congressional career. In the Fortieth Congress he was given his first chairmanship, —that of military affairs, then an important position on account of the large amount of war business remaining to be cleared up, and the questions of army re-organization which demanded attention. Some of his colleagues had been volunteer generals like himself; others were civilians. "Let us spend a few weeks gathering information," he said to them, "before we try to legislate." He summoned the leading officers of the army to the committee-room,—all the generals, the heads of the staff corps, and many representatives of the line,—and opened the whole broad question of the future needs of our military establishment: the opportunity for improving its efficiency, the duties and relations of staff and line—ranging in his inquiries all the way from the authority and functions of the general commanding to the dealings of the post-traders with the private soldiers. The immediate result of the investigation was a unique volume of facts and opinions on army matters, of great interest to officers and soldiers, and of permanent value to legislators as a book of reference. Two years later, when put at the head of the Banking Committee, General Garfield pursued a similar system of thorough research, and, two years later still, as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, he revolutionized the methods of making money grants to carry on the Government, by requiring detailed estimates and studying with conscientious care every object of expenditure.

I doubt whether there was ever a man in Congress who understood so completely all the ramifications of the vast machinery of the Federal Government. I remember a conversation with him soon after he was appointed to the Appropriations chairmanship. "No wheel, no shaft, no rivet in our governmental machinery performs its function without money," he said. "If I find out where every dollar goes, and how it is used, I shall understand the apparatus thoroughly, and know if there are useless or defective parts." He made the committee a class-room for studying the practical workings of all the functions of federal administration. This close scrutiny revealed many extravagances and abuses, and opened the way to important reforms.

It was to political economy and the cognate subjects of currency and the public debt, however, that the late President devoted the most arduous study. While his colleagues in Congress were absorbed in the Reconstruction problem, and in other questions growing immediately out of the war,—matters in which he himself took a strong interest,—he foresaw that the time would come when the management of the huge war-debt, and the redemption of the portion of it which floated as currency, would be the dominant questions in the field

GARFIELD AT SIXTEEN. (FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. RYDER OF THE DAGUERREOTYPE IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.)

of politics and legislation. In foreseeing these issues and preparing himself to meet them, he showed one of the highest faculties of practical statesmanship. All the time he could spare from his current work in the House and upon committees he gave to studying the experience of other nations with like questions, and particularly that of England after the Napoleonic wars, and to familiarizing himself with the views of eminent authorities, European and American, who had written or spoken on financial topics. In those days the lamp was often seen burning in his study until two o'clock in the morning. It was his practice to copy the statistics and striking passages in his reading which he thought worth remembering, as weapons for use in future debates. In this way he got a vast amount of good material fixed in his mind, and when the long struggle over the debt and currency began, in Congress and upon the stump, he was the best-equipped orator in the country on the bill for the resumption of specie payments and the strict fulfillment of national obligations. The value of his services in this line is not yet fully appreciated, and will not be until the historian shall take up that singular phase of our national life, the contest against repudiation and an irredeemable currency, which began in 1867, and lasted until the resumption of specie payments.

In this contest General Garfield was more than a sound theorist and a persuasive orator —he was a shrewd and far-sighted legislator. When the clamor for "more money" in Congress was too strong and too unreasoning to be put down by argument, and there was danger that the flood-gates would be opened and a torrent of irredeemable greenbacks let loose upon the country, he outwitted the enemy by offering a bill to authorize the issue of fifty-four millions of additional bank-notes.

"If you are right," he said to the paper-money fanatics, "this additional currency will be taken up by new banks and old ones at once, for you say the country is thirsting for more circulating medium wherewith to transact its business. Let us try this experiment, and put off your greenback bills till next session." They walked into the trap, and it was three years before they got out of it, for the new currency was taken very slowly. All that time, when demagogues tried to raise the old cry that the country was suffering for want of currency, General Garfield met it with the question, "Why, then, doesn't it take these new bank-notes?" There was no answer to be made, for the Greenbackers had all along been claiming that banking was a profitable monopoly. As soon as the new bank currency was all taken, the demagogues began afresh to declaim about contraction, dearth of circulating medium, and bank monopoly. Then General Garfield carried through a free-banking bill, permitting any association conforming to the laws for securing bill-holders and depositors to start a national bank. After the passage of that bill, the mouths of the rag-money men were stopped for a time, and when they opened them again they had to abandon their old delusive arguments about a scarcity of money, and make a square issue in favor of irredeemable treasury notes as against bank currency.

It was a fixed idea with General Garfield that whatever honors or public positions he was to have in life would come to him unsought. He got this belief very early, and it was wonderfully confirmed and strengthened throughout his career. One evening, shortly after the Chicago Convention, while I was sitting with him on the veranda of his Mentor farm-house, he told me of this belief, not in a superstitious way, but still in a tone which showed it was a matter of firm conviction. Beginning with the incident of his first school,—when, after seeking in vain employment as a teacher through two townships in Cuyahoga County, and giving up the quest in despair, a neighbor offered him the school that was nearest his home,—and coming down to the nomination at Chicago, he told me how every step forward in his career, from the country school-house to the Executive Mansion, had been prepared for him without his knowledge or effort. When the trustees of Hiram College offered him the presidency of that institution, he was greatly surprised, for, young as he was, he had thought himself fortunate a year before in obtaining a modest professorship. The nomination to the Ohio Senate, which first brought him into political life, came about in a way that was wholly unexpected. He was returning from an Eastern journey, when he was met by two friends in Cleveland, who told him that the gentleman to whom the nomination had been conceded, an old and active politician, had died during his absence, and that, unless he positively refused, the Convention, which was to meet in a few days, would certainly choose him. When the war broke out, he declined the colonelcy of a regiment because of lack of military experience, whereupon the regiment elected him its lieutenant-colonel, and before it went to the field, the colonelcy became vacant, and he was pushed into the place. His first nomination to Congress was made while he was serving with the army in Kentucky, and the news of the action of the convention in the old Giddings district was the first intimation he had of an intention on the part of the Republicans there to make him a candidate. In 1877, he refused an election to the United States Senate, because he preferred to oblige President Hayes, who wanted him to stay in the House, to lead the Republican minority, and, besides, wanted his friend Stanley Matthews to have the senatorship. When elected Senator, it was by the unanimous choice of the Republicans in the Ohio Legislature. Everybody knows how the last great honor of his life came to him unsought, by a quick and unexpected turn in the current of feeling at the Chicago Convention. "Since my experience with the country school," said General Garfield, in the conversation referred to above, "I have never occupied any public position that did not come to me without my seeking it, and I have long felt that if I should try for any place I should not get it." He was not a fatalist in the sense in which Napoleon was, but he believed that the main lines of his life were shaped by the force of his own mental organization, directed by a higher power than his own will.

I do not think it is generally known that Garfield rejected overtures in 1872 to be elected to the Senate by the votes of the Democrats, combined with those of a number of Republicans from his section of Ohio, who were dissatisfied with the caucus nomination of their party. The reason he gave for his course was that the position would not be an independent one, and that he would be placed under obligations to the Democrats, although they asked no pledges. Three times he declined to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Ohio, when he had only to consent to let his name go before the Convention to have had the honor conceded to him without a contest. In preferring the House of Representatives to the executive chair at Columbus, he was wise.

His place was in the field of ideas, arguments, and constructive work, and he would have been restive at any post of duty which limited the activity of his intellect, and held him down to the enforcement of statutes made by other men. Indeed, the presidency was foreign to his tastes, except as it gave him opportunities to impress his ideas upon Congress and the country. A few weeks before he was shot, I heard from his own lips an expression of the distaste he felt for the business of deciding between the claims of individuals for office. "I have all my life delighted in conflicts of ideas," he said, "but I never cared for conflicts of persons. Now I am obliged to spend nearly my whole time in hearing arguments and appeals in behalf of individuals." He went on to say that, if he failed of success in his new position, he thought it would be because of his want of liking and training for this important part of executive duties. He found it almost impossible to give his mind to the question whether A, B, or C was the best man to be postmaster at Peoria, or whether D should be turned out of a collectorship to make place for E.

Years ago, it used to be commonly said in Washington that General Garfield was the best-read man in Congress except Charles Sumner. The truth is, Sumner had about ten years the advantage of Garfield, and ten years counts for a great deal in the life of a studious man. Sumner's range of reading was much greater than Garfield's, but not so thorough in special lines. The Massachusetts statesman was better versed in history, *belles-lettres*, and art, while the Ohio statesman had gone much farther than he in political economy, finance, and other lines bearing directly upon his work as a legislator. Garfield was a much busier man than Sumner, spent far more time in plodding Congressional tasks, and, instead of devoting his vacations to rest and reading, gave them almost wholly to the service of his party upon the stump. There was hardly a Northern State in which his voice was not heard; in his own State he spoke in nearly all the counties, and in his own district there was no hamlet or small town unvisited. Taking one campaign with another, and one issue with another, he was, I think, the best stump and platform speaker the Republican party had. A man so much absorbed in political and legislative work could not be at the same time a constant student, but he always kept up with the best literature of the day, and was never out of the current of the progress of scientific discovery and religious discussion. He even managed to get time now and then to keep the classical learning he acquired at college from getting rusty. In 1871 he wrote to a friend: "I am now up to my eyes in the work of the Committee on Appropriations, of which I am chairman, though I do manage to steal a little time from work and sleep almost every day to read over carefully a few lines from Horace, to keep the breath of classical life in my body." In January, 1874, he made a metrical translation of the third ode of Horace's first book, and sent it to the same friend. It was his constant practice to "steal a little time from work and sleep," to round out the processes of his intellectual growth by courses of study and reading quite outside of those pursued for their relations to his labors in Congress. His theory of brain action was that rest was best obtained, not by a cessation of activity, but by giving to the processes of thought a different direction from that which had become fatiguing. Thus what seemed to his friends hard study he regarded as recreation. In the winter of 1875, which was among his busiest seasons in Washington, he took up the study of Goethe and his epoch, and in accordance with his habit of doing some creative work of his own in every special line in which he directed his mind, he wrote a sixty-page paper on the state of literature and art in Europe in the Goethe period. Speaking of this at the time, he said: "I think some work of this kind, outside of one's every-day avocations, is necessary to keep up real growth." As an illustration of the wide range of his reading, I may quote the following passage from a letter written in the summer of 1875, when an illness kept him confined to his house for about three weeks: "Since I was taken sick I have read the following: Sherman's two volumes, Leland's 'English Gipsies,' George Borrow's 'Gipsies of Spain,' Borrow's 'Rommany Rye,' Tennyson's 'Mary,' seven volumes of Froude's 'England,' several plays of Shakspere, and have made some progress in a new book which I think you will be glad to see—'The History of the English People,' by Professor Green, of Oxford." It will be seen that in this list are three books relating to one subject—the gypsies. This was characteristic of General Garfield's method of reading. He was never content with a single work on a given theme. If there were two sides to a question, he wanted to know what could be said on both; and every line of study and research into which his active mind was thrown, he widened out as far as possible. The catholicity and liberality of his thought formed one of his most admirable traits.

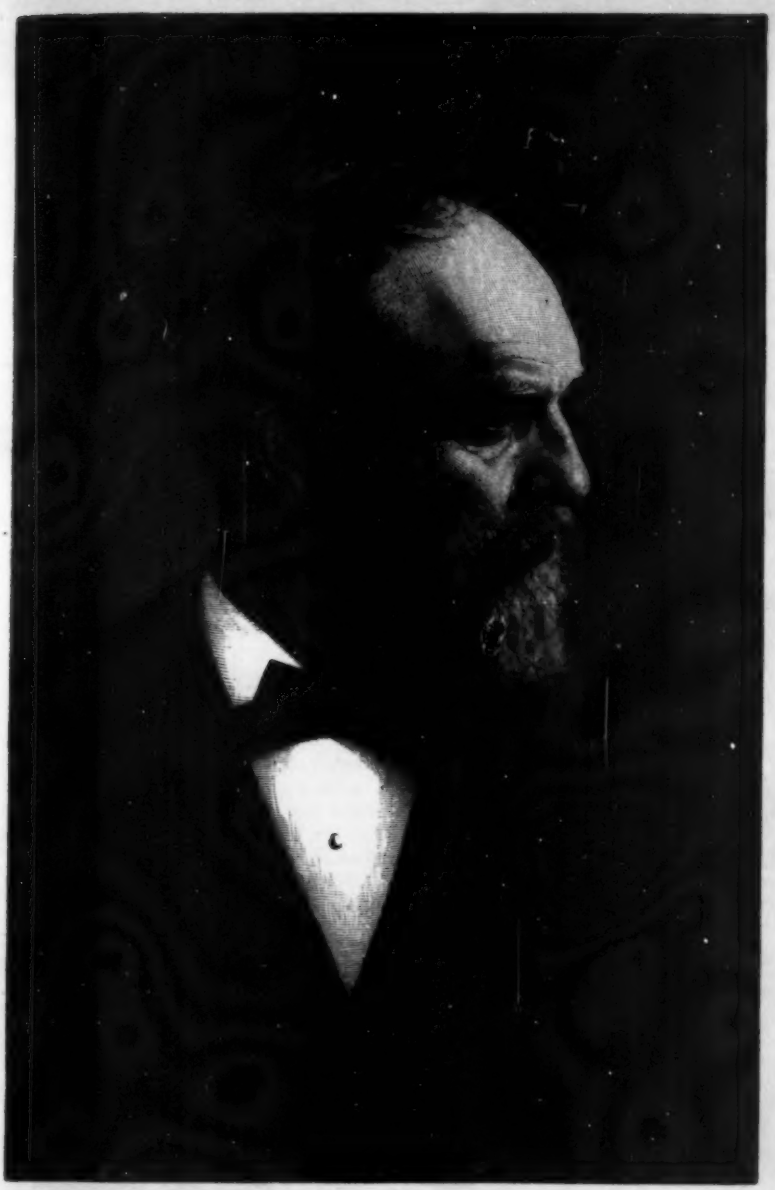
In his teaching days, General Garfield read German easily, made acquaintance in the original with the poetry of Goethe and Schiller, and could converse in the language

fairly well, but, from want of practice, he lost much of the German that he had gained by study. It was always his desire to revive it and to get a good conversational grasp upon it, and he meant, in the golden time of leisure to which he looked forward with pleasant anticipations, to find time for realizing this purpose. French, also studied at school, he did revive some years ago, when he felt the need of knowing what the French economists were writing on questions of currency, banking, and tariff. But he did not speak it much, for want of occasion for practice. With the genius and structure of both languages he was familiar, and, if I am not mistaken, he made occasional excursions into Italian and Spanish. He had a great love for linguistic knowledge, and would often make a half-game and half-study with his children of telling the meanings of words, or detecting errors in pronunciation. Dropping in at his house, one morning in the campaign summer of 1880, just as breakfast was over, I found the family lingering at the table while the General read from a little dictionary of words frequently mispronounced. He would spell the word, and then ask each in turn what the correct pronunciation should be. The elders were about as apt to make mistakes as the children, and a great deal of lively chat and merriment, and not a little instruction, resulted from the exercise. This he kept up every morning after breakfast until the book was exhausted. At another time he read the definitions of words, and the others endeavored to hit upon the exact words defined—not so easy a task as one would imagine at first thought. This was an exercise in which the children greatly delighted. When they came near the right word, the father would say, "Now you are getting warm"; and when they were wide of the mark, he would say "Cold," or "Very cold." He had the natural gift of teaching—the faculty of making a diversion of study, and developing the thinking powers of the student. His family was always a school, and yet there was nothing in the least formal or pedantic in his way of converting the breakfast-table or the evening fireside circle into a class-room. It interested the children more than play. Whether the exercise was an object-lesson, or a study in mathematics or language, or a talk on the science of familiar things, the father so illustrated it with his own fresh thoughts that it became an entertainment.

I have said before that General Garfield was the most effective stump and platform orator of his party. He went directly to the reason of his hearers. There was never any sophistry in his speeches, or any appeal to prejudice, or any trick of suppression or half-statement. He approached his audiences neither in a way of mock deference nor of superiority, but as if he were one of them, come to talk with them on terms of intellectual equality, and desirous only of convincing their minds by a perfectly fair presentation of facts and arguments. He had a strong, far-reaching voice, pitched in the middle key, a dignified, manly presence, and an abundance of the quality which, for want of a better term, we call personal magnetism. His manner in his speeches was first engaging by reason of its frankness and moderation, and afterward impressive by its earnestness and vigor. At the climax of a speech he gathered up all the forces of statement and logic he had been marshaling, and hurled them upon his listeners with tremendous force. His eyes dilated, his form seemed to expand, his voice took on a sort of explosive quality, his language gained the height of simple and massive eloquence, and his gestures became so energetic and forcible that he seemed, at times, to be beating down opposition with sledge-hammer blows, throwing his arguments forward like solid shot from a cannon.

In the debates of the House he was not a ready and skillful fencer, but he was unexcelled in the ability to deal with an important question in all its bearings in a candid, convincing, and masterly manner. When he first entered the House, his speeches abounded in illustrations drawn from his classical studies and his historical and practical readings, and were not liked by the majority of the members, who had little imagination and but a small stock of learning. Later, he cultivated a more unadorned and business-like style, and became a master of the art of clear, condensed, analytical statement. But whether discoursing to vast outdoor audiences, in strains of lofty eloquence, on great questions deeply touching the life of the nation, or explaining to the House the details of an appropriation bill, the real source of his power as an orator was his sincere, truthful, manly nature, which forced people to like him and respect him. He believed what he said, and therefore he made others believe.

By the natural bent of his mind, the late President had a liking for philosophic and religious studies, which was strengthened and gratified during his two terms at Williams College, where a good deal of attention is given to metaphysics, and his subsequent four years of teaching at Hiram; but in his later career the practical questions of life absorbed him so much that he found little time to devote to the domain of speculation and theoretical thought. He read Mill, Comte, and Spencer, however,



J. A. Garfield

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, AUGUST 7TH, 1880.)

and was deeply interested in such books as James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," and in the current discussions in the English reviews and magazines on new phases of religious belief and criticism. There was nothing of the bigot about him. He welcomed all honest discussion, and was always willing to throw off old opinions if convinced they were erroneous. In his religious views he might have been called a rationalistic Christian. I doubt if he could have passed a successful catechising on the doctrinal points of any orthodox creed, but on such essential matters as a belief in the divine guidance of the universe and the immortality of the human soul, his faith was unshaken. Modern materialism made no impression upon him. The argument that the mind is only a phenomenon of matter he thought a stupid reversal of the truth. The soul or life-principle was the real thing, he maintained, and the phases of matter only its transient and varying expression. The church to which he belonged from boyhood has no written creed and does not question its members as to their theological conceptions; therefore he was not hampered by formal statements of faith in his intellectual growth, and was able without hypocrisy to retain associations which became very dear to him in early life.

The world likes to hear of the personality of its heroes—their habits, tastes, peculiarities, likes, and dislikes. I may be pardoned, therefore, for speaking of things in connection with the dead President which would be of trifling interest, if not an impertinence, if said of one not widely loved and honored. General Garfield had a warm, affectionate nature. The people he liked were very dear to him. He took them to his heart and gave them his full confidence. He would often sit down beside a friend and throw his arm over his neck, or put his hand on his shoulder or knee, as the natural expression of his liking, or in walking would place his arm through that of the friend. He had a way of calling an intimate friend or comrade "old boy" or "old fellow," and once, when Colonel Rockwell thanked him for some kindness, he said, putting his hand on his friend's shoulder, "Old boy! the ties of friendship are sometimes stronger than those of blood!" By the courtesy of Colonel Rockwell I am also enabled to include here one of General Garfield's most characteristic letters. Colonel Rockwell says:

"On the Sunday preceding the election I had sent him a little expression of my confidence in his success, closing, as I remember, with the stanza from Goethe:

"'The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow.
We press still thorow;
Naught abides in it
Daunting us,—Onward!

"To this, on the eve of election, he sent the following reply:

"'MENTOR, OHIO, Nov. 1, 1880.

"'DEAR JARVIS: The evening mail brings me your letter of the 31st, and I take a moment, in the lull before the battle, to say how greatly glad I am for all the earnest and effective things you have done for me. Whatever may be the issue to-morrow, I shall carry with me, through life, most grateful memories of the enthusiastic and noble work my friends have done, and especially my college classmates. The campaign has been fruitful to me in the discipline that comes from endurance and patience. I hope that defeat will not sour me, nor success disturb the poise which I have sought to gain by the experiences of life.

"'From this edge of the conflict I give you my hand and heart, as in all the other days of our friendship.

"'As ever, yours,

"'J. A. GARFIELD.

"'Col. A. F. Rockwell, Washington, D. C.'"

General Garfield's tastes were all simple. He had no longings for luxury. His home-life was that of the plain New England farmer element from which he sprang, broadened and beautified by culture, but taking little note of the fancies and extravagances of fashion. He liked substantial furniture, good engravings, a big cane-seat chair, an open fire, a simple meal, a wide-brimmed felt hat, and easy-fitting clothes. His table was bountifully supplied with plain, well-cooked food, but he made his meals such feasts of reason that his guests scarcely noticed what they ate. He regarded formal dinners as a bore, and avoided them as much as a famous man well could whose company was much sought by the dinner-giving people in Washington; but he enjoyed lingering at his own table with his wife, his children, his old mother, and two or three friends, and unbending his mind from the strain of the day's work with chat and anecdotes. His memory for anecdotes was almost as good as Lincoln's, but he remembered best such as he got in his reading of biography and history, and were applicable to some intellectual theme he was discussing, rather than the merely quaint and humorous.

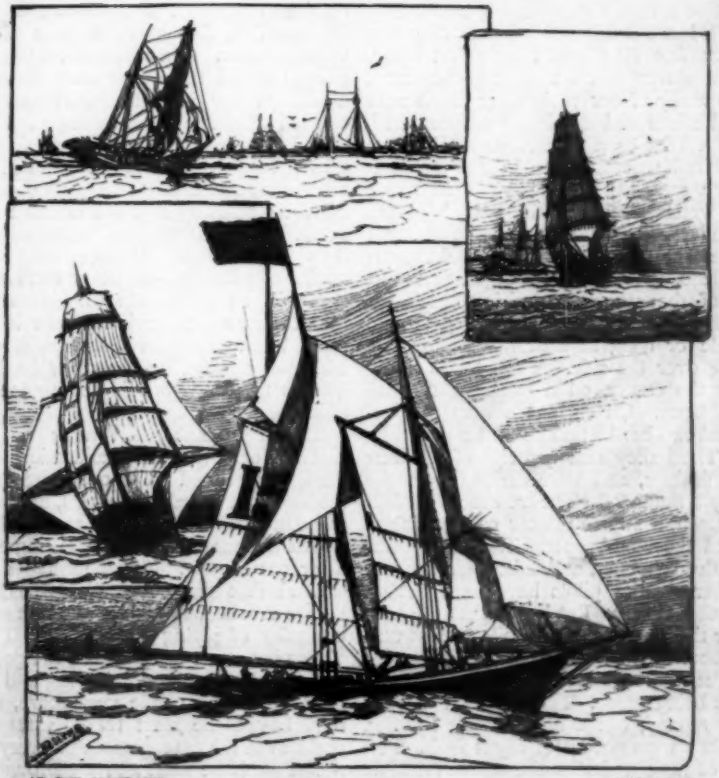
There was not, as there was in Lincoln's, an under-current of melancholy in Garfield's nature. Until he was nominated for President, I never saw in him anything like somber-

ness, foreboding, or a disposition to find a sad side in human life. His nature was sound, buoyant, aspiring, and undisturbed by morbid sensibility. He loved men and women, thought the world a good place to live and work in, and believed that when we get through with the affairs of earth we go to a better country. After he was nominated for the presidency, a more serious and at times solemn mood came upon him. He began to like to be alone, which was quite a new thing with him, for he used to want companionship at all times, even when reading or writing, and he got a sad and weary earnestness of expression which he never had before. He did not talk of the future. During the few weeks he spent in the White House, there seemed to be a veil before him which he could not lift. I believe he had a presentiment of the evil that was to befall him. It is remarkable, however, that the last few days before he received his fatal wound were unusually bright ones for him. At Elberon, just before the fatal journey to Washington, he told me he had not felt so well, physically and mentally, since his inauguration. Something of his former habitual freshness and cheerfulness of spirits returned, and he was more like his old self than he had been for a year.

General Garfield was influenced by his domestic ties to a greater extent than are most strong-framed, ambitious men. He was one of the most home-loving men I ever knew. With his children, he was more like a loving elder brother than a stern father. He governed them by kindness, and appealed to their hearts and minds when they committed faults, instead of to their sense of fear, and his tender expostulations were more effectual than any punishment would have been. His wife and mother were strong forces in his life. His tenderness and consideration toward his mother were admirable. In building his new house, the first thought was how to get a room for his mother that should be exactly suited to her taste and convenience. She sat at his right hand at table, and was consulted upon all questions concerning the family and his public career. His wife was his intellectual companion, sharing his reading and studies, as well as the mistress of his home and the loving mother and teacher of his children. Her strong principles and quiet, earnest, self-reliant, tender, and faithful nature were his sheet-anchor in all the troubles of his life.

General Garfield was fond of simple, old-fashioned music. Scotch and English ballads were his favorites, and the hymns he heard in childhood. For instrumental music he cared much less. The drama he liked only for its intellectual side, and not as a mere amusement. He went occasionally to the theater, to hear a good play or see a famous actor. Horace was his favorite among ancient poets, and Tennyson among modern ones. He could repeat many of the odes of the former and whole pages of the poems of the latter. He was not a great newspaper reader, and believed that the tendency in this country is to neglect books and give the time that can be spared for reading too much to the daily journals, a large part of the contents of which are only of passing interest, and have no value for mental training and culture. Habitually, he read one New York daily for general news, a Cleveland daily for the news of Northern Ohio, and a critical New York weekly, and the principal magazines. Of course, he saw a multitude of other periodicals, which came to him with marked articles, or which he obtained when he wanted a broad view of newspaper opinion on special public measures. But he spent little time over them. Cities he disliked. He was a countryman through and through, a lover of orchards, forests, growing crops, cattle, meadows, and wild-flowers. I remember the pleasure he took, after he went to live upon the Mentor farm, in driving a yoke of cattle and in helping his farm-hands in the hay-field. He found he could still swing a scythe with the best of them, and that his old knowledge of soils and seasons of planting, harvesting, and housing crops, gained when a boy, all came back to him. His farm was the first home he had that satisfied his tastes. His house in Hiram, where he lived in the early years after his marriage, was only a little cottage, with a contracted village-lot; his Washington house was a winter dwelling, to be retained while he staid in public life in the capital; but the Mentor farm, bought five years ago, gave him the conditions of a broad, free, natural home-life, which, to his thinking, was possible only in the country. It was in the spring of 1880 that his means enabled him to expand the little story-and-a-half farm-house, with its small rooms and low ceilings, into a spacious, comfortable dwelling. After thirty years of hard work he found himself, at forty-eight, in the possession at last of a home that was the expression of his tastes and desires. Life began to assume a more serene and happy phase, and to promise a peaceful ripening into a contented and harmonious age, in the midst of his intelligent, affectionate family and his admiring, sympathetic friends, when all was changed by the unexpected summons to the presidency, and the entry upon the new path of glory which led but to the grave.

A CRUISE IN A PILOT-BOAT.



AT THE LIGHT-SHIP. UNDER STUDDING SAILS. PILOT-BOAT UNDER FULL SAIL. BOUND OUT.

FEW of those who have heard of, or have seen, the trim pilot-boats of New York Bay are aware what a thorough preparatory education and experience is required of a New York pilot. Nor is it generally known how systematic is the organization which regulates the movements of these pilots, and what hazards they must encounter in plying their vocation on the boisterous Atlantic.

Having accepted a cordial invitation to take a cruise in the *Caprice*, Mr. Burns and myself were notified to keep ourselves in readiness to sail at a moment's warning. The schooner was then at sea, but was expected back at any hour to pick up her pilots and provisions. More than a week passed, however, before we were notified to be at the pier on the following morning. The *Caprice* had been detained by severe weather, which gave us the promise of a boisterous trip. When we reached the office of the Pilot Commissioners,—a low-studded, elbow-shaped room, on the corner of Burling Slip,—everything portended a storm. A massive antique mahogany desk, at one side, served partially to conceal the busy secretary of the department, whose position is by no means a sinecure. All the multifarious accounts, together with most of the shore business of the pilots, pass under his eye. Between two windows stood a large and elaborate chronometer clock, including with it a barometer and thermometer, and around the room were ranged a number of closets or lockers. One by one the pilots straggled in, took a look at the glass, and discussed the prospects of the weather, which

was pronounced to be unusually foreboding, with the mercury ranging below twenty-nine degrees and a sky of the most sinister aspect.

By half-past nine, the pilots who belonged to the *Caprice* having arrived, we started for the pier where she was lying. I confess the prospect of a cruise in such a graceful little craft filled me with enthusiasm. She was ninety-six feet long and twenty feet beam, and drew eleven feet aft. Not over-sparred, like too many of our yachts, her masts were beautiful sticks and admirably proportioned, without a knot or a crack. The cabin was coziness itself; nothing can exceed the comfort of a snug little cabin when all hands but the watch are below, the swinging lamp is lit, and the long steady howl of the gale and the boom of the seas breaking on deck blend in a sublime organ-peal—the tumult of the storm often rising above the jests and yarns of the men gathered around the table or lying in their bunks with feet dangling over the side. A stove was firmly fixed in the center, on a brightly burnished plate of brass. On each side were a state-room and two berths that could be closed by slides. The galley and quarters of the crew were amidships, and were divided from the cabin by a bulkhead. The crew included four able seamen, a swarthy lascar cook, a cabin-boy, and the boat-keeper. The latter commands the schooner, and takes her back to port after all the pilots have been put on board other vessels. But before that, the boat is under the direction of the pilot whose turn it is to board the next ship.

We put to sea with six pilots, the full complement being seven. These formed a joint-stock company, but while all were licensed pilots, they were not all of equal rank. This matter of rank underlies the whole principle involved in piloting according to the laws of the State of New York, and a *résumé* of the regulations is therefore pertinent, while the schooner is making sail. The number of pilot-boats licensed to run out of the port of New York is fixed by law; it is now twenty-eight, and they register from forty to seventy tons. Each boat is obliged to carry its number in enormous black figures on the mainsail. These boats are owned by about one hundred and seventy pilots, but, strange to say, they are never said to be manned except when left in charge of the boat-keeper. Including pilots and crews, this fleet of schooners gives employment to nearly four hundred men. In this survey we do not, of course, include the New Jersey pilots who sail out of New York Bay, but are subject to the laws of the other State. This number is by no means excessive when we consider that the foreign entries and departures of vessels in the port of New York are at present over ten thousand a year, while the coastwise entries and departures are nearly four times that number. Coasting vessels, though they often find it expedient to employ a pilot, are at liberty to decline to take one. But vessels coming from, or bound to, foreign ports have no option in the matter. If a pilot-boat can get near enough to hail them, they must either accept a pilot or pay the full charges he would be entitled to receive if he boarded that ship. This law is by no means so unfair as some might regard it. The pilots must devote much time and expense to qualify themselves for their business, and are exposed to great perils. Unless they are protected by the laws from the whims of sea-captains, the profits of pilotage would be so reduced that it would be impossible to induce capable men to enter the service. While it may be alleged that in fine weather their services are often not needed, on the other hand, emergencies frequently arise when a good pilot is indispensable.

The responsibility devolving on a pilot, and the extent of his qualifications, may be partly appreciated when one learns that, immediately on boarding a vessel, he takes command, and is answerable for any accident until he has discharged his duty of taking the vessel in or out of port. If any mishap befall the ship at that time, he is liable to have his license revoked, and thus lose all further opportunity of plying his vocation. The New York pilot must, therefore, for the good of all concerned, pass through a long and rigorous course of training. He must serve, man and boy, before the mast till he masters every problem in the management of every form of rig. To this he must add a thorough knowledge of navigation. Then he must contrive to obtain the position of boat-keeper or pilot's mate. In that capacity, he must serve three full years on one pilot-boat before he can be admitted for his examination for a license. If through ill-fortune he lose his position, he must begin *de novo*, and serve the full time on another boat. Sometimes, a boat-keeper serves nine or ten years on various boats before his apprenticeship is complete. After all this, he must pass a most rigid examination on all points of seamanship and navigation before the Board of Pilot Commissioners, and exhibit a thorough knowledge of the tides, rips, sands, and all other phenomena for hundreds of miles out from the piers of the East and North rivers. But even after receiving his license, he is sometimes forced to wait years, until some pilot happens to die and leave a vacancy for him. The first year

ICED UP.

of pilotage, he is granted a license to pilot vessels drawing less than sixteen feet. If he give satisfaction, the following year he is permitted to take charge of ships drawing eighteen feet. If he pass a satisfactory examination the third year, he then receives a full license, entitling him to pilot vessels of any draught, and is then first called a branch or full pilot.

This matter of draft often gives rise to amusing maneuvers between captain and pilot—the former sometimes endeavoring to evade a correct statement of the actual draft of the vessel at the time, and the latter in turn employing his wits to get at the truth without appearing to doubt the word of the captain. Vessels drawing under fourteen feet pay three dollars and seventy cents a foot; the rate increases by degrees, until ships drawing twenty-one feet and upward pay six dollars and fifty cents per foot.

On receiving his license, the pilot must give bonds for the proper discharge of his duty, and he is liable to heavy fines if he declines to fill a vacancy or to board a vessel making signals for a pilot. He is also required to be temperate in his habits and of reputable character. The proper execution of these regulations is to a large degree insured by the great competition among the boats, and the consequent vigilance of each to detect delinquencies in his rivals.

It is evident that to be a New York pilot is no sinecure, and that the position is one of great responsibility and trust.

In a few moments the *Caprice* was stealing past Castle Garden, and leaving behind her the towering roofs and spires of the lower part of New York. Nothing could be more disheartening than the pall of sullen clouds that hung over the bay. There was scarcely any wind, but the glass and the sky indicated that we were either in the center of a revolving storm or that one was rapidly approaching. But there were also signs of a shift of the wind into the north-west, and a few vessels bound south had concluded to venture out, and were gliding with the tide toward the Narrows.

No sooner had we put off into the stream than the pilots began to look about for a possible prize. Their keen enterprise was illustrated sooner than I expected. Scarcely had we shoved off from the pier when we saw a schooner putting to sea a mile away.

"Johnnie, head her for that schooner," said one of the pilots, to the man at the wheel.

"You can't catch her," said another.

"Yes, we can. She's only got her foresail and jib up."

"She'll have her mainsail up in a minute. They're hoisting it now."

"I don't care if they be. We'll catch her, anyway."

And catch her we did, by making all sail with man-of-war speed. Hauling under her stern, we hailed her, and sent a pilot on board to guide her past Sandy Hook. We then took some provisions from Staten Island, and glided through the Narrows. We picked up our pilot at the station-boat. This leads us to notice that one of the pilot fleet is always stationed off Sandy Hook, to serve as a rendezvous to pilots when they leave vessels, after having piloted them out of New York. The boat anchors between the light-ship and Sandy Hook for four days, when another boat takes her place. When the weather is very bad, the station-boat lies off and on. Sometimes she is forced to make a harbor herself, but it is wild weather indeed when she is obliged to do that. A penalty of one hundred dollars a day is enforced on every boat that delays to appear at the station when its turn has arrived.

The storm signal was flying at Sandy Hook, but it is not for pilots to observe its warning, and we ran out to sea and headed south. At night-fall we double-reefed the mainsail and hove to. We were now in the water where the *Caprice*, at Christmas-time two years ago, encountered the most frightful dangers. Every sea that came on board froze, until the ice on deck was twelve inches thick, and it was feared she might founder with the weight of the ice. Great blocks of ice grew on the furled jib, and could not be detached without tearing the sail. On New Year's Eve, William Wright, the boat-keeper, entered in the ship's log-book: "January 1st and a happy New Year!" Five days after that, another hand entered on the pages of the same log-book the following terse but tragic record: "Thursday, 6th. Blowing hard from N. E. At 4 A. M. hauled the jib down. Lost a man off the bowsprit. Hove the yawl out and lost two men and the yawl; then hove the other yawl out and lost her. Lay around tacking till daylight, and kept a lookout on the mast-head till 8 A. M. Then started for town at 1 P. M." One of these poor fellows was Wright, the boat-keeper. One month more, and he would have been licensed as a pilot!

Two years before this, the *Caprice* was hove on her beam-ends in a terrific squall, losing both masts and a man who was in the rigging. On still another occasion she was tripped by a huge wave and nearly filled. Momentarily expecting her to go down, the crew took to the boats and were picked up. The schooner survived the gale, however, was towed into port by a passing vessel, and was repurchased at auction by her former owners. On another occasion she was run into by a steamer, cut down to the water's edge and sunk in shoal water, from which she was raised again. She seems to lead a charmed life, but her career well illustrates some of the hazards of piloting—which are so well appreciated by the underwriters that they charge ten per cent. premium for insuring pilot-boats.

Nothing of note occurred during the first night, and after running south for a few hours after daylight, we had just hove to again with the helm lashed, when the lookout at the mast-head cried:

"A pilot-boat on the weather bow, sir."

Immediately the order rang out, in quick, sharp tones:

"Shake out the reefs of the mainsail and keep her away!"

An exciting race followed between the two pilot-boats, several miles apart, to reach a large ship standing north. Now rising, now plunging over the gray seas, and staggering under a press of canvas, we neared the prize only to see it snatched from our grasp by the other boat. No sooner was that fact ascertained than we shortened sail, the lookout was sent aloft to his usual eyrie at the fore cross-trees, and the pilots, without so much as a word of regret, returned to studying the chart, reading a threadbare novel, fingering the well-thumbed cards, or snatching a little sleep in their bunks. This is about the ordinary routine in a pilot-schooner during good weather—intervals of seeming quiet broken by sudden alternations of the utmost excitement, together with a feverish, endless vigilance from mast-head and deck.

Nothing of note occurred on the third day; the recent prevailing winds had kept vessels out at sea. The third night it blew half a gale, and we hove to under close reefs about forty miles south-east of Barnegat light. About ten o'clock, the lights of a steamer heading northward were faintly descried in the mysterious gloom that overhung the sea.

"Give her a torch!" was the order that instantaneously followed the discovery. A tub containing turpentine was brought on deck; a ball of cotton was dipped into this and set on fire. It resembled the contrivance used to light cigars, except on a larger and ruder scale. The torch was so held as to illuminate the large numbers on the mainsail. Nothing more picturesque can be imagined than this contrast of light and shade—the dark figure in uncouth oil suit standing on the low, reeling deck, fiercely whirling the ball of fire over his head, and the ruddy sail and rigging clear-cut against the impenetrable blackness

ON THE LOOKOUT.

of night, while the wind whistled through the cordage and the foam seemed to turn into blood as it washed on board.

The steamer, which proved to be a coastwise craft, gradually drew nearer and passed by, heedless of the signal. The excitement was over, and all hands but the watch turned in. At four we signaled a second steamer, and discovered the torch of another schooner in our vicinity.

On the following morning, a wild scene presented itself to view when I went on deck. The gale which had been blowing around us, and of which we had had a taste during the night, had suddenly shifted into the north-west, and was shrieking out of that quarter, with every prospect of increasing. The quick, short, emerald waves, smitten with the gold of the sun bursting over the low shores of New Jersey, were streaked with foam and were rising fast. As it was useless to look for inbound vessels with this wind, and as its force might increase to a dangerous degree, we decided to beat in under the land, where we should find smooth water. It was a long and arduous pounding with the seas, but finally we found ourselves close under the sand dunes of Little Egg Harbor. Then we wore ship, and trimmed the sheets to run up the coast to Sandy Hook. Several other pilot-boats were in company, and an impromptu race immediately ensued. Not to speak too technically, it suffices to say we were under very short sail. The sky was a clear, crisp azure, flecked with swiftly scudding wind-clouds. The blasts swept off the land with exceeding violence and suddenness, laying the little vessel over on her side and burying her lee rail under a mass of boiling foam, the spray smoking under her bow the while, and blowing off to leeward in sheets. Thus hour after hour went by in this stimulating race. Hour after hour, also, we threaded our way through a fleet of coasting schooners, that were taking advantage of the northerly gale to run down the coast in ballast. Their swelling sails gleamed like flakes of flame over the intense amethystine blue of the sea, that was ridged with long crests of foam. We flew past the lofty light-house of Barnegat and its whitening reefs, past the cedar-tufted banks of Manasquan, the sloping cottages of Elberon, the spacious hotels of Long Branch, the pointed gables of Seabright, and the twin watch-towers of the Highlands, until the sentinel shaft of Sandy Hook loomed grandly in the north, and the splendor of the setting sun suffused land and sea and sky with indescribable beauty. Then we headed up into a cove behind the Hook, dropped anchor close by the beach, and went below to a smoking supper. Though the quartering moon shone gloriously that evening, we all snatched a much-needed slumber before venturing out once more to encounter the wild March winds on the gray wastes of the Atlantic.

At dawn we made sail, and stood due east along the shore of Long Island before half a gale of wind. At ten o'clock we discovered a pilot-boat ahead, and crowded on sail to overhaul her. While she was in sight our movements would be necessarily influenced by her own. Finding that we were overhauling her, she finally put her helm down and headed south.

We kept on to the east, deciding to go as far as Saint George's Bank after steamers. These vessels are the great prizes in the pilot lottery, because their draft averages more than that of sailing ships. To secure an inbound steamer also insures piloting her out again. Ocean steamers are therefore very desirable game, and great risks are encountered in order to intercept them. The opposite ex-

STEADY!

treme are Norwegian barks, for they are small and generally come to this country in ballast. "To get a Norwegian bark" is therefore considered a good joke on the poor fellow whose luck it is to board one. Steamers which are exclusively freight boats, and are irregular in their sailing days and slow in their movements, are called "tramps," and are also not held in high esteem by the pilots. The cruises to the eastward are sometimes, although rarely, protracted to twenty or thirty days. But the average luck is good.

The following evening, when we were well eastward of Nantucket light-ship, a steamer was reported heading directly for us. Immediately the cards were flung aside, and in a moment every soul was on deck. The pilot whose turn it was to board the next vessel, after a hurried survey of the steamer, exclaimed:

"Boys, good-bye. Finish the game for yourselves!"

He then dashed below, and in all haste put on a "boiled" shirt and a Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, and packed his valise. It should be remembered that these steamers are rather more "swell" than sailing ships, and seem to demand a corresponding difference in apparel. In the meantime, the torch was blazing on deck in the liveliest manner. The needle-like points of light representing the steamer gradually approached, and at last the huge, vague form of the vessel herself could be defined. But she already had a pilot, and paid no attention to us. The game in the cabin was resumed at once, and the "boiled" shirt was once more folded up and laid away carefully in the locker. The precariousness of steamer-catching is well illustrated by this matter of dressing to board them. One of our pilots told us that he had actually shaved and dressed six times in one trip, for a steamer, before he had succeeded in boarding one. There is a tradition of a pilot who dressed seventeen times before success crowned his perseverance.

Morning broke on a savage scene; enormous mounds of water, crested with foam, swelled up against the sky and tossed the little *Caprice* like an egg-shell. The gale increasing with great fury, we hove to under try-sails—sails scarcely larger than a table-cloth, showing a spread of canvas so moderate that, as they say at sea, we were under "a three-reefed mitten with the thumb brailed up." The squalls were tremendous, and were accompanied by blinding sheets of snow, which seemed to sweep from the horizon in a moment and envelop the sea in impenetrable gloom; the decks and rigging were robed in ermine. The gale increased to a hurricane. The little schooner for the most part rode easily, but sometimes a sea, that seemed to go bodily over her, would strike her, and might have sunk her but for the low bulwarks, only a foot high, that allowed the water to run off; sometimes, too, she was carried over so far that there was danger of her rolling com-

A GLIMPSE OF THE SUN.

LAUNCHING THE BOAT.

pletely over. Three times during the day we wore ship in order that we might not be driven out of the track of the steamers; whatever the weather, business was never forgotten. This maneuver was, under the circumstances, one of extreme peril, and required the greatest skill and circumspection.

The sun went down over one of the wildest scenes I have ever witnessed at sea. With some difficulty we managed to get supper, while the deafening roar of the howling winds and the thunder of the surges pounding on deck almost deadened the conversation that went on uninterruptedly below; yarns were told, and intricate problems with cards were discussed by men in oil jackets and sou'-westers, while the cook served out rations of hot coffee. Any moment a terrific catastrophe was likely to overwhelm us, but it is not in the nature of the sailor, after he has taken every precaution, to borrow trouble about possibilities. A vivid flash of lightning at long intervals indicated that the gale was approaching its height, and it was decided to put up stanchions, or posts, in the cabin. These were firmly fixed between the timbers of the deck and the cabin floor, to keep the ballast from shifting in case a sudden lurch should throw the schooner on her beam-ends. If the ballast had shifted, it would have been all over with us in a moment. So violent was the lurching and creaking of the little vessel, all that long, dreary night, that no one slept until toward dawn, when the weather moderated slightly.

But while the wind was less violent, it blew hard at intervals, and the temperature was so low that the deck was covered with a layer of ice. At noon we succeeded in getting an observation, the pale sun flashing for a moment through the scud and causing the heaving deep to look like molten silver. We were in longitude 66° 30′ and in 48 fathoms

of water, and were heading south-west, under very short sail, when a fearful squall darkened the horizon and rushed toward us with appalling rapidity. At the same instant the look-out discovered two steamers and a pilot-boat to the eastward. The wildest excitement ensued. Reefs were shaken out, notwithstanding the squall, and the little schooner flew before the blast as if bewitched. The "boiled" shirt was put on again, winds and waves were defied, and everything was forgotten except the great fact that we must snatch the steamers from the clutches of the rival pilot-boat under our lee. When the dense pall of gloom finally passed off to leeward, the southernmost steamer was discovered to have been boarded by our rival. Every effort that skill could devise was then put forth to catch the other steamer. As we lessened the distance, the *Caprice* was hove to and awaited her approach. Slowing up, the great Cunarder gradually drew toward us, majestically mounting and plunging on the vast surges, while cataracts poured from her hawse-holes as the bow soared skyward. At this exciting moment an enormous whale, little, if any, shorter than our schooner, arose close alongside the *Caprice*, and, spouting as if to salute her, dived again into the depths.

The yawl, only sixteen feet long, was now launched over our lee side into the frothing waters, and with two seamen and the pilot started for the steamer, then a quarter of a mile distant. I confess it was a thrilling spectacle to see this mere cockle-shell, with her precious freight of three lives, now lifted far above us on a mountainous billow, and now descending out of sight into the depths of a hollow vale, and hiding there until it seemed as if she would never appear again.

By slow degrees the yawl succeeded in reaching the lee side of the steamer. There again the greatest prudence was required to prevent her from being swamped by the action of the mighty hull, rolling deep in the turbulent sea. At last we saw the pilot, the merest speck, spring on the ladder and creep up the side of the steamer. Then came the yet more difficult task of picking up the yawl. The way it was done was by keeping her head to the wind, and allowing her to drift down toward the schooner. By wearing, we kept directly in the track of the yawl; she slipped across our stern, and pulling up under the lee side, was hauled on board.

As can be easily imagined, one of the pilot's most arduous duties is to board a vessel in heavy weather. Each pilot-schooner is provided with two yawls. They are lashed to the deck, bottom upward, and are lifted and launched over the low side of the schooner by means of a light tackle reaching down from the mast-heads, and hooked into the stem and stern. The pilot-yawls differ from other boats in that they are short, broad, and deep, and are thus very buoyant. It is not an uncommon circumstance for men to be lost when boarding vessels. Both yawls of one of our New York pilot-boats were successively capsized last winter, when trying to board the *Arizona* in a gale of wind. Happily the men were picked up by the life-boats of the steamer, after great exertion.

It is with regret that I must add that the pilots are sometimes unfairly treated by the captains of the regular transatlantic lines. There is too often a disreputable reason why these steamers give the go-by to pilot-boats that are almost within hail, and pick up another that is beyond. Almost every passenger who has crossed on the regular lines has had experience of the various black-mailing schemes that are sprung on the passengers toward the close of the voyage. Now it is to make up a purse for the captain, who has simply done his duty for a good salary, and no more requires a testimonial than other men who fulfill their duty in their chosen pursuits; or, again, money is solicited for some absurd or imaginary scheme, generally in the name of charity. Only those who have crossed a number of times discover that this is black-mail pure and simple under disguise, and that it is generally engineered by blatant and officious passengers, who have axes of their own to grind. It is black-mail because it is generally brought forward in such a manner that even those who see through the business are forced to contribute, in order to avoid the charge of stinginess. But the worst form of this vile business which assails the luckless passenger on board these steamships is the system of gambling called betting on the number of the pilot-boat that shall board the steamer.

I remember a minister, inexperienced in matters of real life, who urged me to subscribe to the list of those who were betting on the number of our prospective pilot-boat. "My dear sir," I replied to him, "don't you see that this is nothing more nor less than gambling?" But he could not be convinced, and lost his money. Why he lost, and why others lose on such a wager, is explicable in a few words. The captain and some of his officers often join in the betting—of course through other persons—or they have friends among the betters whom they are willing to favor. The passengers, on the other hand, are generally so ignorant of nautical matters that the captain can do as he pleases with little risk

BOARDING A STEAMER.

of detection. For this reason, he can steer out of the way of a pilot-boat that is not the one on which he has staked his money, and go out of his course to take a pilot from the boat on which he has staked his money. It is true that, sometimes, he may not come across that one; but, in most cases, the game is in his hands, while the passenger, on the other hand, little knows that he is so heavily handicapped. We have heard that the master of one of the largest steamers going out of New York had a serious altercation, growing out of a transaction of this sort, with one of his passengers, who was sharper than the majority of the class.

On the eighth day out, we were four hundred and fifty miles east of New York, on the southern edge of Saint George's Bank. At one time, we passed off soundings into blue water for a few hours, a fact proclaimed in sono-

rous tones by one of the pilots, when he sang out:

"No sound,
No ground,
No bottom to be found
With a long pitch-pine pole, daddy."

The day was gloriously beautiful, the sky cloudless, and the swell remaining after the gale was scarcely dimpled by the zephyr-like cat's-paws.

One of the crack boats of the New York pilot-fleet loomed above the western horizon, carrying every stitch of canvas. Her shapely sails gleaming in the morning sun, she gradually crept up in our wake, while another pilot-boat was also visible in the eastern board. Circumstances being thus against us, we hauled to the wind on the starboard tack, and headed south until we had run them both out of sight.

"Our policy is to scatter," dryly remarked one of our pilots, a tall, slender Scotchman, of large intelligence and an inexhaustible stock of dry humor.

A standing reward of two dollars for the discovery of a steamer was now offered to the crew, whose vigilance was thus greatly stimulated, although it would have been impossible to sharpen their sense of sight.

"Sail ho!" rang from the mast-head at noon. It proved to be a sailing-ship far to the southward. The wind was so light we could not hope to reach her except by sending out a yawl. But the uncertain nature of the season made this inexpedient. This hazardous method is, however, quite frequently followed by our pilots in calm weather. Its nature is well indicated by the following adventure, which befell one of the pilots of the *Caprice* some years ago:

It was on a summer day. A dead calm prevailed. They were forty miles south of Long Island. A bark lay eight miles away, motionless. The pilot-schooner was also unable to move. But it would not do to allow the prize to escape, as she might do if a breeze should strike her sails first. It was decided to row in the yawl to the bark. Eight miles, as every one knows, is quite a distance with oars, or, as it is called, with a "white-ash breeze." But the weather promised to continue fine, and the pilot and his two men started off without water, provisions, compass, or sail. Gradually they gained on the chase. But night was creeping on; the cat's-paws stealing along the horizon suggested, too, that they had better hasten their strokes or the bark would get away from them. By great good fortune, as it seemed to them, they finally came almost within hailing distance of her. Five minutes more and they would have boarded her!—when the coming wind filled her flapping sails, and they had the mortification to see her slowly glide away. Their frantic shouts, if heard, were unheeded. They found themselves alone on the wide ocean, parched with thirst, and weary and hungry. Night was coming on apace. A low, wailing wind was moaning from the south, and as soon as the sun sank out of sight the sea began to rise, and storm-clouds obscured the hazy light of the stars. At that juncture their schooner, which had been following, came not far from them; but, supposing they had been picked up by the bark, did not perceive them, and again their shouts were unheard. Then, indeed, they gave themselves up for lost. The nearest land was forty miles away. As the wind was blowing it would sweep them toward it, while the increasing violence of the gusts foreboded a sea so wild that they must almost inevitably be swamped and drowned in making a landing. Yet their only course was to drive before the wind, and trust to luck to extricate them from their perilous situation. As night wore on, the storm increased; often the little boat shipped water and seemed on the verge of destruction. Every moment was bringing them nearer to the crisis of their fate. Toward dawn, when the night is darkest, they heard the thunder of surf on the reefs, and faintly discerned, in the gloom, the ghostly pallor of the upward-driven foam. Exhausted as they were, they yet kept their wits about them to seize any possibility of escape that might offer. In one spot there seemed to be a break in the ridge of foam. Skillfully guiding the boat toward it, in another instant they felt the yawl lifted up on the crest of an enormous breaker rushing with lightning speed toward the land. A deafening roar succeeded, a crash, a whirl, and a torrent of foam. In a twinkling the boat was capsized, and the men were borne far up on the beach. One struck a rock and was drowned. The others, as the wave receded, ran up the sand. When the next wave followed, they dug their hands into the beach and held on, lest they should be swept away by the under-tow. But for the fortunate break in the reef through which they had guided the boat, they would all have been lost.

Two days of perfect weather, each closed with a sunset of magical splendor, were followed by a change. The glass began to fall; cloud-streamers arched over the zenith from horizon to horizon. A sad wind moaned over the heaving deep, and a mist gradually closed us in. Then came fitful showers, and, between the flaws, the little schooner flapped her slatting sails with foreboding dreariness.

REEFING THE MAINSAIL.

Another storm was stealing upon us. During the day—it was Sunday—we saw a number of steamers, bound eastward, which had left New York on the previous day. I should add that for two days we had been heading westward, and were now not far from the Nantucket light-ship. An inbound steamer was also seen from the mast-head, and we flung out all the kites and let our little schooner fly at her wildest rate. Here seemed a fair chance at last, for we were apparently south of the pilot-boats we had previously seen, while the whole horizon round revealed not a boat in sight. But, after another mad chase, our hopes were blasted in a moment when the steamer hung out her signal to inform us she was provided with a pilot.

That night there was a snow-ring around the moon, and the glass was still slowly falling. On the following day we had a very exciting chase after a White Star boat. But she, again, had been already boarded. At four P. M. the wind, which had been whiffling about in a dubious manner to all points of the compass, settled into a strong, steady breeze from the east, and by night-fall it blew half a gale.

"Call all hands to reef!" rang through the ship, and soon the crew were ranged along the booms, shortening sail. A wild night was before us. For a while we hove to, in order to be in the track of steamers, reasoning that as the wind was likely to hold awhile it would prevent other boats from getting far east of New York, and thus we should have a fair chance of not being interrupted in our chances by interlopers. But, as the gale freshened, it seemed unlikely that we should board any vessel in the weather now threatening, and the helm was put up and we stood west again. We had now been out twelve days.

At sunset the sky was completely obscured by a dense canopy of cloud. Just as the sun rested on the ocean's verge, the clouds lifted enough to allow the sun to burst forth and illumine the horizon with a line of vivid fire, below which the ocean rolled intensely sullen and livid. But who can describe the awful magnificence which irradiated the entire heav-

HOVE TO FOR A PILOT.

ens with a volcanic glow! The sky was like the dome of a vast oven heated to the last degree. At the same moment a shower fell on the sea, and immediately two perfect rainbows spanned the firmament. Then, as if a curtain had been drawn across the scene, night closed in, and the wild winds howled over a little ship tossing alone on a dreary waste of waves.

It blew very hard that night. A dangerous cross-sea set in, and twice the *Caprice* was nearly thrown on her beam-ends with terrific lurches. We kept a bright light at the masthead and a double lookout, for it was an uncanny time for a collision, and we were directly in the track of ships.

On the following day it moderated, but the wind, which had only "backed in," shifted from north to east after dark. This brought a corresponding change of weather. Rain and fog set in, and a very puffy breeze that settled into a gale before morning. We ran westward all night under short sail, taking casts of the lead at intervals. Soon after ten, the atmosphere being thick, but not so much so as to prevent us from discerning objects the distance of a mile, we discovered a sailing-ship ahead, evidently running for New York, and probably in need of a pilot. Edging away toward her, we lit our torch, and had the satisfaction of seeing her send up a couple of rockets in response. At the same time she backed her reefed main-topsail and hove to. Running down on her lee side, we also hove to very near to her, and proceeded to launch the yawl. It was a wild scene as the little boat vanished into the darkness, perhaps never to be seen again. But her crew carried a lantern with them, and after they had left the pilot on board the ship, we were able to shape our movements by this little glimmer bobbing up and down like an *ignis fatuus* in the misty dark. As the night wore on, the fog grew so dense that we brought up our six-pound brass piece from the fore peak, and fired it at short intervals; this was done, not, as one might suppose, to keep vessels from coming into collision with the schooner,

but to inform them there was a pilot-boat in the vicinity. But this very fact required redoubled vigilance on our part, in order that we might not be run down. In the middle watch we were startled, just after firing the cannon, by the answering whistle of a steamer hoarsely coming down the wind, and close at hand. The excitement of the moment was intense. Again we fired the cannon. The whistle drew nearer, and all at once the colored lights of a steamer loomed out of the dripping mist, and her huge bow emerged from the gloom, so near that it actually seemed to overhang our deck. Passing close alongside, she slowed up the palpitation of her mighty engine a moment to make sure of our position, and then vaguely glided out of sight.

On the following morning, the sun was invisible. The war of the elements was raging with increasing fury. The wind had shifted to south-east. The fog was less dense, and we could see some distance. We were running under a bit of foresail, and hardly needed that. It seemed, at times, as if the following seas would founder the schooner as they towered over the low taffrail. Not a sail was in sight, not even a solitary gull; it is a curious fact that, excepting the petrels, seabirds keep near to the land in bad weather. By means of the patent log towing astern and from casts of the lead, we knew we could not be far from Sandy Hook light-ship.

About ten, the light-ship hove in sight. We rushed by it at the rate of thirteen knots. An enormous sea was rolling over the bar, but the depth of water was enough for vessels like the *Caprice*, and by skillful steering she passed over handsomely. The fierceness of the wind was now terrific, and, dowsing the foresail, we ran up the Lower Bay and flew through the Narrows under bare poles. Thus ended a most delightful and entertaining cruise.

THE EARLY WRITINGS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

It is not my design in the following pages to attempt any exact review or any minute analysis of the writings of one of the most copious and versatile of modern poets. The range of Mr. Browning's genius is so wide, the temper of his muse so Shaksperean and universal, that he will probably exhaust the critical powers of a great many students of literature before he finally takes his right place among the chief authors of modern Europe. The constellation which is still ascending our poetical heavens is too much confused as yet by those mists of personal prejudice and meteors of temporary success which always lurk about the horizon of the Present to enable us to map the stars in it with certainty. Many attempts, of course, have been made, and some with a great measure of success. Two such studies, among others, demand recognition for their extent and authority—the volume on Mr. Browning's poetry by Mr. John Nettleship, since known as an animal-painter, and the elaborate criticism printed in this magazine by Mr. E. C. Stedman. I shall not attempt to compete with these or any similar reviews; my purpose is to touch lightly on those early volumes of Mr. Browning which are comparatively less known to his admirers, and to enrich such bibliographical notes as I have been able to put together with a variety of personal anecdotes and historical facts which now for the first time see the light, and which I have jotted down, from time to time, from Mr. Browning's lips, and with his entire consent and kindly coöperation. No one is more alive than Mr. Browning, or, may I add, than I, to the indelicacy of the efforts now only too widely made to pry into the private affairs of a man of genius, to peep over his shoulder as he writes to his intimate friends, and to follow him like a detective through the incidents of a life which should not be less sacred from curiosity than the life of his butler or his baker. The poet has expressed his mind with extreme plainness:

> "A peep through my window, if folks prefer;
> But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine."

But literary history, the most charming of all occupations of the human mind, as Warburton said, is a very different thing from personal history, and there are certain facts about the development of a poet's intellect and the direction that it took, the welcomes that it received and the reverses that it endured, about which curiosity is perfectly legitimate. For those who desire such a peep through Mr. Browning's window as this, the shutters are at last by his own courtesy taken down.

Mr. Robert Browning was born at Camberwell, a southern suburb of London, on the 7th of May, 1812. His father, who bore the same name as himself, and who died in 1866

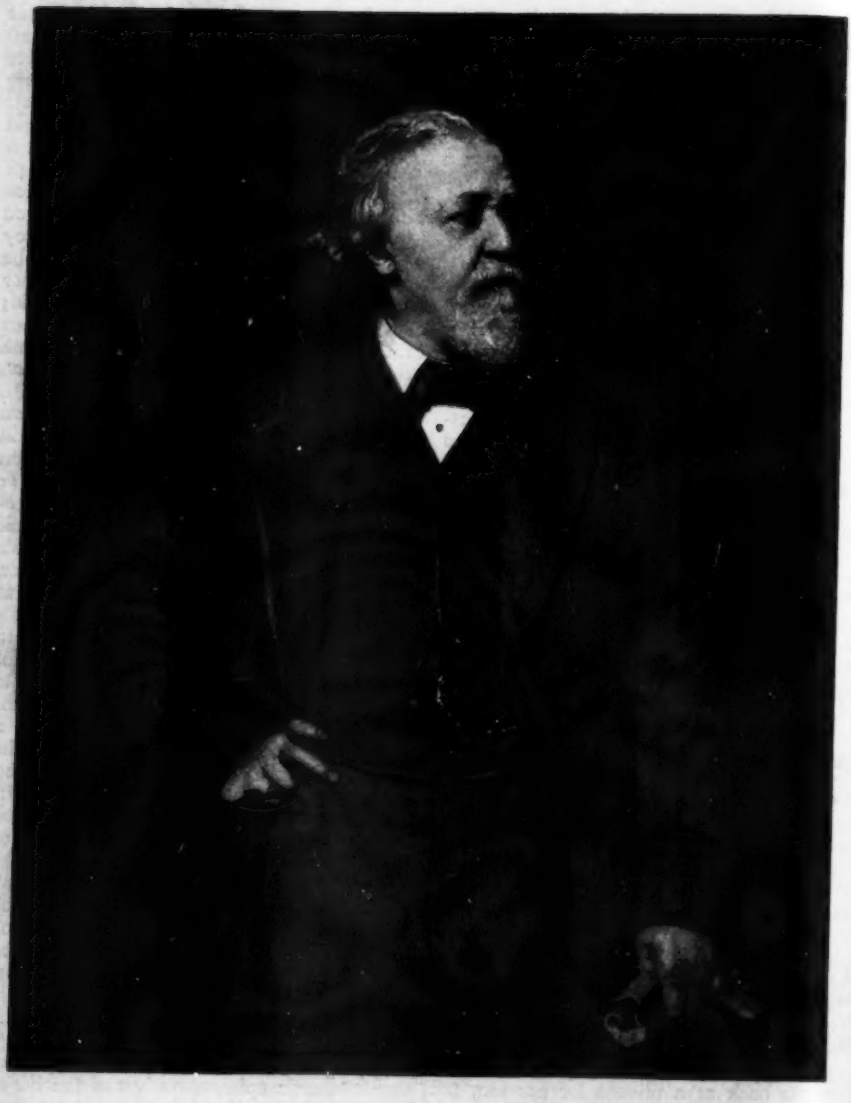
ROBERT BROWNING AT THE AGE OF 47. (FROM THE DRAWING BY RUDOLF LEHMANN, IN 1859.)

at the age of eighty-four, was in many ways a remarkable man. It is, we must suppose, not merely filial piety that makes his son declare that his father had more true poetic genius than he has. Of course the world at large will answer, "By their fruits shall ye know them," and of palpable fruit in the way of published verse the elder Mr. Browning has nothing to show. But it seems that his force and fluency in the use of the heroic couplet, the only metrical form for which he had much taste, were extraordinary; and his son speaks of his moral vein as that of a Pope born out of due time. For his son's poetic gods he had, of course, no fondness, and, from the very first, the two minds diverged upon every intellectual point—until the close of the old gentleman's life, when it is pathetic to hear that he learned, as the world was learning, to appreciate the fine flavor of his son's poetry. He was always, however, loving and sympathetic, divining the genuine poetic impulse though blind to the beauty of the forms it took, and in this one case the rare phenomenon seems to have appeared of a boy consciously, and of set purpose, trained to be a poet. The only other instance that occurs to me is that of Jean Chapelain, who was set apart from birth by his parents "to relight the torch of Malherbe"; the result was not nearly so happy as in the case of Mr. Browning. The latter, however, can hardly remember a time when his intention was not to be eminent in rhyme, and he began to write at least as early as Cowley. His sister remembers him, as a very little boy, walking round and round the dining-room table, and spanning out the scansion of his verses with his hand on the smooth mahogany. When he was about eight years old, this ambitious young person disdained the narrow field of poetry, and, while retaining that scepter, debated within himself, as Dryden says Anne Killegrew did, whether he should invade and conquer the province of painting or that of music. It soon became plain to him, however, that, as he himself put it thirty-five years later,

"I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me:
. . . . . Verse alone, one life allows me,"

and he began writing with assiduity. It is curious to reflect that all the giants were alive in those days—not even Keats himself laid to sleep under the Roman grasses. In 1824, the year that Byron died, the boy had collected poems enough to form a volume, and these were taken around to publisher after publisher, but in vain. The first people who saw the nascent genius of this lad of twelve years old were the two Misses Flower, the younger afterward authoress of "Vivia Perpetua," and too sadly known as Sarah Flower Adams. The elder Miss Flower thought the poems so remarkable that she copied them and showed them to the distinguished Unitarian, the Rev. William Johnson Fox, then already influential as a radical politician of the finer order. As a matter of course, Mr. Fox was too judicious to recommend the publication of poems so juvenile, but he ventured to prophesy a splendid future for the boy, and he kept the transcripts in his possession. To Mr. Browning's great amusement, after the death of Mr. Fox, in 1864, his daughter returned the MS. to the author, who read in maturity the forgotten verses of his childhood. At the time they were written he was entirely under the influence of Byron, and his verse was so full and melodious that Mr. Fox confessed, long afterward, that he had thought that his snare would be a too gorgeous scale of language and tenuity of thought, concealed by metrical audacity. But about a year after this, an event revolutionized Robert Browning's whole conception of poetic art. There came into his hands a miserable pirated edition of part of Shelley's works; the window was dull, but he looked through it into an enchanted garden. He was impatient to walk there himself, but, in 1825, it was by no means easy to obtain the books of Shelley. No bookseller that was applied to knew the name, although Shelley had been dead three years. At last, inquiry was made of the editor of the "Literary Gazette," and it was replied that the books in question could be obtained of C. & J. Ollier, of Vere street. To Vere street, accordingly, Mrs. Browning proceeded, and brought back as a present for her son, not only all the works of Shelley, but three volumes written by a Mr. John Keats, which were recommended to her as being very much in the spirit of Mr. Shelley. A bibliophile of today is almost dazed in thinking of the prize which the unconscious lady brought back with her to Camberwell. There was the Pisa "Adonais," in its purple paper cover; there was "Epipsychidion,"—in short, all the books she bought were still in their first edition, except "The Cenci," which professed to be in the second. Poets of our own day need not grumble at the indifference of the public, when we see that within human memory two of the greatest writers of modern times, three and four years after their decease, were still utterly unsalable. Well, the dust of the dead Keats and Shelley turned to flower-seed in the brain of the young poet, and very soon wrought a change in the whole of his ambition. First of all, they made him thoroughly dissatisfied with what he had hitherto written, and showed him—always a very salutary lesson for a boy—that the elements of his art were still to be learned. Meanwhile, the business of ordinary education took up the main part of his time; till 1826, he was at school at Dulwich, then with a tutor at home, and finally, but I think only for a very short time, at London University.

The elder Mr. Browning had but two children—the poet, and a daughter who still keeps house for her brother. When the son had arrived at that age at which the bias or opportunity of parents usually dictates a profession to a youth, Mr. Browning asked his son what he intended to be. It was known to the latter that his sister was provided for, and that there would always be enough to keep him also, and he had the singular courage to decline to be rich. He appealed to his father whether it would not be better for him to see life in the best sense, and cultivate the powers of his mind, than to shackle himself in the very outset of his career by a laborious training, foreign to that aim. The wisdom or unwisdom of such a step is proved by its measure of success. In the case of Mr. Browning the determination has never been regretted, and so great was the confidence of the father in the genius of the son that the former at once acquiesced in the proposal. At this time, young Browning's brain was full of colossal schemes of poems. It is interesting and curious to learn that at a time of life when almost every poet, whatever his ultimate destination, is trying his power of wing in song, Mr. Browning, the early Byronic lilt having been thrown aside, did not attempt any lyrical exercise. He planned a series of monodramatic epics, narratives of the life of typical souls—a gigantic scheme at which a Victor Hugo or a Lope de Vega would start back aghast. Several of these great poems were sketched; only one exists, and that in fragmentary form. At Richmond, whither the family had gone to live,—on the 22d of October, 1832,—Mr. Browning finished a poem which he named, from the object, not the



Robert Browning.

(FROM THE PAINTING BY RUDOLF LEHMANN.)

subject, "Pauline." This piece was read and admired at home, and one day his aunt said to the young man:

"I hear, Robert, that you have written a poem; here is the money to print it."

Accordingly, in January, 1833, there went to press, anonymously, a little book of seventy pages, which remained virtually unrecognized until the author, to preserve it from piracy, unwillingly received it among the acknowledged children of his muse, in 1867.

But, although "Pauline" was excluded from recognition by its author for more than thirty years, he has to confess that its production was attended with circumstances of no little importance to him. It was the intention and desire of Mr. Browning that the authorship should remain entirely unknown, but Miss Flower told the secret to Mr. Fox, who reviewed the poem with great warmth and fullness in the "Monthly Repository." But a more curious incident was that a copy fell into the hands of John Stuart Mill, who was only six years the senior of the poet. It delighted him in the highest degree, and he immediately wrote to the editor of "Tait's Magazine," the only periodical in which he was at that time free to express himself, for leave to review "Pauline" at length. The reply was that nothing would have been more welcome, but that, unfortunately, in the preceding number the poem had been dismissed with one line of contemptuous neglect. Mr. Mill's opportunities extended no further than this one magazine, but at his death there came into Mr. Browning's possession this identical copy, the blank pages of which were crowded with Mill's annotations and remarks. The late John Forster took such an interest in this volume that he borrowed it,—"convey, the wise it call,"—and when he died, it passed with his library into the possession of the South Kensington Museum, where the curious relic of the youth of two eminent men has at last found a resting-place. Nor was this the only instance in which the poem, despite its anonymity and its rawness, touched a kindred chord in a man of genius. There was much in it that was new, forcible, and fine,—such passages of description as this of the wood where Pauline and her lover met:

"Walled in with a sloped mound of matted shrubs,
Dark, tangled, old and green, still sloping down
To a small pool whose waters lie asleep
Amid the trailing boughs like water-plants;
And tall trees overarch to keep us in,
Breaking the sunbeams into emerald shafts;
And in the dreamy water one small group
Of two or three strange trees are got together,
Wondering at all around, as strange beasts herd
Together far from their own land: all wildness,
No turf nor moss, for boughs and plants pave all,
And tongues of bank go shelving in the waters,
Where the pale-throated snake reclines his head,
And old gray stones lie making eddies there,
The wild mice cross them dry-shod: deeper in!
Shut thy soft eyes—now look—still deeper in!
This is the very heart of the woods, all round
Mountain-like heaped above us; yet even here
One pond of water gleams; far off the river
Sweeps like a sea, barred out from land; but one—
One thin clear sheet has overleaped and wound
Into this silent depth, which gained, it lies
Still, as but let by sufferance; *the trees bend*
O'er it as wild men watch a sleeping girl,"—

or such fine bursts of versification as this about Andromeda:

"As she awaits the snake on the wet beach,
By the dark rock and the white wave just breaking
At her feet; quite naked and alone; a thing
You doubt not, fear not for, secure that God
Will come in thunder from the stars to save her."

Such beauties as these were not likely to escape the notice of curious lovers of poetry. Many years after, when Mr. Browning was living in Florence, he received a letter from a young painter whose name was quite unknown to him, asking him whether he were the author of a poem called "Pauline," which was somewhat in his manner, and which the writer had so greatly admired that he had transcribed the whole of it in the British Museum reading-room. The letter was signed D. G. Rossetti, and thus began Mr. Browning's acquaintance with this eminent man. But to the world at large "Pauline" was a sealed book, by nobody, and the reviewers simply ignored it.

One very creditable exception was the "Athenæum," then in its infancy, which dedicated several columns to a kindly, if not very profound, analysis, and to copious quotations. Mr. Browning discovered long afterward that this notice was written by Allan Cunningham.

After the publication of "Pauline" there came a period of respite, in which the poetical ferment of the young writer's mind was settling down, and his genius was preparing to take its proper form. The scheme of illustrating, in a series of vast biographies in blank verse, whatever was unusual or tragical in the history of a soul, was gradually abandoned, and the excitement of travel took the place of the excitement of composition. Mr. Browning set out upon his *Wanderjahr*, 1834, and made a long stay at St. Petersburg. Of all that was thought and planned in these two years preceding the rapid authorship of "Paracelsus," the only specimen remaining is to be found in two very curious lyrics, included in the "Dramatic Lyrics" of 1842, and now finally relegated to "Men and Women." They were printed first in "Fox's Monthly Repository," under the single title of "Mad-house Cells," although they

are now known to every reader of Mr. Browning as "Joannes Agricola in Meditation" and "Porphyria's Lover." It is a curious matter for reflection that two poems so unique in their construction and conception, so modern, so interesting, so new, could be printed without attracting attention, so far as it would appear, from any living creature. Here was a poet with a fresh voice, appealing to the intellectual youth of Europe in a direct way, such as only one other man had dreamed of, and that was Heine. Then came "Paracelsus," written in London through the winter of 1834, finished in March, 1835, and published before the summer. This work has had so many admirers that it needs, perhaps, a little courage to say that it was surely not so important as a sign of its author's genius as the little pieces just mentioned. It is a drama of a shapeless kind, parent in this sort of a monstrous family of "Festuses," and "Balders," and "Life Dramas," only quite lately extirpated, and never any more, it is hoped, to flourish above ground. There are four persons in the drama: *Paracelsus*, the male and female genii of his career; *Festus* and *Michal*, friend and lover, and finally *Aprile*, the foil and counterpoise to his ambitious gravity. Every one knows how the poem is conducted; how full it is of subtlety, of melody, of eloquent and casuistical intelligence. But we cannot forget that it is a drama in which one of the characters, more than once, expresses himself in upward of three hundred lines of unbroken soliloquy. The precedent was bad, as all disregard of the canons of artistic form is apt to be; and in the hands of his imitators Mr. Browning must often have shuddered at his own contorted reflection. The public refused to have anything to say to so strange a poem; very few copies sold, and the reviews were contemptuously adverse. The "Athenæum," even, which had received "Pauline" so warmly, dismissed "Paracelsus" with a warning to the author that it was useless to reproduce the obscurity of Shelley minus his poetic beauty. But certain finer minds here and there recognized the treasury of power and genius concealed in this crabbed shape. The "Examiner," in particular, contained a review of the poem at great length, in which full justice was done to Mr. Browning's genius. This, again, was the commencement of a memorable intimacy. But in the meantime the young poet formed the acquaintance of one of the most striking personages of that generation—Macready, the tragedian. This happened at a dinner at the house of W. J. Fox, on the 27th of November, 1835. The actor was exceedingly charmed with the young and ardent writer, who, he said, looked more like a poet than any man he had ever met. He read "Paracelsus" with a sort of ecstasy, and cultivated Mr. Browning's acquaintance on every occasion. He asked him to spend New Year's Day with him at his country-house at Elstree, and on the last day of 1835, Mr. Browning found himself at "The Blue Posts" waiting for the coach, in company with two or three other persons, who looked at him with curiosity. One of these, a tall, ardent, noticeable young fellow, constantly caught his eye, but as the strangers knew one another, and as Mr. Browning knew none of them, no conversation passed as they drove northward. It turned out that they were all Macready's guests, one of the elder men being George Cattermole, while the noticeable youth was no other than John Forster. He, on being introduced to Mr. Browning, said: "Did you see a little notice of you I wrote in the 'Examiner'?" The friendship so begun lasted, with a certain interval, until the end of Forster's life.

The acquaintance with Macready deepened rapidly on both sides. The actor had scarcely finished reading "Paracelsus" before he began to think that here was a tragic poet to his mind. He suggested that Mr. Browning should write him an acting play, and the subject of Narses, the eunuch who conquered Italy for Justinian, was discussed between them. At first the actor seemed more eager in the matter than the poet. Early in 1836, Macready made this striking entry in his journal:

> "Browning said that I had *bit* him by my performance of *Othello*, and I told him I hoped I should make the blood come. It would, indeed, be some recompense for the miseries, the humiliations, the heart-sickening disgusts which I have endured in my profession, if, by its exercise, I had awakened a spirit of poetry whose influence would elevate, ennoble, and adorn our degraded drama. May it be!"

In April, 1836, the miseries to which Macready referred, and which were caused by the meanness of his manager and the bad state of the law of contract, were suddenly brought to a climax. One evening, after playing part of "Richard II.," and being forbidden to conclude the tragedy, Macready's patience suddenly failed him, and he inflicted upon the notorious and ridiculous Mr. Alfred Bunn a sound thrashing. Notwithstanding this unfortunate *contretemps*, to which Mr. Macready's chivalrous ideal gave more importance in his own eyes than was felt by an indulgent and scandal-loving public, it was possible, as early as May 26th, 1836, to bring out at Covent Garden Theater, under the management of Mr. Osbaldiston, Talfourd's new tragedy of "Ion." The supper which succeeded the first performance of this ex-

tremely successful play was a momentous occasion to Mr. Browning. He found himself seated opposite to Macready, who was supported on his right hand and his left by two elderly gentlemen, in whom the young poet recognized for the first time William Wordsworth and Walter Savage Landor. In the course of the evening Talfourd, with marked kindness, proposed the name of the youngest English poet, and Wordsworth, leaning across the table, said, with august affability, "I am proud to drink your health, Mr. Browning!" The latter saw much of Wordsworth during the next few years, for Talfourd invited him to his house whenever Wordsworth came up to town. He listened to his slow talk with reverence and interest, but never got over the somewhat chilling and awful personal bearing of the old man. With Landor, on the contrary, Mr. Browning afterward became, as readers of Forster's life must be aware, extremely intimate, and helped, indeed, to add sunshine to the last dark days of that leonine exile. To return, however, to the "Ion" supper: the success of that tragedy had whetted the appetite of all the luckless playwrights of the day, and one of them, Miss Mitford, with pert audacity, ventured to propose a poetic play to the tragedian while he was at table. But she utterly failed in her ruse, and Mr. Browning was, therefore, doubly surprised when, as the guests were leaving, Macready came behind him on the stairs, and, laying his hand on his arm, said, "Write a play, Browning, and keep me from going to America!" It was said so earnestly that there could be no doubt that it was meant, and Mr. Browning simply replied: "Shall it be historical and English? What do you say to a drama on Strafford?" In this rapid interchange of sympathies Mr. Browning's next work was conceived, but it was several months before he satisfied himself that he was sufficiently read in the historical part of the subject to fill up the plot. On the 19th of November, 1836, the tragedy of "Strafford" was brought, almost finished, to Macready; in March of the next year it was completed and put in rehearsal, and, on the first of May, it was brought out on the boards of Covent Garden Theater.

It is time now to deny a statement that has been repeated *ad nauseam* in every notice that professes to give an account of Mr. Browning's career. Whatever is said or not said, it is always remarked that his plays have "failed" on the stage. In point of fact, the three plays which he has brought out have all succeeded, and have owed it to fortuitous circumstances that their tenure on the boards has been comparatively short. "Strafford" was produced when the finances of Covent Garden Theater were at their lowest ebb, and nothing was done to give dignity or splendor to the performance. "Not a rag for the new tragedy," said Mr. Osbaldiston. The *King* was taken by Mr. Dale, who was stone-deaf, and who acted so badly that, as one of the critics said, it was a pity that the pit did not rise as one man and push him off the stage. All sorts of alterations were made in the text; where the poet spoke of "grave gray eyes," the manager corrected it in rehearsal to "black eyes." But at last Macready appeared, in the second scene of the second act, in more than his wonted majesty, crossing and recrossing the stage like one of Vandyke's courtly personages come to life again, and Miss Helen Faucit threw such tenderness and passion into the part of *Lady Carlisle* as surpassed all that she had previously displayed of histrionic power. Under these circumstances, and in spite of the dull acting of Vanderhoff, who played *Pym* without any care or interest, the play was well received on the first night, and on the second night was applauded with enthusiasm by a crowded house. There was every expectation that the tragedy would have no less favorable a "run" than "Ion" had enjoyed, but after five nights, Vanderhoff suddenly withdrew, and though Elton volunteered to take his place, the financial condition of the theater, in spite of the undiminished popularity of the piece, put an end to its representation.

Mr. Browning, the elder, had paid for the cost of "Paracelsus"; "Strafford" was taken by Longmans, and brought out, at their expense, as a little volume—not, like most of the tragedies of the day, in dark-gray paper covers, with a white label. However, at that time the public absolutely declined to buy Mr. Browning's books, and "Strafford," although more respectfully received by the press, was as great a financial failure as "Paracelsus." It was part of Mr. Browning's essentially masculine order of mind to be in no wise disheartened or detached from his purpose by this indifference of the public. He was silent for three years, but all the time busy with copious production. The success of "Strafford" on the stage led Mr. Browning's thoughts very naturally to the drama, and besides the purely lyrical masque or "proverb" of "Pippa Passes," he concluded, before 1840, two tragedies with the intention of seeing them acted. These were "King Victor and King Charles," and "Mansoor the Hierophant," rebaptized on publication by the name of "The Return of the Druses."

These plays, however, found no manager or publisher willing to accept them, and the author fell back on the dream that he had commenced his career with, namely, that of chronicling in poetry the whole life of a single soul. He set to work, and produced one of the most considerable, certainly one of the most characteristic, of his works, in the epic of "Sordello," begun in 1838, finished and printed in 1840. It is scarcely necessary to remark that for forty years this book has been an eminent stumbling-block, not merely in the path of fools, but in that of very sensible and cultivated people. "The entirely unintelligible 'Sordello'" has enjoyed at least its due share of obloquy and neglect. There are not a few of Mr. Browning's readers who would miss it from the collection of his books more than any other of his longer poems. It possesses passages of melody and insight, fresh enough, surprising enough to form the whole stock-in-trade of a respectable poet; it needs reading three times, but on the third even a school-boy of tolerable intelligence will find it luminous, if not entirely lucid, and half the charge of obscurity is really a confession of indolence and inattention.

"Who wills may hear 'Sordello's' story told,"

and if our space to-day would give us leave to roam through its fragrant pages, we might find a thousand reasons why "Sordello" ought to be one of the most readable of books. And yet the Naddos of contemporary criticism were not wholly wrong. The book is difficult, and Mr. Browning in the philosophic afternoon of life frankly confesses as much. It is hard reading, over-condensed, over-rapid, like much of Milton in its too arrogant contempt for the commonplace habits of the intelligence. This is the author's explanation of his error, for that it was an error he is perhaps more ready than some of his admirers to admit. In 1838, the condition of English poetry was singularly tame and namby-pamby. Tennyson's voice was only heard by a few. The many delighted in poor "L. E. L.," whose sentimental "golden violets" and gushing *improvvisatores* had found a tragic close at Cape Coast Castle. Among living poets, the most popular were good old James Montgomery, droning on at his hopeless insipidities and graceful "goodnesses," the Hon. Mrs. Norton, a sort of soda-water Byron, and poor, rambling T. K. Hervey. The plague of annuals and books of beauty was on the land, with its accompanying flood of verses by Alaric A. Watts and "Delta" Moir. These virtuous and now almost forgotten poetasters had brought the art of poetry into such disesteem, with their puerilities and their thin, diluted sentiment, that verse was beginning to be considered unworthy of exercise by a serious or original thinker. Into this ocean of thin soup Mr. Browning threw his small square of solid pemmican—a little mass which could have supplied ideas and images to a dozen "L. E. L.'s" without losing much of its consistence. Of course, to a generation long fed on such thin diet, the new contribution seemed much more like a stone than like anything edible, and even to this day there are lovers of poetry who can get as little out of it as Alton Locke could. About 1863, Mr. Browning, becoming a little impatient of the long-repeated denigration of his favorite offspring, set about rewriting "Sordello" on a simpler principle; needless to say that was a failure, and there are few who will regret that for once, at least, so profound a student of the human heart wrote rather as he himself felt than as his readers, even the most sympathetic of them, might have wished. The book has become a classic, and to each coming generation will in all probability present less difficulty than to the preceding one.

But from the popular point of view "Sordello" was a failure, and in the face of so much poetry still unprinted, Mr. Browning could not but ruefully remember how expensive his books had been to his sympathetic and uncomplaining father. To go on indefinitely in this way was scarcely to be thought of, and yet poetry kept in a desk, on the Horatian principle, is a property that wears out the soul with hope deferred. One day, as the poet was discussing the matter with Mr. Edward Moxon, the publisher, the latter remarked that at that time he was bringing out some editions of the old Elizabethan dramatists in a comparatively cheap form, and that if Mr. Browning would consent to print his poems as pamphlets, using this cheap type, the expense would be very inconsiderable. The poet jumped at the idea, and it was agreed that each poem should form a separate brochure of just one sheet,—sixteen pages, in double columns,—the entire cost of which should not exceed twelve or fifteen pounds. In this fashion began the celebrated series of "Bells and Pomegranates," eight numbers of which, a perfect treasury of fine poetry, came out successively between 1841 and 1846. "Pippa Passes" led the way, and was priced first at sixpence; then, the sale being inconsiderable, at a shilling, which greatly encouraged the sale; and so, slowly, up to half a crown, at which the price of each number finally rested. As the advertisement of "Bells and Pomegranates" has never been reprinted, and as that volume is not very common, I make no

apology for reproducing that characteristic little document:

"Two or three years ago I wrote a play, about which the chief matter I much care to recollect at present is, that a pitfull of good-natured people applauded it. Ever since, I have been desirous of doing something in the same way that should better reward their attention. What follows I mean for the first of a series of dramatical pieces, to come out at intervals, and I amuse myself by fancying that the cheap mode in which they appear will for once help me to a sort of pit-audience again. Of course, such a work must go on no longer than it is liked; and to provide against a certain and but too possible contingency, let me hasten to say now what, if I were sure of success, I would try to say circumstantially enough at the close, that I dedicate my best intentions most admiringly to the author of 'Ion'—most affectionately to Sergeant Talfourd."

There had been nothing in the pastoral kind written so delightfully as "Pippa Passes" since the days of the Jacobean dramatists. It was inspired by the same feeling as gave charm and freshness to the masques of Day and Nabbes, but it was carried out with a mastery of execution and fullness of knowledge such as those unequal writers could not dream of exercising. The figure of *Pippa* herself, the unconscious messenger of good spiritual tidings to so many souls in dark places, is one of the most beautiful that Mr. Browning has produced, and in at least one of the more serious scenes,—that between *Sebald* and *Ottina*,—he reaches a tragic height that places him on a level with the greatest modern dramatists. Of the lyrical interludes and seed-pearls of song scattered through the scenes, it is a commonplace to say that nothing more exquisite or natural was ever written, or rather warbled. The public was first won to Mr. Browning by "Pippa Passes." Next year, 1842, he printed the old tragedy of "King Victor and King Charles," which he had had by him for some years. If "Pippa Passes" was, as Miss Barrett said, a pomegranate that showed

"A heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity,"

this latter drama was a bell, clear-toned and clangorous, fitly rung before the curtain should rise upon a stately theatrical spectacle. The poetry here, as in "Strafford," which it resembles, is carefully subordinated to stage effect and movement, and it is unfortunate that Mr. Browning was not successful in getting it accepted by any manager, for it would be a popular piece on the stage. Not a lyrical passage, scarcely a lyrical touch, checks the business and bustle of the scenes till *Victor* dies so majestically, with his son's crown on his head, defying *d'Ormea*. The same year followed the brief pamphlet or booklet called "Dramatic Lyrics." Short as this book is, only sixteen pages, it was shorter still when the printer's devil came from Mr. Moxon's shop to ask for more copy to fill up the sheet. Mr. Browning gave him a *jeu d'esprit* which he had written to amuse little Willie Macready, and which he had had no idea of publishing. This was "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," which has probably introduced its author's name into hundreds of thousands of homes where otherwise it never would have penetrated. In other respects the collection was sparse, but remarkable enough. First came the three "Cavalier Tunes," as at present; then, under the titles of "Italy" and "France," what we now find among the "Dramatic Romances" as "My Last Duchess" and "Count Gismond." Then the "Incident of the French Camp" and "The Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister"; then "In a Gondola," perhaps the most delicate in harmonic effect of all Mr. Browning's lyrics; then "Artemis Prologizes"; then "Waring," in which was sung the disappearance of Mr. Alfred Dommett, who, after a long exile, returned from Vishnuland, or New Zealand, a few years ago; then "Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli," "Cristina," "Mad-house Cells,"—which we have already discussed,—"Through the Metidja," and finally "The Pied Piper." Early in 1843 there followed the glowing and passionate tragedy "The Return of the Druses," a play which would be sure to rivet attention on the stage, but which no manager hitherto has had the courage to produce.

But, in the meantime, the hopes that had sprung eternal in the breasts of all dramatic poets began to cluster once more around the person of Mr. Macready. That illustrious actor, by that time recognized as by far the most able and eminent tragedian in the English-speaking world, after performing for a season at the Haymarket, took Drury Lane Theater under his own management, and held out flattering promises to the poets. This season opened on the 10th of December, 1842, with "The Patrician's Daughter" of Mr. Westland Marston. This was the first work of a young man of great promise, of whom much had been talked in literary and theatrical circles. Mr. Macready took the part of *Mordaunt*, Miss Helen Faucit that of *Lady Mabel Lynterne*, and great pains were taken to secure a thoroughly satisfactory cast. It was distinctly understood that if "The Patrician's Daughter" was a great success, the public was to be rewarded by a series of original tragedies by poets of repute. Everything seemed as glittering and auspicious as possible, and nobody knew what a dangerous game Macready was playing. He was, as a

matter of fact, on the verge of bankruptcy, and driven almost to distraction by a variety of vexations. Unfortunately, Marston's play, from which so much was expected, enjoyed only a success of esteem. It was removed, to be succeeded on the boards by a play called "Plighted Troth," by a brother of George Darley, and a man of the same peevish, hopeless temperament as his more distinguished relative. This tragedy proved to be miserable trash, and was scarcely endured a single night. But, in the meantime, Mr. Browning, who had been asked by Macready to write a play for him, had devised and composed, in the space of five days, one of the most remarkable of his works, "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon." This had been received, and delight had been expressed by Macready on reading it. The author was, therefore, surprised that, on the withdrawal of "Plighted Troth," he received no invitation, in accordance with etiquette, to read it aloud to the actors previous to rehearsal. He had no inkling whatever of Macready's embarrassments, and not the slightest notion that it was hoped that he would withdraw the piece. At last, on Saturday, the 4th of February, 1843, Macready called Mr. Browning into his private room, and said to him:

"Your play was read to the actors yesterday, and they received it with shouts of laughter."

"Who read it?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilmot."

Now, Wilmot was the prompter, a broadly comic personage with a wooden leg and a very red face, whose vulgar sallies were the delight of all the idle jesters that hung about the theater. That such a drama as "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon" should be given to Wilmot to read was simply an insult, and one of which Mr. Browning did not conceal his perception. Macready saw his mistake, and said: "Wilmot is a ridiculous being, of course. On Monday I myself will read it to the actors." On Monday, accordingly, he read it, but he announced to Mr. Browning that he should not act in it himself, but that Phelps, then quite a new man, would take the principal part. This was an unheard-of thing in those days, when it was supposed that Macready was absolutely essential to a new tragedy. Of course his hope was that Mr. Browning would say: "You not play in it? Then, of course, I withdraw it." But the actor's manner was so far from suggesting that truth that the poet never suspected the real state of the case. He accepted Phelps, but, when the rehearsal began on Tuesday, Phelps was very ill with English cholera, and could not be present, so Macready read his part for him. On Wednesday Mr. Browning noticed that Macready was not merely reading: he was rehearsing the part, moving across the stage, and counting his steps. When Mr. Browning arrived on Thursday, there was poor Phelps sitting close to the door, as white as a sheet, evidently very poorly. Macready began: "As Mr. Phelps is so ill—you are very ill, are you not, Mr. Phelps?—it will be impossible for him to master his part by Saturday, and I shall therefore take it myself." Mr. Browning was not at all pleased with this shuffling, for which he could divine no cause, and he was still more annoyed at the changes which were being made in the poem. The title was to be changed to "The Sisters," the first act was to be cut out, and it was to end without any tragic *finale*, but with these sublime lines, due to the unaided genius of Macready himself:

> "Within a monastery's solitude
> Penance and prayer shall wear my life away."

Mr. Browning was determined, if possible, to check this wanton sacrifice of the poem, and so he took the MS. to his publisher Moxon, who also had a quarrel with Macready, and who was therefore only too pleased to coöperate in his confusion. "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon" was printed in a few hours, in a single sheet, as part five of "Bells and Pomegranates," and was in the hands of each of the actors before Mr. Browning reached the theater on Friday morning. As he entered, he met Phelps, who was waiting for him at the door, and who said:

"It is true, sir, that I have been ill, but I am better now, and if you chose to give the part to me, which I can hardly expect you to do, I should be able to act it to-morrow night."

"But is it possible," said Mr. Browning, "that you could learn it so soon?"

"Yes," answered Phelps, "I should sit up all night and know it perfectly."

Mr. Browning's determination was soon taken; he took Phelps with him into the green-room, where Macready was already studying the play in its printed form, with the actors around him. Mr. Browning stopped him, and said:

"I find that Mr. Phelps, although he has been ill, feels himself quite able to take the part, and I shall be very glad to leave it in his hands." Macready rose and said:

"But do you understand that I, *I*, am going to act the part?"

"I shall be very glad to intrust it to Mr. Phelps," said Mr. Browning, upon which Macready crumpled up the play he was holding in his hand, and threw it to the other end of the room.

After such an event, it was with no very hopeful feelings that Mr. Browning awaited the first performance on the next night, February 11th. He would not allow his parents or his sister to go to the theater; no tickets were sent to him, but finding that the stage-box was his, not by favor, but by right, he went with no other companion than Mr. Edward Moxon. But his expectations of failure were not realized. Phelps acted magnificently, carrying out the remark of Macready, that the difference between himself and the other actors was that they could do magnificent things now and then, on a spurt, but that he could always command his effects. Anderson, a *jeune premier* of promise, acted the young lover with considerable spirit, although the audience was not quite sure whether to laugh or no when he sang his song, "There's a Woman like a Dewdrop," in the act of climbing in at the window. Finally, Miss Helen Faucit almost surpassed herself in *Mildred Fresham*. The piece was entirely successful, though Mr. R. H. Horne, who was in the front of the pit, tells me that Anderson was for some time only half-serious, and quite ready to have turned traitor if the public had encouraged him. When the curtain went down, the applause was vociferous. Phelps was called and recalled, and then there rose the cry of "Author!" To this Mr. Browning remained silent and out of sight, and the audience continued to shout until Anderson came forward, and keeping his eye on Mr. Browning, said, "I believe that the author is not present, but if he is I entreat him to come forward!" The poet, however, turned a deaf ear to this appeal, and went home very sore with Macready, and what he considered his purposeless and vexatious schemings. "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon" was announced to be played "three times a week until further notice"; was performed with entire success to crowded houses, until the final collapse of Macready's schemes brought it abruptly to a close.

Such is the true story of an event on which Macready, in his journals, has kept an obstinate silence, and which one erring critic after another has chronicled as the failure, "as a matter of course," of Mr. Browning's "improbable" play. Neither on its first appearance, nor when Phelps revived it at Sadler's Wells, was "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon" received by the public otherwise than with warm applause. As in the case of "Strafford," a purely accidental circumstance, unconnected with Mr. Browning, cut it short in the midst of a successful run.

Fired with the memory of so many plaudits, Mr. Browning set himself to the composition of another actable play, and this also had its little hour of success, though not until many years afterward. "Colombe's Birthday," which formed number six of "Bells and Pomegranates," appeared in 1843. I have before me at the present moment a copy of the first edition, marked for acting by the author, who has written: "I made the alterations in this copy to suit some—I forget what—projected stage representation: not that of Miss Faucit, which was carried into effect long afterward." The stage directions are numerous and minute, showing the science which the dramatist had gained since he first essayed to put his creations on the boards. Some of the suggestions are characteristic enough. For instance, "unless a very good Valence" is found, this extremely fine speech, perhaps the jewel of the play, is to be left out. In the present editions the verses run otherwise. Valence speaks:

"He stands, a man, now; stately, strong and wise—
One great aim, like a guiding-star, before—
Which tasks strength, wisdom, stateliness to follow,
As, not its substance, but its shine, he tracks,
Nor dreams of more than, just evolving these
To fullness, will suffice him to life's end
After this star, out of a night he springs,
A beggar's cradle for the throne of thrones
He quits; so mounting, feels each step he mounts,
Nor as from each to each exultingly
He passes, overleaps one grain of joy.
This for his own good:—with the world each gift
Of God and man—Reality, Tradition,
Fancy, and Fact—so well environ him,
That as a mystic panoply they serve—
Of force untenanted to awe mankind,
And work his purpose out with half the world,
While he, their master, dexterously slipt
From such encumbrance, is meantime employed
In his own prowess with the other half.
So shall he go on, every day's success
Adding, to what is He, a solid strength,—
An airy might to what encircles him,
Till at the last, so life's routine shall grow,
That as the Emperor only breathes and moves,
His shadow shall be watched, his step or stalk
Become a comfort or a portent; how
He trails his ermine take significance,—
Till even his power shall cease his power to be,
And most his weakness men shall fear, nor vanquish
Their typified invincibility.
So shall he go on greatening, till he ends—
The man of men, the spirit of all flesh,
The fiery center of an earthy world!"

Mr. Browning says that very little has hitherto been printed about his life, and that little "mostly false." A curious instance of this last clause is the statement that has been authoritatively made, in a quarter from which we do not expect error, to the effect that "Colombe's Birthday" was brought out by Miss Cushman, at the Haymarket, in 1844, as "The Duchess of Cleves." The editor of Mr. Browning's letters to Mr. R. H. Horne was probably thinking about a play, with a "Duchess" in the title, written by Henry

Chorley for Miss Cushman, and which she brought out while Mr. Browning was in Italy. It seems to have been some projected performance of "Colombe's Birthday" in 1846, by Helen Faucit, to whom the poet had read his play, that caused the latter to make the stage directions to which I have just referred. In point of fact, it was not till 1852 that Miss Faucit produced, and with marked success, the play in question.

The last number of "Bells and Pomegranates," which appeared in double size, contained a quaint rabbinical apology for the general title, and consisted of two plays, "Luvia," dedicated to Walter Savage Landor, and "A Soul's Tragedy." These bore the date 1846, and with these the first act of Mr. Browning's public as well as private life would seem to have closed, for on the 12th of September, 1846, he was married, at St. Marylebone, to Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, the illustrious poet, and directly afterward proceeded with her to find a new home in Italy.

TO RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

September, 1881.

Poet of every soul that grieves
  O'er death untimely: whose high plaint
Lights up the farthest Dark, and leaves
  A bow across the heavens bent:

Dead in an upper room doth lie
  A nation's darling; can it be
Thy ear too faintly hears the cry
  The West wind utters to the sea?

Thy Concord pæan may have caught
  Glow from that elder Garfield's name:
What fitter aureole could be sought
  For such a son than such a flame!

Bard of the Human: since we yearn
  For that one manly heart in vain,
Forgive the reverent eyes that turn
  Toward the low stream in Concord plain.

Warned by the favoring touch of Death,
  Thy *Nunc Dimittis* thou hast sung;
No more the thunder's stormy breath
  Shall sweep the lyre with lightnings strung.

And yet, for him, remains—unsigned,
  Unspoken—all thy noble praise,
When (port more worth the cruise!) thou find
  His sail beyond the final haze;

But us? . . . . . O Seer, to whose gift
  Looms large the Future's better part,
What other prophet voice shall lift
  This burden from the people's heart!

MR. JACK'S PROMOTION.

I.

THE winter had been very cold. Old Uncle Philander, who was a sort of Boswell of the weather, as he had been intimately acquainted with some seventy-five winters, and issued annual oral biographies of them all, said it was "the bitterest he ever see,—but just onct, when it was so cold it actually put out his pipe"; and taking a piece of tobacco, handed him in response to this meteorological hint, he slowly puffed himself into silence.

But now, after many vain attempts to steal a march on winter, and after putting forth a few buds, as Noah sent out the doves from the Ark, spring had come in its beauty, and had brought the land which, a few weeks before, had seemed so very far off; and the Proteus-like New-Englanders found themselves suddenly transformed from Laplanders into Italians.

And the mind of Mrs. Captain Thacher was also moved by the return of pleasant weather.

"I've noticed," she remarked, one bright morning in the spring-time, "that after an extry cold winter we 'most allus have an extry hot summer; and I've half a mind to advertise for some of these city folks. I've heard that quite a number of 'em likes to go away into the country in summer, and sometimes they give as much as five dollars a week. They say they're 'most crazy after scup and blue-fish—can't seem to get enough, no how. Now, if anybody's anxious to pay five dollars for the privilege of doin' nothin' but just eat scup for a week, I'm sure I sha'n't refuse their money."

Now Mrs. Eleazer Thacher lived with her brother, Captain Hiram Baxter, in a large "yellow-washed" house near the bay. It had been built by the captain's grandfather nearly a century before, and had been altered and added to, until, if the salty spirit of the ancient sailor had returned on a tour of inspection, he would hardly have recognized his own. A large porch, then the main body of the house, with parlor and spare bedroom, then seven or eight L's, starting out in all directions. Almost room enough for the whole village to dwell within, and then, by crowding up a little, to ask the rest of the entire town to dinner. The older rooms were curiously built, with heavy carved beams overhead, and wide closets with glass doors for the display of blue-and-white china, and old silver. The panes in the windows were hardly larger than one's hand—at least, than the captain's hand—and were of glass that twisted and distorted the corn-field, and the strip of barren shore, and the stretch of blue water that lay before them; and cut the mast of the captain's boat clean off the deck, and held it pitching and tossing over the boat in a truly miraculous manner. There was not a tree within stone's-throw. According to Captain Baxter, "What we want aint a lot o' old trees, all full o' worms, and rottin' the shingles on the roof. Let's hev all the sunlight we can git, and if it gits hot, why jes' take a nap till evenin', and forgit all about it. What do you s'pose they do in Injy, where the sun is twict as near to 'em as 'tis to us? They think they're lucky if they can keep from tannin' into niggers, to say nothin' of keepin' cool."

And the captain wiped his lips with the back of his hand, and laughed.

But, in spite of the lack of trees, the house was cool. The fresh, sweet breeze came tumbling up over the corn-fields from the water at all hours of the day and night, and the bluff along the bay was fringed with tall willows, which seemed to throw down a spray of cold sunshine on the shade beneath.

The first thought that occurred to Mis' 'Leazer, as she was called by her neighbors, was to hang up a notice, "Rooms with Board," in her parlor window, and trust to Fame to spread the news in the distant city. But after much deep thought, she decided to seek advice at the parsonage, that local Delphi of every New England village.

Now, the minister had not studied in vain the words: "Be ye wise as serpents." He knew that where one reads the paid advertisements of summer resorts, fifty will read a pleasant letter from the sea-shore; and where ten will believe the correspondent of a daily paper, a thousand will take for inspired truth even the headings and misspellings of a religious weekly.

And so he wrote a summer letter to the "Weekly Zion." He did not confine himself to telling of blue skies and green grass and summer breezes, such as might be found anywhere. He told, rather, of the great bay sweeping past the village; of the drives winding for miles along wooded bluffs skirting the sea; and then of Mrs. Thacher and her hospitable home, and of Captain Baxter and his boat.

Some time after, the minister sent down

the religious weekly for Mis' 'Leazer to read her eulogy. At the moment, the captain was seated on an overturned bushel-basket, just inside the barn-door, whittling out a whale for a weather-vane. The old sailor, with indescribable suggestions of salt, and sou'westers, and foreign cruises hovering about him, and with groups of domestic hens, and lofts full of sweet hay, and long rows of flaring dahlias close at hand, suggested such a picture as would be presented by Neptune digging potatoes with his trident.

But in spite of his masculine contempt for curiosity, he felt constrained to go into the house and hear the news. He found Mis' 'Leazer excitedly trying to turn the newspaper inside out and put on her glasses at the same time, but she soon sat down, and began to look for the letter. First, she saw a letter from a minister's wife in Santa Miranda, Texas, in which the printers had not spared italics and spacing and full-face type, telling how her husband had been cured of consumption in four days by the use of the Golden Restorative; and then a description of Whisker Lotion, with a picture of a thin, consumptive, clean-shaved man, with a crutch, named Before, and a fat, stylish gentleman in a beaver and with flowing beard, stepping briskly along, named After—the whole change having apparently been effected by Whisker Lotion; and then an advertisement of a perfectly safe investment in Wall street, yielding twenty-seven per cent. a month; all of which the captain piously looked on as a sort of sequel to the gospels,—proofs of real miracles effected under the supervision of the reverend editor. At last, after wandering through a desert of obituaries, and of jests and political items which seemed inserted as a sort of sugar-coating and were considered, when part of the religious paper, as only tilting in the balance of expurgation, she arrived at the promised land, and found the letter.

When she came to read of the cool house and its pleasant owners,—what good company they were,—what fine stories the captain could tell,—she stopped—it was too much. She put her apron up to her eyes, and murmured:

"Be we dead or alive, Hiram? It reads like one o' these 'ere obituaries that tell how that Deacon some one or 'nother, that's taken the paper reg'lar for forty years, has just closed a useful life. It seems as if it ought to end up like an epitaft I see onct in the old buryin'-ground down to South Point, about

> "'A brother and a sister, side by side,
> They lived together till they died.'"

"Oh, don't feel so bad, Marthy," said the captain, in a gruff, comforting voice. "There aint no danger of your dyin'; you're good to keep boarders for twenty year yet."

Cheered by the prospect of this brilliant future, Mis' 'Leazer was just folding up the paper, when a small, barefooted urchin, all out of breath, burst through the open door-way, his hair flying in the wind and his eyes starting from their sockets.

"Wall," said the captain, gazing at him with a calm, sarcastic look, "wall, what of it? I suppose one of your hens has laid an extry egg, or a pail o' butter's fallen down the well—hey? What's that in your hand? A letter? Le's see."

And after holding off the letter at arm's length and staring at it a moment, he took his great jack-knife and opened the envelope like a clam, and drew out the letter.

"Wall!" he exclaimed. "Boarders a'ready, Marthy; they want to come next week."

II.

SEVERAL years ago, if you had gone into the custom-house in X——, you might have seen an intelligent, smart-looking man of perhaps fifty, writing at his high desk, or directing the work of a number of other clerks. His hair was steely gray, but he seemed vigorous and active, except that he limped so badly in walking that he had to carry a cane. His lameness was not a natural defect. Many years before, when he was an energetic and active young fellow, he had been salesman in a New York wholesale house, and, thanks to his untiring labor and great fitness for the work, was rising very rapidly. He was married and had one child, a little girl. Then Sumter was fired on; then it surrendered. He was one of the first to forget every other consideration, to give up his position and enlist as a volunteer. And through the long, weary months and years he never repented of his determination, never doubted that that course was best. He fought gallantly, rose in rank, became colonel, led his regiment at Gettysburg, and then came home in weak health, with a bullet in his leg. For a year he was unable to work at all. Then he had drifted too far from the current of his former business to get on in that successfully, even if his health had permitted. And he found himself in the enviable position of a patriot whom everybody will cheer and throw up his hat for, but who cannot find honorable employment fitted to what strength he has saved from his country's service.

At last, however, through the influence of a Congressman, he obtained a clerkship in the great custom-house at X——. Never

did Uncle Sam have a better servant. He worked as hard over his country's account-books as he had on her battle-fields. He threw all his energy into his work, and as his strength came gradually back, he did it better and better. John Hardy, or Mr. Jack, as he was called in the office, was not much of a politician, though he always attended the caucus, and generally voted the straight ticket; and so he saw better "workers," though poorer workmen, constantly appointed to office over his head. Gradually, since he did his work so perfectly, he rose little by little; came to be looked on as a sort of anomaly in the office—a good man to have on hand as a proof of the Collector's virtue in appointing a man simply because he had served his country, and could do his work to perfection, instead of because he could pack a caucus or pull wires.

But this spring, another prospective Congressman was looming above the horizon, and the Collector felt that his sun would soon sink, unless some political Joshua should arise to bid it hold for a season. To tell how he summoned his henchmen, pulled wires, raised subscriptions, and promised positions, would be to tell a very old story. At last, to leave no stone unturned, he sent for Mr. Jack.

Now it happened that, some five years before, Mr. Jack's wife had died, leaving him three children; that the youngest, a boy, was a sickly child, and the money had disappeared in the doctors' hands as a tiny rivulet would in trying to cross Sahara; that Mr. Jack had used up all his small savings, had borrowed ahead, had been unable to pay, and was now at his wit's end to know what to do.

He sat one evening at his desk when his day's work was done. He had shut his books, and was resting his head on his arms folded on the desk. He was trying once more to think of some way of escape. There was Rose, his eldest child—she must complete her schooling; there was little Ruth, a mere child yet; there was poor Harry, tossing his little limbs in pain; there were his debts, which would probably increase, and the creditors with the constant bills. Perhaps he could find some other employment that would pay better. But no; he had given that up long ago. A man of fifty, accustomed to the peculiar routine of official work, and unacquainted with business, stands a poor chance in the rush and tear of our commercial life. And then, for an instant—just one instant—he thought of what his life would have been if he had taken a selfish view of things, had let the war take care of itself, had staid in business and continued to rise. But he crushed down the very thought. He was glad he had fought for his country, would be willing to fight again,—if need be, willing to die for her. But he would like a fair chance to rise in her service.

Just at this moment he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"The Collector would like to speak with you, sir."

As he walked toward the Collector's office, the burden was still pressing heavily upon him. He knocked, entered, and stood before his superior. The Collector was writing a note. When he had finished, he turned.

"Mr. Hardy," he said, "I have decided to promote you to the position of head-clerk of your division. The appointment will be made out next week. You deserve special praise for the manner in which you have performed your duties. Good-day, sir."

But just as Mr. Jack, with radiant face and heart too full for utterance, was closing the door, he heard:

"Mr. Hardy—one moment. I know that you are not interested in—in public affairs," —while the Collector had been fighting for his custom-house, Mr. Jack had been fighting for his country,—"that you are not interested in matters of public moment. But this year it will be well for you to exert yourself a little—do you see?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Jack, slowly; but the smile faded from his face.

"We need not mince matters, Mr. Hardy," said the Collector. "Every man in this office must work. Otherwise—we are all"—— and he jingled his watch-chain.

"And am I to understand that my promotion has any connection with the work I am to do?" said Mr. Jack, still more slowly.

"You need understand nothing," said the Collector, "except that you are promoted, and will be expected"— he stopped, and looked Mr. Jack full in the eye—"expected to do your utmost in the fall."

Mr. Jack bowed his head. There was silence.

"I can do my office-work," said Mr. Jack at last, in a low voice. "I can be a faithful workman; but on these new conditions I must decline the promotion."

Again silence.

When Mr. Jack looked up at length, he was surprised to see the Collector smiling. In fact he was a kindly man, and had hardly expected much from Mr. Jack.

"Well," he said, "I am sorry; I think you foolish. But you may be thankful, Mr. Hardy, that you have made yourself indispensable in this office. You shall have your promotion. I believe your vacation begins on Friday? Good-day, sir."

III.

It was a bright, calm evening. The bay near the captain's house lay perfectly glassy and still, except when a "friar" or a "pogy" leaped into the air, and fell back with a splash; so glassy and so still that it reflected every glorious tint and form in the sky above, so that whether you looked at sky or bay, you would see the great cloud-giants fading away in stationary conflict, and the purple vessels sailing into a golden harbor. The sun had just gone to rest, and everything seemed hushed into silence for fear of disturbing his slumbers. A whip-poor-will, lamenting, went flying slowly over the island in the bay, until he was lost in the gathering darkness. And then, soft over the water, came faintly the chime from a distant village, telling the hour of nine.

"Nine o'clock, Marthy," cried the captain, who was tipped back in a chair at the door-way, cased in the stylish misery of a "store" suit; "better put on them fish, or they wont be done in time. The stage'll be right along now."

And sure enough, in a moment a faint rattle of wheels was heard in the distance; then silence; then a rumble growing louder; then the clatter of hoofs and the crack of a whip and a loud "geddap"; then a black form at the top of the hill, rolling and reeling against the dark sky; then rattle and rumble and clatter and crack all at once, as the great stage came plunging down the steep road, turned a sharp corner, and suddenly drew up within a foot of the captain's chair.

"Noise like the world comin' to an end," cried the captain, who felt like a dried specimen in a show-case; "sounded 's if the road was bein' ripped open from top to bottom; and when it's all over, what of it? Oh, 'twas jest Alec takin' a little drive."

Here the captain became suddenly aware of some strange faces within the stage, and as suddenly shrank into the seclusion of his boiled collar.

"Come, Cap'n," cried Alec, "here's some ladies come to see you. Hope you aint a-goin' to leave 'em settin' in the stage all night."

So the captain, like a hermit-crab, moved up to the stage in his borrowed shell, and clumsily opened the door.

"If this 'ere was a boat," he said, "I'd know how to git ye out, but, I jimminy, these is the—wall, that is, the darndest things I ever did see. There ye be. Aint ye comin' in to have somethin' to eat, Alec? Oh yes, come right in. Alec, this is Mr. Hardy and his folks, from X——."

The sun rose the next morning with its accustomed punctuality, and the captain, like an attendant squire, rose too. He laid away the state garments which he had donned the night before in honor of his guests, and resumed his official robes; and a moment later, hoe in hand, he burst upon the little garden-patch, which was surrounded by a neat lattice-work fence.

"I've b'en to England, and to Chiny, and 'bout everywhere else," he sometimes said; "I've seed these 'ere yaller fellers with pig-tails, livin' in houses made out o' sticks, and I've seed the Queen's palace; but I tell you——" and then he would look at the straggling old house, with its resplendent brass knocker on the front door, and the climbing roses, and the neat patch of potatoes and corn, and Mis' 'Leazer sitting in her rocking-chair, in the open door-way, knitting a blue-yarn stocking—"I tell you——;" and then came a shrewd wink, as much as to say, "You and I know a thing or two that them 'ere Chinese and them queens aint got hold of yet."

The captain (whose work somewhat resembled that described by old Caspar, on the battle-field of Blenheim, inasmuch as he brought up from time to time pieces of defunct crabs and fish which had been plowed in that spring) had been at work some time, when he heard a step just the other side of the white lattice fence. He turned, and saw Mr. Jack.

"Oh, good-mornin'," he cried. "S'pose you've come out to see if these potatoes is hoed right;" and he looked at Mr. Jack's white hands, and laughed.

"Yes, Captain," answered Mr. Jack, "that's just what I came for;" and to the surprise of the captain, he hobbled briskly through the gate-way, and sticking his cane in the ground, he took the hoe and began to work.

"There," he said, after a moment, "that's the way I used to do it, thirty-five years ago; and, in fact," he added, quizzically, after a pause, "in fact, I believe I do it a little better now than you do."

The captain was just preparing to turn the tables on Mr. Jack, when Mis' 'Leazer appeared in the door-way, ringing the bell for breakfast.

"Now that 'ere bell may look jes' like any other bell," said the captain, "but I brought that to Marthy when I come home from one of my foreign trips—let's see, where did I go that trip? Oh, yes, to Chiny."

"Ah, it came from China?" exclaimed Mr. Jack; and he looked at the conventional Yankee dinner-bell in surprise.

"Oh, Lor' bless your soul," cried the captain; "that never come from Chiny. There

aint nothin' in Chiny that Marthy would pick up with the tongs. There's them pagodies, now,—very fine structures, but they would look rayther peculiar a-settin' in my back-yard near them hen-coops, the bells all a-jinglin', and that 'ere whale a-flyin' on top for a weather-vane. So I didn't buy nothin' for Marthy till I got back to New Bedford, and thar I see a peddler, second cousin to my father's first wife's daughter. 'Hullo!' says I, 'what'll ye take for that bell?' says I; 'want it for a momento of Chiny,' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'considerin' the pe-culiar circumstances, one thirty-seven and a half,' says he; and so," he added, as they entered the kitchen, "that 'ere bell allus makes me think of Chiny."

Captain Baxter had offered to take the children clamming, across the bay, and so, in the afternoon, they all went down to the shore—the captain, with Harry in his arms; and Ruth, flying about on all sides after toads, and darning-needles, and the pretty humming-birds among the captain's scarlet beans; and Rose walking beside Harry, and telling him of what she had seen that morning before breakfast—the scarlet toad-stools and the trailing morning-glories; and Mr. Jack, who, with metropolitan enthusiasm, was telling the captain of a new method of draining swamp-land, which the captain heard with rustic apathy.

"I'd jes' like to see 'em try a lick at my swamp," he remarked. "Fust man what went in to dig the dreen would sink clean out o' sight afore he had time to stick in his shovel."

And so they came on their way, as Bunyan would have said, till they reached the wharf. There were several boats lying off from the shore at a little distance, at their stakes, and with their sails raised and shaking gently in the wind, they looked like great birds just ready to fly up and join their brothers, the white gulls, which were skimming and screaming over the bay. Then the captain slowly raised his sail—creak, creak, creak; and the boom swung from side to side, slowly but resolutely. And after they were all seated, the captain "cast off," and the boat swung around, and the mast creaked, and the streamer waved, and the sail filled, and the boat tipped, and the shore sank away behind them. The water lapped gently against the boat, "as if it was tasting the paint," Ruth said. And Harry, who was lying on the seat beside Rose, looking up at the sky, said the white clouds were having a race with them across the bay.

And then they talked of boats, and fish, and foreign voyages, interrupted by frequent exclamations and questions from the children, who came to Rose for nautical information when the captain was busy. And then Rose sung them a song that told of a sailor who sailed away from his sweetheart, and of how she longed for his return, and of the stormy sea, and the wreck on the shoals.

Mr. Jack was sailing the boat, under the close supervision of the captain.

"Now I've no doubt myself," he said, "that I could sing a good song, too, only you'd all laugh. Perhaps the captain and I could sing a duet. Can you sing, Captain?"

The children clapped their hands.

"Wall, no," answered the captain; "singin' aint jest in my line. No reason, neither," he added. "When I was a boy, all the children was goin' to singin'-school, and I says to my father, 'Le' me go, too,' says I. 'Let's hear ye sing *do, re, mi*,' says he. So I lets out as loud as I could. 'Thar!' says he. 'That's enuf and gret plenty,' says he. 'Anythin' reasonable, but as for a fog-horn learnin' to lead a choir, I sha'n't try no experiments with you,' says he. And so I never learned how to sing. Allus sorry; allus wanted to be able to bear down on 'Old Hunderd' in church, anyhow."

They were approaching the shore where the clams resided; and so the captain hauled out his anchor from "under for'ard," and made ready to land.

And very soon they were scattered along the beach; and while Rose sat down to build a fort for Harry, and Ruth scoured the whole shore for shells, and fiddler-crabs, and pretty pebbles, which she kept bringing up to show him, Captain Baxter rolled up his trowsers—he couldn't take off his shoes, for he had none on—and waded into the water, and began the amphibious operation of hoeing for clams. Mr. Jack sat near him on the shore.

"Wall, now, sir," said the captain, as he tossed up the first clam with his hoe, "I've heard a good deal over to the store, lately, about how these 'ere government offices is distributed 'round. Can you tell me the truth about it?"

"I think I can," he answered.

"Why, I've heard," said the captain, raising his hoe in one hand and holding a clam in the other, "I've heard that men is put in that can't do the work, 'cause they've helped some one or 'nother to git 'lected. Mebbe they're car'less—no matter; mebbe they can't figger—no matter; mebbe they steal—no matter; mebbe they git drunk—no matter; that don't make no difference. Is that so?"

"Sometimes."

"I've heard that the clerks all hev to help pay 'lection expenses, or they're discharged. Is that so?"

"Sometimes."

"I've heard that every time a new officer goes in he makes a clean sweep, so as to put in all his friends. Is that true?"

"Yes, very often."

"I suppose there's thousands o' these 'ere offices, fust and last?"

"Yes, nearly a hundred thousand."

"And do you mean to tell me," asked the captain, looking savagely at the clam in his hand, "do you mean to tell me that a' honest man, what's able to do the work better than anybody else, can't git any place in our own government unless he's helped some one or 'nother to git 'lected, and that when a man's once in and doin' well, he's noways sure o' stayin' in?"

"I'm afraid that's so."

Captain Baxter examined the clam as if he had never seen one before. Then he looked at Mr. Jack blankly.

"Wall, I sw'ar!" said he; and he began to dig again.

After a while he looked up and said:

"I've got a gran'child over yunder to Pine Beach. Smart boy; allus ahead in school. Honest? Oh, Lor', honest's no name for it. He aint got no mother, poor boy; father's a worthless kind o' man. Now, I'd like to see him git ahead. I thought, p'r'aps, —you might—say there was some chance—if he was fit for the place—he might git in to some o' these 'ere government offices, bimeby. But 'twouldn't pay to try, would it?"

"No," said Mr. Jack. "If there's any honest business for him, he'd better go into it. He'd have no chance. I've had good luck. I never could have got a place but for being a soldier. Public opinion was strong soon after the war: every soldier must have a place. But it died out quick enough, God knows. I've seen scores of soldiers with clerkships, working hard, doing as much with one arm as most men with two—hard time to get along, but thankful for any work; and all of a sudden, with no notice, off they're sent, and some rough, dishonest politician gets the place. I've had good luck. In fact, I've just been promised promotion; but, generally—oh, no, don't let the boy try that."

"Wall, I sw'ar!" said the captain, again; and he threw down a clam on the sand and smashed it with his hoe. "That's what I'd do to them fellers if I had hold of 'em," he said.

After his bucket was full, they sailed home in the peaceful light of the late afternoon. The captain sat in a deep reverie all the way, with his eyes fixed on the horizon. Occasionally he roused himself a little, and they heard him murmur:

"Wall, I sw'ar!"

As they walked up the footpath from the bay, they saw Mis' 'Leazer standing on the steps and shading her eyes with her hand as she watched for them. And then after tea they sat outdoors while the quiet darkness was closing in, and the children sang, and they talked of their pleasant life in X——, and laid plans for the next winter; and Harry seemed so happy that Mr. Jack smiled, and told the children he had decided to leave them with the captain for a month,—he could afford to be a little free now. And then they relapsed into silence, which seemed in harmony with the peaceful sky and fields. No one spoke. Suddenly they heard a gruff voice from behind the net-door:

"Wall, I sw'ar!"

IV.

"Be you Mr. Hardy, that's stoppin' with Captain Baxter? Well, I see a man from the Corners this mornin'—told me the' was a letter from Washington for you, over to the office. Thought you might like to know. G' mornin'."

And the messenger drove on.

It seemed to Mr. Jack that his heart leaped up to his mouth. It had come—the letter from Washington. He must have it—have it now. He found a good horse and a carriage at one of the neighbors', and off he went, his heart beating high and his mind full of pleasant anticipations. He snapped the whip and urged on the horse. The road lay along the bay, and as he came out of the woods into a clearing two or three miles from the village, he chanced to look down toward the water; a sail-boat was in sight, with a man at the helm, two women, and some children. They were dressed in bright colors, and had pinned a long scarlet scarf to the sail, and it was streaming in the breeze, and they were singing some sweet old song as they went flying over the water. In a moment the sail swung over, and first the mast disappeared around a bend, then the deck, then inch by inch the boat floated by and was gone.

"Perhaps I shall be back before them," he thought. "How happy Rose will be. No more lack of money now, no pinching to make both ends meet, no need to cheat yourself to make the children happy. Noble girl, now she shall have her rest. And further promotion, too; far easier to go on when once they begin to realize one's ability and honesty."

In his excitement he shouted and whipped on his horse, which was already dashing along over the rough road. As he went on, his

spirits rose higher and higher. To think of the happy years ahead even yet; of the comfort; of the chance so long deferred to lay up something for old age. He was almost too happy.

As he turned a bend in the road, just before him he saw a white-haired old man, with wizened face and bent back, creeping slowly along in the sunshine. He looked so wretched, so forsaken, that a wave of compassion swept over the soul of the happy man who was riding by. He stopped.

"Will you ride?" he said, in a pleasant, ringing voice.

But the old fellow trudged on unheeding. Mr. Jack leaped out and seized him by the arm.

"Will you ride with me?" he shouted in his ear.

The old man looked at him with a vacant stare, and then a weak smile played over his worn face.

"I can't hear what you say," he answered; "I'm pretty tired; I wish you'd give me a lift."

Mr. Jack led him gently to the carriage, and almost lifted him up to his seat. His heart was large enough to take in a whole world just now.

"You look happy enough," said the old fellow beside him, in a trembling, childish voice. "Well, I used to be once. Long ago I was cap'n of a big foreign vessel, and had a fine family of children. But the vessel went on the rocks, and my children died, one after another." There was a pause. "I live over yonder now," he said, as if anticipating a question he could not hear; and he pointed to a great, barren white house, with a white-washed stone-wall about it.

"Poor fellow," said his happy companion; "poor fellow."

And then he began to think of the children, and what they would say when he showed them the appointment; and he forgot the poor wreck at his side till he felt him pluck at his sleeve.

"Here we are," he said.

Mr. Jack jumped out and helped him down, and then, giving him a kindly, patronizing nod, drove on again. He was nearly there now, and he took out the whip. He knew just how the letter would look and feel. He knew how it would read: a little complimentary, perhaps,—"In consideration of faithful and efficient service in the past," etc., etc. Here he drove into a little settlement; he slackened his speed as he drove through the peaceful, shady street, lighted by the rays of the setting sun. These last few moments were delightful in their anticipation. There was the post-office; there, there within was *the* letter. He leaped out.

"You have a letter for Mr. Hardy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, looking at the horse covered with foam, and then at the man before him. "Important, I suppose."

"Yes, yes," he answered, and smiled to think how important.

His hand trembled, his eyes beamed. He saw the letter in the man's hand, yes, just as he had seen it before. He seized it, tore it open, and ——.

"Well," said the postmaster, in recounting the event that evening to a group of villagers; "he turned just as white as a sheet, kind of trembled and tottered a half a minute, and then out of the door and into his buggy, and off like a streak. Seemed to be struck all of a heap. I looked out after him, and when he got some ways up the road, the horse stopped; stopped five minutes, I should say; then he started up slow-like, and went along. Some bad news, I suppose."

The road home lay for the most part through the woods. It was growing dark. What difference did that make to him? The horse plodded slowly along, moved solely by thoughts of supper and bed, for no hand kept him to his duty—the reins were trailing beside him on the ground. Inside the carriage, it was darker still,—pitch dark; but something was crouched in the corner almost indistinguishable,—a straggling mass of gray hair streaming over the face; the hands hanging listlessly by the sides. And still the horse plodded on, now *clatter, clatter* over a bit of gravel road, now *thud, thud* on the soft leaves, now *rumble, rumble* over the loose boards of the bridge. Darker and darker. Cold, too, and chill—*thud, thud, thud.* Still no movement. None when the carriage passed by the great white house with the cold white stone-wall; none when they reached the clearing where he had seen the boat, with the children and the flying streamer, and had heard the song; none when they drove through the village street, and the horse's hoofs pounded at last on the floor of his master's barn.

"What be yer—asleep or dead?" cried the owner, coming out a moment after. "Come, wake up!" And he pushed him along on the seat.

At last he stirred; he crept slowly down and passed out into the darkness, without a word.

"Well!" said the farmer. "Didn't s'pose by his looks he was that kind of a man; wouldn't have let him the team if I had. Jehoshaphat! look at that horse!"

Hardy, meanwhile, crept down the road.

Here was where the man told him of the letter, but he did not know it. He did not stop to rest—but went straight on. It seemed as if he were untreading the happy steps he had made over that same path on that same afternoon.

There was the captain's house ahead—he did not see it. There was a light in the window—he did not know it.

Across the road he went, into the house, to his room. He cast himself down, half on the bed, half on the floor, and buried his face in his hands. The clock in the next room was ticking away the time—*tick, tick, tick, tick,* but all else was still.

Hark! they were coming now. He heard at last, rose a little, and listened; yes, they were coming home. He heard their merry voices.

"And where is father?" he heard Rose ask. "Oh, why didn't he go with us?"

There were steps in the hall, and a hand turned the knob. Silence.

"Father! . . . . . No, he's not here. He'll be so glad to hear of our sail."

The door closed; there was a rustle; and she was gone.

V.

A FEW days after Mr. Jack's interview with the Collector, a fat, greasy fellow sat in the same office, with his feet on the table.

"Now jest you look here, Collector," he said, and he pushed his rumpled stove-pipe to the back of his head, and stuffed his hands into his pockets and rocked himself on the back legs of his chair; "now jest you look here. Do you mean business, or don't ye? Come!"

"I can't let you have that place, any way," answered the Collector, who was resting his elbows on his desk, and his head on his hands. "I've promised it to Hardy, and I've given Hardy's old place to Jim Watkins. I can't do it."

"Confound that Hardy!" said the Collector's visitor. "He's a low, sneaking fellow—don't care a snap for nobody but himself. Why, I asked him only last month to sign a recommendation for me, and you oughter have seen how he glared at me. A low sneak!"

"He does his work well," said the Collector, slowly, without looking up.

"Oh, yes; you're very pious all of a sudden, aint ye?" said the visitor, lighting a cigar and then putting his hands back in his pockets. "That'll do very well to talk, but you know well enough you don't care if your office goes to the devil if you can only keep hold of it. Come, what do you say?"

And he put down his feet, tipped his hat on one side, shook his coat by the lapels, and stood up.

"No," answered the Collector, "I can't do it."

"Oh, very well, sir," said the caller; "very well; next month you'll wish you'd sung a different tune—that's all. Them votes of mine are worth money. I sha'n't have no trouble in gettin' red of 'em, at all. Good-day."

"Good heavens! I don't know what to do," said the Collector, in despair. "I can't get along without him—haven't any excuse, either."

"Well, we'll find excuses enough to get along without you before long," said the other. Then he turned the knob.

"Why, hang it," said the Collector, looking up at last. His face was pale, his hair disheveled. "How many more removals do you suppose I can make?"

"Oh, none at all," said the fellow; and he re-arranged his scarlet neck-tie. "I wouldn't make a single one more, if I was you. Better stop jest one too soon, ye know;" again grinning.

"Well," said the Collector, burying his face in his hands again; "well,—you shall have the place."

"Ha! ha!" cried the fellow, stepping up to the Collector and snatching his hand. "Good enough, good enough. I thought you'd come 'round. Have a cigar with me now? No? Ha! ha! now we'll have some courage to work together. I'll bring you up some friends of mine this evening, that will take right hold. You must find some corner or other to fit 'em into. Shake hands again. It makes me laugh to think how Hardy will look when he gets his dismissal. Ha! ha!"

A COLONIAL MONASTERY.

SAAL AND SAROH, EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA.

ANTIQUARIAN hankerings do not find much material to feast upon in America—at least not in the line of our own race. We have no lumber-rooms of history, no remains of architecture illustrative of the march of civilization.

There is, however, one little-known place where we can breathe the musty air of lang syne, and feast our fancy with the visions of a by-gone period.

Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, lies on the Reading and Columbia railroad, about twenty miles from Reading and thirteen miles from Lancaster. There is nothing peculiar about the village itself or its people. They speak—as is general in that neighborhood—two languages, English and Pennsylvania German. A stranger, arriving at Ephrata in the summer season, would probably go first to the Ephrata Mountain Springs, a pleasure resort on a lofty ridge, noted for its salubrious air, excellent water, and delightful outlook. But it is not there we want to go. We ask for the "Cloister," and are told to follow the road that runs north-west.

After walking about half a mile, we come to a bridge which crosses the Cocalico—a name which occurs frequently in the Chronicles of Ephrata, and, by the by, is derived from *hoch-hale-kung, i. e.*, cave of serpents. A path on the left, which leads past a grist-mill, brings us to an open grassy plot, from which we see odd-looking, antiquated buildings, the larger of which are the convents, the former abodes of the Ephrata monks and nuns. Their high gable roofs and the irregularly distributed little windows, measuring about two feet square, give them a peculiar appearance. The outside walls are covered with shingles, turned black by age and exposure. In their striking contrast with the green turf upon which they stand and the bright foliage that greets us from all sides, these dark, ill-shapen, gloomy masses look like a ghostly birth of the night thrust into a world of beauty and promise. Stepping up to the nearest building, the southernmost of the group, we find the door-sill flush with the ground. The door is low and narrow, as if made for

beings of slender proportions. There is no such thing as a bell or a knocker, and, entering, we find ourselves in a narrow, dimly lighted passage-way running from one end of the building to the other—a length of about seventy-five feet. The floor is of hard plaster. On each side we observe a number of doors, so low that only persons of short stature can enter without stooping. Nothing stirs, and our footsteps echo dismally through the long corridor. We seem to be in an enchanted house, haunted by the spirits of the solitary brethren and the world-renouncing sisters.

We open one of the doors and enter a low, whitewashed room, lighted by two square windows. Its simple and substantial furniture and its undeniable neatness give it a certain air of comfort. And here we discover, at last, a human being in the form of an elderly woman, who receives the intruders with more politeness than the blunt unconcern of most of them entitles them to. She speaks German in the Pennsylvania dialect, and answers all inquiries with kind readiness. We learn of her that several rooms in this and the other buildings are occupied by matrons and families that belong to the sect of the Siebentäger, or Seventh-day Baptists.

We now go through the building. On the left, or southern, side of the corridor, are a number of cells about ten feet long, five feet wide, and seven feet high, each provided with a narrow little window. The doors swing on wooden hinges, and have wooden latches but no locks. Here the monks, or "Solitary Brethren," rested at night on a bench, with a billet of wood for a pillow. Formerly, there were ten such chambers on the southern side, and as many doors may be counted now, but some of the apartments have been connected with others by removing the partitions. On the opposite side there are three spacious rooms, each connected with several narrow cells of the same description as the chambers just noted; these were intended for brethren that roomed together. In the middle of the building the corridor is crossed by a wide passage that leads to a door on the south side. Here are the chimneys and fire-places, which at present are provided with cooking-stoves of modern style.

THE BROTHER HOUSE.

Narrow and dark stair-ways lead to the upper stories, and in place of balusters, a rope serves to steady the steps in climbing. The arrangement of the rooms in the second and third stories is nearly the same as on the ground floor. A large number of them are vacant or stored with old furniture, spinning-wheels, or household utensils. The loft, which forms the fourth story, extends over the entire length and breadth of the house. The beams and rafters of the roof are fastened together with wooden pegs—evidence that wood was preferred to metal, probably more from a consideration of economy than for any other reason. The flagons, goblets, trays, and com-

ILLUMINATED LETTERS.

munion vessels, then in use, even the candlesticks, forks, and plates, were also made of that material, and manufactured in the cloister itself. Hour-glasses were in common use, and some are still shown as relics of the olden time.

The house just described, we were assured by our informant, is the "Kedar" of old. "Kedar" was the first conventual building of the brotherhood, erected in 1735. The description, however, which the "Chronicon Ephratense" gives of its interior arrangements does not tally with our building. Again, it is surprising that neither Morgan Edwards, in 1770, nor the accurate Ebeling, in 1790, made mention of Kedar as one of the existing buildings; they know only Bethania, Saron, and Zion. The latter stood upon the hill, and has since been demolished. We are inclined to identify the southern building with Bethania.

We now crossed the meadow ground to take a look at the other large building, and on our way passed two dilapidated little dwellings, one of which probably is the one occupied for a long time by Conrad Beissel, the founder of the Ephrata cloister. The second convent we now came to, designated as "Saron," or the Sisters' house, is in its external appearance very much like its mate, Bethania—huge, oppressive, and gloomy, sheathed in black shingles, and dotted with little square windows. The rooms and passages, however, are quite differently plotted, and seem to have been altered to suit the uses of more recent times. In one of the cells we noticed a huge hamper; its size, in fact, compared with the dimensions of the door, was suggestive of the Chinese puzzle, the imprisoned ivory ball, much too large for the apertures of the incasing cell. How was this overgrown basket ever squeezed through so narrow an opening? It never was. An industrious nun, bent upon doing some good and useful work for the monastery, plied in her cell, for many days and weeks, her busy hands, to weave for domestic needs that extraordinary piece of wicker-work. She did not discover, until she had finished it, that it was much too large to pass through the door of her cell. And so it remains there, *in perpetuam rei memoriam.*

In Saron, also, a number of families and single women have been accommodated, and a kindly disposed old lady, who occupied one of the rooms, brought out some precious relics she had charge of, such as rare books printed on the press of Ephrata, and specimens of ornamental penmanship. Among the latter, the most gorgeous piece was a folio volume containing sample alphabets of various sizes and styles. The letters of the first alphabet are about twelve inches long, each filling a whole page. Around the heavier ground lines, graceful arabesques curl and twine, and charming little pictures of flowers and birds, or emblematical designs, are tastefully introduced within the flourishes. The title, executed in ornamental style, has this device for a motto:

"Des Christen A B C
Ist Leiden, Dulden, Hoffen.
Wer dieses hat gelernt,
Der hat sein ziel getroffen.
Ephrata, MDCCL."

("The Christian's A B C
Is: suffer, bear, and hope.
If you have mastered that,
Then you have reached the scope.")

SISTER FAULINE'S BASKET.

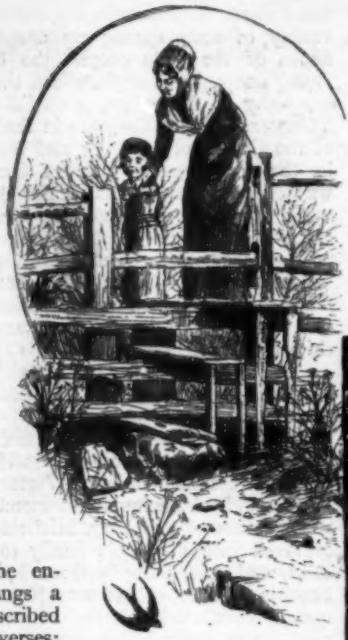
IN THE GARRET.

Rooms had been in the cloister set apart for writing, especially in large German text, and the artists had to use their own ingenuity and taste in building up decorative letters. Among the most skillful writers are mentioned sisters Iphigenia and Anastasia. The latter, born in Switzerland, was, at the time when she entered the convent, a young maiden of very comely appearance, and gifted with musical talents of a high order. As a nun she was at first called Tabea, and became quite a favorite of the spiritual head of the establishment, Conrad Beissel. Falling in love with a young man, Daniel Scheibly, whom the Brethren had recently "purchased" by paying his passage-money, she concluded to leave the Society and to marry the object of her affections. On the day set for the wedding, she took leave of her associates, no longer robed in the white garments of her order; but, at the interview with Beissel, her heart failed her, and, bursting into a flood of tears, she renewed the vow that confined her—and this time permanently—to the convent. Beissel declared that her tears had washed away the stain of her apostasy, and called her henceforth "Anastasia," *i. e.*, the resurrected.

We now turn to the place of worship, the so-called "Saal," which, from the beginning down to the present time, has continued to serve the purpose for which it was constructed; for, though the generation of Solitary Brethren and Sisters who once inhabited the convent and met at the Saal for worship has died out, the Seventh-day Baptists of the neighborhood convene here every Saturday for religious services. More than any other spot of old Ephrata, this hall retains the traces of the "genius of the place." The square room on the ground floor accommodates about sixty to eighty persons. The benches and tables of pine wood constituting its furniture are of the plainest workmanship, not painted, but, thanks to the regular application of the scrubbing-brush, white and smooth. The ceiling consists of solid planks dovetailed into the beams, which project into the room and run from one side to the other.

The charts with ornamental writing that cover the walls constitute the most striking feature of the Saal. They are executed in large German text, and exhibit either passages of Scripture or bits of original religious poetry. The following specimens are translated from the German originals:

"Here in the temple's sacred fold
We live, in purity united,
Snatched from the world's disastrous hold,
By flames of sweetest love requited.
In hope we live here, that above
To blessed freedom God will raise us
When, with our souls entranced in love,
We shall forever chant His praises."



Besides the hymn-books of modern date which the congregation use at present, there lay on the tables copies of those curious collections of German songs, printed long ago in the monastery and in Germantown for the use of the monks and nuns, such as: "The Voice of the Lonely and Forsaken Turtle-dove, that is, of the Christian Church, set to rhymes. By a Peaceable Pilgrim,

OLD STILE AND GRAVE-YARD.

Over the entrance hangs a tablet, inscribed with these verses:

"The house is entered through this door
By peaceful souls that dwell within.
Those that have come will part no more,
For God protects them here from sin.
Their bliss is found in flames of love
That spring from loving God above."

The praise of celibacy and the delights of seraphic love are the themes on which nearly all these inscriptions descant. Here is another:

"Our love is the crown with which we are blessed,
And wisdom the seal that God has impressed,
Our darling the Lamb, whom we trustingly heed.
We, purest of virgins, shall follow his lead."

Among the decorations of the room there are two curious allegorical pen-pictures, representing the life and destiny of the pious inmates of the cloister. The one delineates the narrow and difficult way to salvation; a multitude of Scripture texts along the road are designed to furnish the Christian pilgrim needful advice and comfort. The other picture represents the three heavens—in one, Christ, the Shepherd, gathers his flock; in the next may be seen a long array of persons in Capuchin dress (such as the Ephrata people wore) and heads of an innumerable host; the third shows the throne, surrounded by two hundred angels and archangels.

travelling to tranquil eternity, now collected and brought out for the use of the Solitary and Forsaken at Zion. Ephrata. Printed by the Brotherhood, 1747." It is a quarto volume of three hundred and fifty-nine pages. Its subdivisions have very quaint titles, *e. g.*: "Spiritual Bridal Wreath of the Sacred Virgins," "Occidental Morning Dawn," "Plaintive Heart-emotions of the Solitary under the Wings of the Deserted Turtle-dove." The author of this singular volume of hymns, the "Peaceable Pilgrim," is no other than Conrad Beissel, the founder and president of the monastery.

An even larger old hymn-book lay on the table, called the "Paradisiacal Wonder-Play; Ephrata, Typis et Consensu Societatis, A. D. 1766." It is a quarto of four hundred and seventy-two pages, containing seven hundred and twenty-six hymns of decidedly mystic character, four hundred and forty-one of which were written by Beissel. The Brother Song has two hundred and fifteen, the Sister Song two hundred and fifty, verses.

Another book found in the chapel is, in some respects, the most remarkable of them all. Its title is: "The Zionitic Incense Hill, or Mount of Myrrh. Germantown. Printed by Christoph Saur, 1739." This collection of hymns, which numbers about eight hundred, is the first book that was printed with German type in America. The manuscript was furnished by Ephrata brethren and the book was printed for them.

Before closing our tour of inspection, we must pay our devoirs to the grave-yard. The graves are marked with simple stones, inscribed with the names of the buried. A few have memorial notices. One of them reads: "Here rest the bones of the sublime philosopher Jacob Martin. He was born in Europe, June 10th 1725, and died a good Christian, July 19th, 1790." But this good Christian, not yet known to history as a great philosopher, is not the sage of Ephrata; we come to a larger monumental stone, and stand on the spot where *he* lies. "Here rests an outgrowth of the love of God, 'Friedsam,' a Solitary Brother, afterward a leader, ruler, teacher of the Solitary and the Congregation of Christ in and around Ephrata. Born in Eberbach, in the Palatinate, called Conrad Beissel, fell asleep July 6th, 1768, in the fifty-second year of his spiritual life, but the seventy-second year and fourth month of his natural life." Beissel's successor in the presidency of the convent has the following epitaph: "Here lies buried Peter Miller, born in the Oberamt Lautern, Palatinate, came as Reformed minister to America in 1730, was baptized into the congregation of Ephrata in 1735, and called Brother Jaebez; was afterward their teacher to his end. Fell asleep September 11th, 1796."

THE reader's most natural query is,—Who were the eccentric occupants of these gloomy buildings? How came they to bid adieu to the world, to establish a monastic order, to glorify celibacy, to chant mystic hymns, and to keep the seventh day of the week as Sabbath?

In tracing the origin of the singular sect of Ephrata, we light upon the Dunkers, with whom they had some principles in common, and from whom they sprang by secession. The Dunkers are a species of Baptists, first heard of in Germany in 1708. At that time, under the laws of the empire, only three confessions were allowed free exercise of their religious worship,—the Catholics, the Lutherans, and the Reformed (or Calvinists); all others were considered unsound, erratic, and dangerous. In some localities, however, where the Government was more tolerant, or intolerance less vigilant, a variety of sects sprang up and in a few nooks of the wide empire the Separatists found not only an asylum but, through the sympathy of the rulers, a cordial welcome. This was, notably, the case in the territories of the Counts of Isenburg and Witsgenstein, in the south-western part of Germany. It was there, in 1708, that some Separatists, under the lead of Alexander Mack, a miller of Schriesheim, resolved "to establish a covenant of conscience, and to accept the teachings of Christ as a gentle yoke." They solemnized their union by triune immersion in the river Eder, near Schwarzenau, and this was the origin of the Dunkers (Dunkards, or Tunkers), which is merely a nickname for Baptists, fashioned after the Dutch term *Dompelaers*.

The founders of the society numbered only eight, but they soon received considerable accessions from the Palatinate, Würtemberg, and Switzerland. A distinguished member of the city councils of Strasburg, Michael Eckerlin, removed with his whole family to Schwarzenau, and joined the brethren by receiving baptism. Three of his sons became subsequently connected with the convent at Ephrata, where their independence of character involved them in serious dissensions.

A branch of the Schwarzenau Baptists established itself at Marienborn, in the principality of Isenburg, but the halcyon days of the young sect were followed by scattering storms. The members of the Marienborn society removed, in 1715, to Crefeld, a city noted for its tolerance to dissenters, and thence, in 1719, to Pennsylvania, amounting then to about two hundred souls. These were the first Dunkers in America; they settled mainly in Germantown, where they organized a congregation in 1723, holding their meetings at first in the house of John Pettikofer, with Peter Becker for their minister. In 1729, the members of the parent society of Schwarzenau, who had meantime changed their original quarters for a refuge in Frisia, followed the example of their brethren and emigrated to Pennsylvania.

The first Dunkers had not been many years in their new homes when the schism occurred that led to the separate organization of the Seventh-day Baptists under Conrad Beissel, and subsequently to the establishment of the Order of the Solitary. Before we follow up this branch, which has left such curious traces at Ephrata, some remarks on the original Dunkers, on their principles, mode of worship, and present condition, may not be inappropriate.

With the advancing tide of settlers, the Dunkers spread into the interior counties of

Pennsylvania, and the yearly conference, which deals with the common concerns of the Brotherhood, was, in course of time, alternately held east and west of the Susquehanna River.

Gradually they found their way into Virginia and the Western States, where they are now most numerous, and it was deemed fair to hold the conference every second year west of the Ohio. Now, when Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Idaho, California, Oregon, and Washington Territory have their Dunker congregations, it has been suggested that the conference be held alternately west and east of the Mississippi River. For there is now, as of old, only one yearly conference in which the whole body of the Dunkers is represented. In the present year it met at Ashland, Ohio.

They number in the United States—for they also have missions in Europe—about two hundred thousand souls, with nearly two thousand ministers to attend to their spiritual wants, none of whom receives a salary.

The Dunkers profess all the fundamental principles of Christian faith. They do not, however, believe in the eternal perdition of souls. They have no creed apart from the Bible. What they aim at is to restore Christianity to its primitive purity, scrupulously to follow the precepts and the example of the Saviour, and to make religious conviction the sole arbiter of conduct in life. They still baptize the neophytes—as their founders at Schwarzenau did—by immersing them three times, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit. Their holy communion is preceded by the rite of foot-washing. A curious discussion has of late engaged their attention —upon the question whether the single or the double mode has the better claim for observance. When the same brother both washes and dries the feet, it is the single mode; when each service is performed by a separate person, they call it foot-washing by the double mode. It is not to be understood, however, that the whole congregation is thus served by one or two of their number. There are enough of them going around with tub and towel to finish the ceremony within a reasonable time. Foot-washing and communion are always administered in the evening; during the afternoon a love-feast is held, in commemoration of the supper which Jesus took with his disciples. There is no binding rule as to the choice of food, though among the viands lamb has the preference. Even such luxuries as coffee and butter, unknown to Scriptural Palestine, are not objected to. After the love-feast comes the "holy kiss." The minister gives it to the brother that sits next to him on the right; he applies it, in turn, to his neighbor, and thus it is passed along the line, and by the last is carried to the next table. The same order is observed with the women, with the exception that the first kiss is applied by the minister to the first sister's hand.

The Dunkers live in peace with one another, and seek no redress, for injury done to them, by recourse to law. Disagreements among themselves are settled by the elders, whose decision is final. Only in exceptional cases, and after permission is granted by the officers of the congregation, do they institute lawsuits against the people of the world. Like the Quakers and Mennonites, they refrain from taking or administering oaths, from participating in warfare, or giving countenance to it in any manner whatever. They are averse to accepting public office. Their poor they support. Among their host of two hundred thousand people, there is not one who suffers from want. Even those who fail in business are aided to make a new effort, and such assistance may be lent three times. After the third failure, they take it to be the will of God that the unfortunate brother shall not succeed.

Cultivating the utmost simplicity in raiment, food, and other exteriors of life, they look upon all glitter and display with misgivings; so much so that the Philadelphia Exhibition was generally avoided by the people of the Dunker persuasion as one of the world's vanities. Some superstitious notions of old days, *e. g.*, that the use of lightning-rods betokens a defiance of God's power, still linger among them, though they do not object to roofs as a protection of their barns and houses against the wrath of storms. The wearing of broad-brimmed hats and of long beards is a custom generally adhered to, but not enjoined by rule.

One of their prejudices, viz., that ignorance is the healthiest condition of man in this preparatory stage of life, has well-nigh passed away. As a proof of the value they attach to education, we may mention their collegiate institutions, in which ancient and modern languages, as well as scientific branches, form a part of the regular course, open to both sexes. There are three of these in operation, one at Mount Morris, Ogle County, Illinois, with two hundred and fifteen students during the last session; another at Ashland, Ohio, with two hundred students, and a third at Huntington, in Pennsylvania, with about one hundred and seventy-five students. Till about 1850, the Dunkers published not a single paper; now they have nine, and several juvenile or Sunday-school papers.

While the Dunkers of the old stock have thus grown in numbers and in consequence,

FOOT-WASHING.

with the fairest prospect of further expansion, the Ephrata sect, which occupies us more particularly at present, is all but defunct, and its most remarkable phase, the adoption of monastic life and the countenance given to celibacy, curious as an anomaly of Protestant Christianity, and still more so as a wrinkle of early colonial history, has long ago passed out of existence.

The founder of the Order of the Solitary was Conrad Beissel, born at Eberbach in 1690. In Germany he does not appear to have been affiliated with the Dunkers, but was strongly impressed with the emotional religion of the Pietists and the mystic antics of the "Inspired." He was by trade a baker, and during his apprenticeship as gay as any other young fellow at the fiddle and the dance. In 1715, a change came over him that brought him into contact with the ranting convulsionist Frederick Rock, with Dr. Carl, the editor of the Berlenburg Bible, and others of the "awakened." His biographers assert that the regenerating grace which he experienced improved even the quality of the bread which he baked at Heidelberg. Weary of the petty persecution which the peculiar brand of his piety drew upon him, he emigrated in 1720, with Stiefel and some other friends, to America. In Germantown, he learned the art of weaving from the Dunker preacher Peter Becker. But finding that the brethren of that persuasion were too much entangled in the concerns of the world, he left, in 1721, the habitations of men, to lead a contemplative life at Mill Creek, a streamlet that empties into the Conestoga River, in Lancaster County. He became a hermit, having no other company than that of his *fidus Achates*, Stiefel.

Beissel had a recent example for such a course. John Kelpius, the hermit of the Wissahickon, who had come to Pennsylvania in 1674 with about forty associates, bent like himself upon parting fellowship with the world, had closed his eyes in 1708, leaving, as the "Chronicon Ephratense" has it, a good odor of saintliness behind him. Born at Denndorf, in Transylvania, he studied divinity at Altorf under the famous theologian John Jacob Fabricius, obtained the degree of Magister in 1689, and after writing some Latin treatises on professional subjects, plunged into the mystic and millennial speculations of his age. Hence he was drawn into companionship with the so-called Philadelphic League, an association of mystics, which was headed in England by Jane Leade. After his arrival in America he withdrew from the world, settling, with his companions (several of them men of learning), on the ridge near the Wissahickon, where he awaited with his friends the coming of the Heavenly Bridegroom. Probably led by his speculations on the mystic import of the "Woman in the Wilderness" (Revelation xii. 6), he named his little flock the "Society of the Woman in the Wilderness." A cave on Mr. Prowatsain's property, upon the high bank that skirts the Wissahickon, is pointed out as the place

where Kelpius spent his days in retirement.

When Kelpius died (1708), his flock gradually fell away, and most of them became forgetful of their vows of celibacy, or, as the "Chronicon Ephratense" caustically puts it, "took to woman." Some, however, like John Selig, Conrad Matthaei, and Geisler, remained single and continued in their hermit life. There is a tradition that connects a spacious stone building on the Wissahickon, situated on high ground near a woody, romantic dell, with the pious anchorets, who belonged either to the "Woman of the Wilderness" or were allied with the Ephrata order of monks. It is popularly called the "Monastery," though no particulars as to its use for such a purpose are known. That the example and the fancies of John Kelpius, his ascetic habits, his advocacy of a virgin life, his faith in direct inspirations and his mystic musings, had a direct and strong influence on Conrad Beissel, is admitted in the Chronicles of Ephrata:

"The same spirit that was astir in Kelpius, of blessed memory, entered into our leader."

MEMENTOS OF BEISSEL.

We left the latter rusticating in the solitude of Lancaster County, near the Conestoga River. His hermit's life suffered a short interruption by a trip he made with Isaac von Bebbern to Bohemia Manor, in Cecil County, Maryland, where the Labadists under Peter Schlüter had formed a settlement conducted on principles of religious communism. It is quite likely that the impressions then received were not lost upon him, and had something to do with the social features of the Ephrata cloister.

Soon after his return, Conrad Beissel submitted to baptism in the Pequea Creek (November 12, 1724), at the hands of Peter Becker, the Dunker minister of Germantown, who, with about a dozen of the Brethren, traversed the land upon a missionary errand. The baptism, however, meant no peace, nor fellowship. It was followed by controversies among the men and quarrels among the women. Soon Beissel began to assert his authority and to preach doctrines distasteful to the Dunkers, urging celibacy and the observance of Saturday as Sabbath. A little knot of followers that gathered about him were baptized or rather rebaptized by him, in May, 1725. With this the step was taken that called into existence the sect of Seventh-day Dunkers. Conrad, who was chosen their leader, became greatly impressed with his own importance and discoursed like a prophet, sometimes with closed eyes, as if he were in a trance. With the Dunkers, the questions at issue were discussed with a good deal of acrimony. Once an over-shrewd fellow, Joel, who sided with Beissel, proposed to settle the dispute by a sort of ordeal. With a keen perception of the better odds, quite surprising in so God-fearing a man, Joel addressed Brother Hildebrand thus: "If God shall on this day do a miracle upon my person,—if here in your presence and before your eyes I fall down like a dead man, and if by your prayers I be made to rise up again to life,—then God hath *not* sent me to you, and *you* are God's people. But if I do *not* fall down like a dead man, but go fresh and hearty out of that door, then shall ye know that God hath indeed sent *me*, and that *ye* are not the people of the Lord." Upon this, Joel, turning his back upon them, went out of the door fresh and hearty. It does not appear that the proof offered convinced the other side.

Between the Dunkers and the Seventh-day sectaries there were constant bickerings; even among the saints themselves not everything

was lovely. Perhaps this was the reason why Conrad, in the year 1732, seven years after the origin of the Conestoga schism, took a sudden resolution and again withdrew into the wilderness. He went about eight miles farther north, and selected a spot on the river Cocalico for his lonely musings. At that time there was but a single hut there, which was occupied by a hermit named Elimelech. The good man ceded his abode to Beissel, neither of them knowing that the ground upon which they stood would a few years afterward become famous as Ephrata, a name chosen by the founder in allusion to Psalm 132, v. 5 and 6.

Conrad cleared a piece of ground, tilled it with his hoe, and felt happy to think that he was once more upon the track of the Egyptian anchorets. In this frame of mind he composed many hymns redolent with the flowers of mysticism.

Speaking of Beissel's poetry, a remarkable fact of American bibliography, not generally known, deserves to be mentioned. The earliest book of German poetry written and published in America has Conrad Beissel for its author. It is a small duodecimo volume, printed by Benjamin Franklin, in 1730, in Roman type. Its very curious fanciful title is too long to be transcribed here in full. It begins:

"Göttliche Liebes und Lobesgethöne."

(Godly Lays of Love and Praise.)

Our fugitive from the world was not long allowed to enjoy his solitude. First, several brothers followed, then came Anna and Mary Eicher, whose yearning after spiritual comfort left them no rest. To silence the tongues of scandal-mongers, a little house was built for them on the other side of the Cocalico River. Revivals in the Tulpehocken district, in Falkner Swamp (Hanover), and Oley, brought quite an influx of converts, and the neighborhood became dotted with numerous huts and block-houses, the abodes of solitary brethren, or of families that held to the new doctrine. The several settlements were called Massa, Zohar, Hebron, and Cades, names which have now disappeared. Prominent among those who joined the Seventh-day Dunkers were the three brothers, Israel, Samuel, and Gabriel Eckerlin, the same who had with their father Michael removed from Strasburg to Schwarzenau, to be baptized by Alexander Mack. One of them, Samuel, suffered imprisonment in Lancaster, with another Dunker, for working on Sunday—a martyrdom which any of the fraternity would fain have undergone for the sake of bearing testimony.

THE SUPPOSED MONASTERY OF WISSAHICKON.

In 1735, at length the first cenobitic building was put up, and called Kedar. It contained a large room for religious exercises, halls for love-feasts and foot-washing, and several cells for solitary brethren and sisters. The latter occupied the upper story. In place of the "Babylonian garments," a peculiar style of dress was then introduced, designed to hide as much as possible "the loathsome image revealed by sin," *i. e.* the body. The outer vestments of the brethren consisted of a

long, close robe, fastened with hooks down to the feet, with narrow sleeves, and a collar fitted close to the neck; also a girdle around the waist. During service they donned a cape that reached to the waist. Attached to the robe was a cowl, or hood, that hung down over the back, and could be drawn over the head for protection. The habiliments of the sisters were similar; their hoods, however, were round, not pointed like those of the brethren. During work they were thrown back, but at the approach of a stranger were modestly pulled over head and face "to hide the loathsome image." A large veil, reaching front and back to the girdle, and resembling a scapular, completed the sisters' costume. The garments used in winter were of wool; in summer, linen or cotton. Both sexes went barefooted during the warm season.

In course of time more buildings were added, partly for worship and the accommodation of members, partly for industrial objects. In 1738 a house of considerable dimensions, called Zion, was built upon the hill; another, Pniel, mainly intended for religious service, went up in 1741. Saron, erected in 1745, was to be a convent for self-divorced couples, the men and the women living in different parts of the house. But the plan would not work; the letters of divorce were, by mutual consent, torn up, and the couples returned to their homesteads, and Saron was then assigned to the Sisters. It is one of the buildings yet standing. As new quarters were required for the monks, also, Bethania was built in 1746. It was constructed in a very durable manner, and contained accommodations for one hundred solitary brethren. The industry of the cloister consisted mainly of the operations of the flour, paper, saw, and fulling mills, and of a flaxseed-oil press. The honest dealing of the monks did much toward reconciling outsiders with their religious notions.

It is time to say something about the latter subject. The cloister people of Ephrata and those allied with them are generally known as Seventh-day Dunkers, as if they had differed from the parent sect in no other way than the observance of Saturday as Sabbath. There is, however, another and a very important element that entered into the religion of the Ephrata society. They were in intimate accord with the mystics of the period, such as Hochmann von Hochenau, Gottfried Arnold, Frederick Rock, and, through them, with Gichtel and Jacob Boehme. The craving after direct communion with God, the sinking of self into the awful abyss of the Infinite, the extinction of individual will and thought, finally the unutterable ecstasy of delight springing from the "divine intoxication"—all these features of mystic religion were present in the lessons which Conrad Beissel imparted at Ephrata. In order to express by words the rapturous feelings engendered in this state of mind, the vocabulary of love was ransacked for terms and metaphors of delight. Gottfried Arnold, or some older mystic, had invented the divine "Sophia," to whom the devotees paid their homage in impassioned strains of love-songs. This "Sophia," together with the "Lamb" and the "Bridegroom," was addressed by the pious monks and nuns of Ephrata in the most endearing language of amorous transport. Hence we have the paradoxical fact that the same people who repudiated all earthly love as impure, and threw a slur on married life, would sing at their devotions hymns like these:

> "Sweet are the kisses of thy mouth,"

and

> "Come, O dove, come, my love,
> Let me give you a thousand kisses."
> "Mouth to mouth and heart to heart," etc.

Beissel's style of preaching is thus described by Israel Acrelius, who gives an abstract of his sermon: "All this was spoken with an incomparable rapidity, in hasty language, with rapid gestures. Now he struck out his hands, now he pressed them to his breast, now he placed them on one side, now upon the other, and now upon both."

The cloister was no resort for idlers. Every one was put to work—on the farm, at the mills, at a trade, in the copying-room, in the printing-office, or the bindery. At the beginning the land was cultivated without the aid of horses or oxen, the brethren themselves, in a long line, dragging at the plow. There was no end of building, and all the labor was done by the members of the order. Thus the little colony made itself independent of the outside world. The printing-press of Ephrata was put up about 1742, and turned out a number of works now eagerly sought after by bibliophiles.

The singing-schools were founded in 1742. Conrad Beissel had much musical talent, and composed upward of four hundred airs, upon a system of his own. The effect of the choral singing at Ephrata is described as peculiarly sweet and pleasing: it obtained celebrity and attracted many strangers. A visitor thus speaks of it in a letter to Governor J. Penn: "The performers sat with their heads reclined, their countenances solemn and dejected, their faces pale and emaciated from their manner

of living, the clothing exceeding white and quite picturesque, and their music such as thrilled the very soul. I almost began to think myself in the world of spirits."

The note-books required by the choirs were written with the greatest neatness by sisters appointed for that duty. Each air is headed by the first line of the hymn that is sung by it, with a number that refers to the respective page of the "Zionitischer Weihrauchhügel," their great hymn-book. The note-books contain upward of four hundred hymns, all composed by Beissel.

The fare at the convents was of the plainest kind, and consisted almost entirely of bread, mush, and vegetables. Animal food, even milk and cheese, was thought to clog the spirit and to injure the voice. None of the forty-eight drinks which the Rev. I. Acrelius enumerates as in use in Pennsylvania at that time, passed muster in Ephrata. The pious inmates of the cloister were to

THE SISTERS.

THE BRETHREN DRAGGING AT THE PLOW.

confine themselves to the "innocent pure water." But in this particular, the founder himself appears during his advancing years to have fallen from grace.

Among the peculiar customs of the monastery were the love-feasts and the night-services. The former were occasionally held at the private dwellings of affiliated brethren, but generally in the halls of the convent, sometimes for one sex, at other times for both. The night-services were held whenever Father Friedsam (Beissel) gave the summons. This he often did without previous announcement by pulling at a bell-cord that stretched from his dwelling to the male and female convents. All had to get up, even at or after midnight, and appear in the dress of their order. At such occasions, small paper lanterns that were kept in the cells were used.

A very notable fact it is that communism was in practical operation at Ephrata for a considerable number of years. The "Chronicon Ephratense," speaking of the events of 1740, says: "Then, at first, was property declared to be a sin. All was put in a common stock, and by what it yielded into the treasury all the necessaries of life were purchased for the brethren. The same was done in the convent of the sisters. This arrangement lasted many years, till at length it became necessary to reëstablish property, though to the present day everything, in the main, is held in common." As the "Chronicon" was published in 1786, practical communism had then existed forty-six years. Those that entered the order had to surrender all they had, absolutely and without reserve. It may be news to the historians of socialistic theories that, a century before Proudhon ventured upon the bold paradox that property is theft, property had been branded at Ephrata as sin.

When Conrad Beissel died, in 1768, the office of *Vorsteher* devolved on Peter Miller, who had been prior for many years. Miller came to America in 1730, as minister of the Reformed Church, and settled at Tulpehocken. A revival carried him, in 1735, with Conrad Weiser, the Indian interpreter, and others, into the Ephrata sect; Weiser soon retraced his steps, but Miller proved to be a permanent acquisition. He was a fine classical scholar, was well versed in theology, and became a member of the American Philosophical Society, and led an unblemished life. But in spite of all this, the monastery continued to decline. That part of Lancaster County where it was planted remained no longer the wilderness that had proved so attractive to the enthusiasts of a former period. The world's people gained upon them, and time came when a few decrepit monks and nuns,

that lingered in the desolate convents, or basked upon the greensward, were looked upon as living curiosities. In 1814, with the consent, and at the request, of the few surviving members of the monastery, the Assembly of Pennsylvania incorporated the "Seventh-day Baptists of Ephrata" as a society, to succeed in the rights of property of the dying-out fraternity. Since then, the land and the buildings of the "Solitary" have been held in trust for "religious, charitable, and literary objects."

We shall close our account of Ephrata with a story or tradition of Revolutionary times, still living among the people of the neighborhood, and sure to be repeated to the curious inquirer or accidental wayfarer. It concerns the pious prior of the cloister, Peter Miller. If not true in its details, it still has, as may be inferred from the pages of the Colonial Records of Pennsylvania, a grain of fact for its foundation, and will serve to show the high estimate placed on the Christian character of one of the principal men of Ephrata.

A person by the name of Michael Widman, an inn-keeper in Cocalico township, and a stanch member of the Reformed Church, had conceived a spiteful feeling against Miller, because he had renounced the Reformed creed to join the Ephrata brotherhood. When abusive language failed to ruffle Miller's temper, Widman went so far as to spit in his face, without, however, provoking the saintly prior to anger, or acts of retaliation. During the Revolution, Widman espoused the cause of the Tories; we know this to be the case by repeated references to his disloyalty in the Colonial Records. It is said that he acted as spy to the British, or committed some other treasonable offense that, when he fell into the hands of the Americans, brought him under sentence of death. When Peter Miller heard that the life of his former assailant was in jeopardy, he went to General Washington to plead for the remittance of the death penalty. The General remarked that the state of public affairs demanded the severest measures against spies and traitors, "otherwise," he added, "I should cheerfully release your friend." "Friend!" replied Miller,—"he is

INTERCESSION FOR AN ENEMY.

the only enemy I have," and, upon further inquiry, he related what indignities he had suffered from the man for whose life he was now pleading. It is further reported that so shining an example of forgiveness made a deep impression upon Washington, and that the pardon was granted. Miller, with several of his brethren, arrived upon the ground where the gallows was erected for the traitor's execution just in time to announce the General's act of grace, and to save the wretched Widman from an ignominious death. It appears from the Colonial Records that the latter did not, however, escape all punishment. His property, consisting of several farms and houses, was confiscated, and sold in March, 1780.

THE LINCOLN LIFE-MASK AND HOW IT WAS MADE.

My first meeting with Abraham Lincoln was in 1858, when the celebrated senatorial contest opened in Chicago between him and Stephen A. Douglas. I was invited by the latter to accompany him and his party by a special train to Springfield, to which train was attached a platform-car having on board a cannon, which made considerable noise on the journey. At Bloomington we all stopped over night, as Douglas had a speech to make there in the evening. The party went to the Landon House, the only hotel, I believe, in the place at the time.

While we were sitting in the hotel office after supper, Mr. Lincoln entered, carrying an old carpet-bag in his hand, and wearing a weather-beaten silk hat,—too large, apparently, for his head,—a long, loosely fitting frock-coat, of black alpaca, and vest and trowsers of the same material. He walked up to the counter, and, saluting the clerk pleasantly, passed the bag over to him, and inquired if he was too late for supper. The clerk replied that supper was over, but thought enough could be "scraped up" for him.

"All right," said Mr. Lincoln; "I don't want much."

Meanwhile, he said he would wash the dust off; he was certainly very dusty, for it was the month of June and quite warm. While he was so engaged several old friends, who had learned of his arrival, rushed in to see him, some of them shouting out, "How are you, Old Abe?" Mr. Lincoln grasped them by the hand in his cordial manner, with the broadest and pleasantest smile on his rugged face. This was the first good view I had of the "coming man," though I had seen him at a distance, and passed him on the sidewalk in Chicago a few days before.

Mr. Lincoln was on the platform in front of the court-house when Mr. Douglas spoke, and replied to the Senator when he had finished. I regretted to hear some hard words which passed between them while Mr. Douglas was speaking.

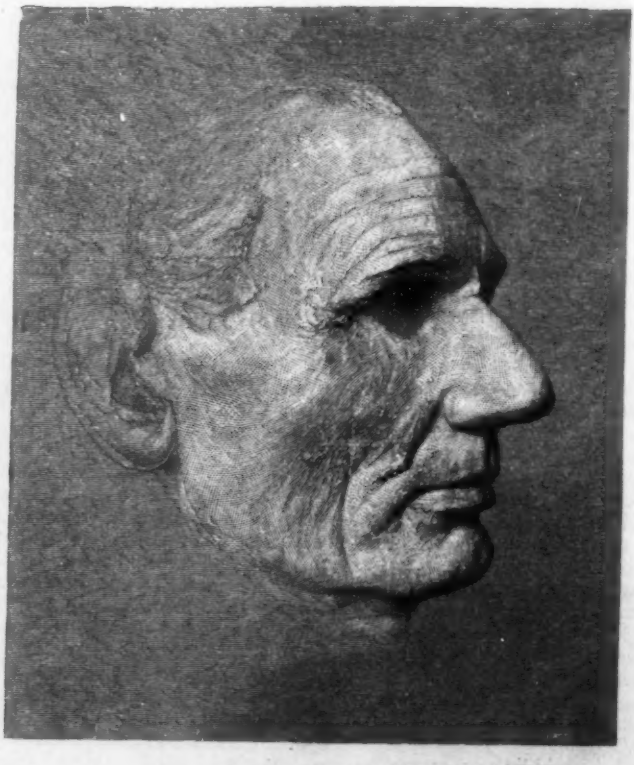
The next day we all stopped at the town of Lincoln, where short speeches were made by the contestants, and dinner was served at the hotel, after which, and as Mr. Lincoln came out on the plank-walk in front, I was formally presented to him. He saluted me with his natural cordiality, grasping my hand in both his large hands with a vice-like grip, and, looking down into my face with his beaming dark, dull eyes, said:

"How do you do? I am glad to meet you. I have read of you in the papers: you are making a statue of Judge Douglas for Governor Matteson's new house?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; "and sometime, when you are in Chicago and can spare the time, I would like to have you sit to me for your bust."

"Yes, I will, Mr. Volk—shall be glad to, the first opportunity I have."

All were soon on board the long train, crowded with people, going to hear the speeches at Springfield. The train stopped on the track, near Edwards's Grove, in the northern outskirts of the town, where staging was erected and a vast crowd waiting under the shade of the trees. On leaving the train, most of the passengers climbed over the fences and crossed the stubble-field, taking a short-cut to the grove, among them Mr. Lincoln, who stalked forward alone, taking immense strides, the before-mentioned carpet-bag and an umbrella in his hands, and his coat-skirts flying in the breeze. I managed to keep pretty close in the rear of the tall, gaunt figure, with the head craned forward, apparently much over the balance, like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, that was moving something like a hurricane across that rough



LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. (HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.)

stubble-field! He approached the rail-fence, sprang over it as nimbly as a boy of eighteen, and disappeared from my sight. Soon after, and while Douglas was speaking, Mr. Lincoln suddenly re-appeared in the crowd, mounted upon a fine, spirited horse.

In the evening I went to hear him speak in the Hall of Representatives of the old State House. He spoke with much deliberation and earnestness, and I thought there was sadness in his tone of voice; he reminded his friends of the difficulty of carrying the State for himself, owing to the way in which it was districted at the time, and cautioned them not to be over-sanguine—to be prepared for defeat; if they wished for victory, no stone must be left unturned.

I did not see him again for nearly two years. I spent most of the winter of 1860 in Washington, publishing a statuette of Senator Douglas, and just before leaving, in the month of March, I called upon Mr. Douglas's colleague in the Senate from Illinois, and asked him if he had an idea as to who would be the probable nominee of the Republican party for President, that I might model a bust of him in advance. He replied that he did not have the least particle of an idea who he would be, only that it would not be Judge Douglas.

I returned to Chicago, and got my studio in the "Portland Block" in order and ready for work, and began to consider whose bust I should first begin in the clay, when I noticed in a morning paper that Abraham Lincoln was in town—retained as one of the counsel in a "Sand-bar" trial, in which the Michigan Central Railroad was either plaintiff or defendant. I at once decided to remind him of his promise to sit to me, made two years before. I found him in the United States District Court-room (in a building known at the time as the "Larmon Block"), his feet on the edge of a table, one of his fingers thrust into his mouth, and his long, dark hair standing out at every imaginable angle, apparently uncombed for a week. He was surrounded by a group of lawyers, such as James F. Joy, Isaac N. Arnold, Thomas Hoyne, and others. Mr. Arnold obtained his attention in my behalf, when he instantly arose and met me outside the rail, recognizing me at once with his usual grip of both hands. He remembered his promise, and said, in answer to my question, that he expected to be detained by the case for a week. He added:

"I shall be glad to give you the sittings. When shall I come, and how long will you need me each time?"

Just after breakfast, every morning, would, he said, suit him the best, and he could remain till court opened, at ten o'clock. I answered that I would be ready for him the next morning, Thursday. This was in the early part of April, 1860.

"Very well, Mr. Volk, I will be there, and I'll go to a barber and have my hair cut before I come."

I requested him not to let the barber cut it too short, and said I would rather he would leave it as it was; but to this he would not consent. Then, all of a sudden, he ran his fingers through his hair, and said:

"No, I cannot come to-morrow, as I have an engagement with Mr. W—— to go to Evanston to-morrow and attend an entertainment; but I'd rather come and sit to you for the bust than go there and meet a lot of college professors and others, all strangers to me. And I will be obliged if you will go to Mr. W——'s office now, and get me released from the engagement. I will wait here till you come back."

So off I posted, but Mr. W—— would not release him, because, he said, it would be a great disappointment to the people he had invited. Mr. Lincoln looked quite sorry when I reported to him the failure of my mission.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I must go, but I will come to you Friday morning."

He was there promptly—indeed, he never failed to be on time. My studio was in the fifth story, and there were no elevators in those days, and I soon learned to distinguish his steps on the stairs, and am sure he frequently came up two, if not three, steps at a stride. When he sat down the first time in that hard, wooden, low-armed chair which I still possess, and which has been occupied by Douglas, Seward, and Generals Grant and Dix, he said:

"Mr. Volk, I have never sat before to sculptor or painter—only for daguerreotypes and photographs. What shall I do?"

I told him I would only take the measurements of his head and shoulders that time, and next morning, Saturday, I would make a cast of his face, which would save him a number of sittings. He stood up against the wall and I made a mark above his head, and then measured up to it from the floor, and said:

"You are just twelve inches taller than Judge Douglas, that is, just six feet one inch."

Before commencing the cast next morning, and knowing Mr. Lincoln's fondness for a story, I told him one in order to remove what I thought an apprehensive expression—as though he feared the operation might be dangerous; and this is the story:

I occasionally employed a little black-eyed, black-haired, and dark-skinned Italian as a *formatore* in plaster work, who had related to me a short time before that himself and a

comrade image-vender were "doing" Switzerland by hawking their images. One day, a Swiss gentleman asked him if he could make his likeness in plaster. "Oh, yes, signor; I am a sculptor!" So Matteo Mattei—such was the name of the pretender—got some plaster, laid the big Swiss gentleman on his back, stuck a quill in each nostril for him to breathe through, and requested him to close his eyes. Then "Mat," as I called him, poured the soft plaster all over his face and forehead; then he paused for reflection; as the plaster was beginning to set he became frightened, as he had never before undertaken such a job, and had neglected to prepare the face properly, especially the gentleman's huge beard, mustache, and the hair about the temples and forehead, through which, of course, the plaster had run and become solid. "Mat" made an excuse to go outside the door—"then," said he, "I run like ——."

I saw Mr. Lincoln's eyes twinkle with mirth.

"How did he get it off?" said he.

I answered that probably, after reasonable waiting for the *scultore*, he had to break it off, and cut and pull out all the hair which the tenacious plaster touched, the best way he could. "Mat" said he took special pains to avoid that particular part of Switzerland after that artistic experience. But his companion, who somewhat resembled him, not knowing anything of his partner's performance, was soon after overhauled by the gentleman and nearly cudgeled to death.

Upon hearing this, the tears actually trickled down Mr. Lincoln's bronzed cheeks, and he was at once in the best of humors. He sat naturally in the chair when I made the cast, and saw every move I made in a mirror opposite, as I put the plaster on without interference with his eyesight or his free breathing through the nostrils. It was about an hour before the mold was ready to be removed, and being all in one piece, with both ears perfectly taken, it clung pretty hard, as the cheek-bones were higher than the jaws at the lobe of the ear. He bent his head low and took hold of the mold, and gradually worked it off without breaking or injury; it hurt a little, as a few hairs of the tender temples pulled out with the plaster and made his eyes water; but the remembrance of the poor Swiss gentleman evidently kept him in good mood.

He entered my studio on Sunday morning, remarking that a friend at the hotel (Tremont House) had invited him to attend church, "but," said Mr. Lincoln, "I thought I'd rather come and sit for the bust. The fact is," he continued, "I don't like to hear cut and dried sermons. No—when I hear a man preach, I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees!" And he extended his long arms, at the same time suiting the action to the words. He gave me on this day a long sitting of more than four hours, and when it was concluded, went to our family apartment, on the corner of the building across the corridor from the studio, to look at a collection of photographs which I had made in 1855-6-7, in Rome and Florence. While sitting in the rocking-chair, he took my little son on his lap and spoke kindly to him, asking his name, age, etc. I held the photographs up and explained them to him, but I noticed a growing weariness, and his eyelids closed occasionally as if he were sleepy, or were thinking of something besides Grecian and Roman statuary and architecture. Finally he said: "These things must be very interesting to you, Mr. Volk, but the truth is I don't know much of history, and all I do know of it I have learned from law-books."

The sittings were continued daily till the Thursday following, and, during their continuance, he would talk almost unceasingly, telling some of the funniest and most laughable of stories, but he talked little of politics or religion during those sittings. He said: "I am bored nearly every time I sit down to a public dining-table by some one pitching into me on politics." Upon one occasion he spoke most enthusiastically of his profound admiration of Henry Clay, saying that he "almost worshiped him."

I remember, also, that he paid a high compliment to the late Gen. William A. Richardson, and said: "I regard him as one of the truest men that ever lived; he sticks to Judge Douglas through thick and thin—never deserted him, and never will. I admire such a man! By the by, Mr. Volk, he is now in town, and stopping at the Tremont. May I bring him with me to-morrow to see the bust?" Accordingly, he brought him and two other old friends, ex-Lieut.-Gov. McMurtry, of Illinois, and Ebenezer Peck, all of whom looked a moment at the clay model, saying it was "just like him!" Then they began to tell stories and rehearse reminiscences, one after another. I can imagine I now hear their hearty laughs, just as I can see, as if photographed, the tall figure of Lincoln striding across that stubble-field.

Many people, presumably political aspirants with an eye to future prospects, besieged my door for interviews, but I made it a rule to keep it locked, and I think Mr. Lincoln appreciated the precaution.

The last sitting was given Thursday morning, and I noticed that Mr. Lincoln was in something of a hurry. I had finished the

head, but desired to represent his breast and brawny shoulders as nature presented them; so he stripped off his coat, waistcoat, shirt, cravat, and collar, threw them on a chair, pulled his undershirt down a short distance, tying the sleeves behind him, and stood up without a murmur for an hour or so. I then said that I was done, and was a thousand times obliged to him for his promptness and patience, and offered to assist him to re-dress, but he said: "No. I can do it better alone." I kept at my work without looking toward him, wishing to catch the form as accurately as possible while it was fresh in my memory. Mr. Lincoln left hurriedly, saying he had an engagement, and with a cordial "Good-bye! I will see you again soon," passed out. A few moments after, I recognized his steps rapidly returning. The door opened, and in he came, exclaiming: "Hello, Mr. Volk! I got down on the sidewalk and found I had forgotten to put on my undershirt, and thought it wouldn't do to go through the streets this way." Sure enough, there were the sleeves of that garment dangling below the skirts of his broadcloth frock-coat! I went at once to his assistance, and helped to undress and re-dress him all right, and out he went, with a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the thing.

On a Thursday in the month of June following, Mr. Lincoln received the nomination on the third ballot for President of the United States. And it happened that on the same day I was on the cars, nearing Springfield. About midday, we reached Bloomington, and there learned of his nomination. At three or four o'clock, we arrived at our destination. The afternoon was lovely—bright and sunny, neither too warm nor too cool; the grass, trees, and the hosts of blooming roses, so profuse in Springfield, appeared to be vying with the ringing bells and waving flags.

As soon as I had brushed off the dust and registered at the old Chenery House, I went straight to Mr. Lincoln's unpretentious little two-story house. He saw me from his door or window coming down the street, and as I entered the gate, he was on the platform in front of the door, and quite alone. His face looked radiant. I exclaimed: "I am the first man from Chicago, I believe, who has the honor of congratulating you on your nomination for President." Then those two great hands took both of mine with a grasp never to be forgotten. And while shaking, I said: "Now that you will doubtless be the next President of the United States, I want to make a statue of you, and shall do my best to do you justice." Said he: "I don't doubt it, for I have come to the conclusion that you are an honest man," and with that greeting I thought my hands were in a fair way of being crushed. I was invited into the parlor, and soon Mrs. Lincoln entered, holding a rose-bouquet in her hand, which she presented to me after the introduction; and in return I gave her a cabinet-size bust of her husband, which I had modeled from the large one, and happened to have with me. Before leaving the house, it was arranged that Mr. Lincoln would give Saturday forenoon to obtaining full-length photographs to serve me for the proposed statue.

On Saturday evening, the committee appointed by the Convention to notify Mr. Lincoln formally of his nomination, headed by Mr. Ashman, of Massachusetts, reached Springfield by special train, bearing a large number of people, two or three hundred of whom carried rails on their shoulders, marching in military style from the train to the old State House Hall of Representatives, where they stacked them like muskets. The evening was beautiful and clear, and the entire population was astir. The bells pealed, flags waved, and cannon thundered forth the triumphant nomination of Springfield's favorite and distinguished citizen. The bonfires blazed brightly, and especially in front of that prim-looking white house on Eighth street. The committee and the vast crowd following passed in at the front door, and made their exit through the kitchen door in the rear, Mr. Lincoln giving them all a hearty shake of the hand as they passed him in the parlor.

After it was all over and the crowd dispersed, late in the evening, I took a stroll and passed the house. A few small boys only were in the street, trying to keep up a little blaze among the dying embers of the bonfire. One of them cried out:

"Here, Bill *Lincoln*—here's a stick."

Another chimed in:

"I've got a good one, Bill"—a picket he had slyly knocked from a door-yard fence.

By previous appointment, I was to cast Mr. Lincoln's hands on the Sunday following this memorable Saturday, at nine A. M. I found him ready, but he looked more grave and serious than he had appeared on the previous days. I wished him to hold something in his right hand, and he looked for a piece of pasteboard, but could find none. I told him a round stick would do as well as anything. Thereupon he went to the wood-shed, and I heard the saw go, and he soon returned to the dining-room (where I did the work), whittling off the end of a piece of broom-handle. I remarked to him that he need not whittle off the edges.

"Oh, well," said he, "I thought I would like to have it nice."

When I had successfully cast the mold of the right hand, I began the left, pausing a few moments to hear Mr. Lincoln tell me about a scar on the thumb.

"You have heard that they call me a rail-splitter, and you saw them carrying rails in the procession Saturday evening; well, it is true that I did split rails, and one day, while I was sharpening a wedge on a log, the ax glanced and nearly took my thumb off, and there is the scar, you see."

The right hand appeared swollen as compared with the left, on account of excessive hand-shaking the evening before; this difference is distinctly shown in the cast.

That Sunday evening I returned to Chicago with the molds of his hands, three photographic negatives of him, the identical black alpaca campaign-suit of 1858, and a pair of Lynn newly made pegged boots. The clothes were all burned up in the great Chicago fire. The casts of the face and hands I saved by taking them with me to Rome, and they have crossed the sea four times.

The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln was in January, 1861, at his house in Springfield. His little parlor was full of friends and politicians. He introduced me to them all, and remarked to me aside that, since he had sat to me for his bust, he had lost forty pounds in weight. This was easily perceptible, for the lines of his jaws were very sharply defined through the short beard which he was allowing to grow. Then he turned to the company, and announced in a general way that I had made a bust of him before his nomination, and that he was then giving daily sittings, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, to another sculptor; that he had sat to him for a week or more, but could not see the likeness, though he might yet bring it out.

"But," continued Mr. Lincoln, "in two or three days after Mr. Volk commenced my bust, there was the animal himself!"

And this was about the last, if not the last, remark I ever heard him utter, except the good-bye and his good wishes for my success.

I have omitted to say that, when sitting in April for the model, and speaking of his Cooper Institute speech delivered in New York a short time before, he said that he had arranged and composed this speech in his mind while going on the cars from Camden to Jersey City. When having his photograph taken at Springfield, he spoke of Colonel Ellsworth, whom he had met a short time before, and whose company of Zouaves he had seen drill. Lincoln said:

"He is the greatest little man I ever met!"

THE HIEROGLYPHS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

In May, 1841, Mr. John L. Stephens published his work on the antiquities of Central America in two volumes, richly illustrated by elaborate drawings made on the spot by his fellow-traveler, Mr. Catherwood. In three months nine editions were sold, and in 1842 the twelfth edition was printed. This rapid sale speaks not only of the great value of the book, but of the popular interest in the subject of which it treats—an interest which still exists, as is shown by the continued sale of these volumes.

It is safe to say that nearly all of the current information on the subject of Central American archæology is still derived from this work, which has not been superseded by any of the writings of later explorers, although it has been admirably supplemented by the photographs of De Charnay and others.*

The cuts which accompany the present article are all copied from those given by Stephens, except the few which have been taken direct from Mr. Bancroft's "Native Races of the Pacific States," and from monographs, for comparison.

It will be impossible here to give any sketch of the nature and meaning of the statues, temples, etc. still existing in Yucatan. A general knowledge of the history of past researches must be assumed, and if it is lacking, it can be supplied by consulting the two works named.

The complete proof of any one of the propositions which I shall lay down is also not to be given within the short limits of a single article. For a detailed account, I must refer to the Annual Report (for 1880) of the Director of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, in which I have given a full, though condensed, history of the work which has been accomplished.

It will, however, be interesting to examine the question of the deciphering of the Yucatec hieroglyphs a little nearer. Let the reader

* The results of the explorations of M. de Charnay are now in course of publication in the "North American Review."—Ed. C. M.

turn to any one of the accompanying plates and examine one of the hieroglyphs. It will be seen to consist usually of a pictorial representation of some object, surrounded by ornaments and additions more or less conventionalized, as rows of dots or bars, etc. In the most obvious cases, the main feature is a human face, usually a profile, and it is to these that attention must first be directed. Take, for example, the top row of hieroglyphs on the right-hand side of the Figure No. 1, and choose the second symbol. It consists of a head in profile, the tongue protruding from the mouth, a circle with four segments marked off in it, accompanied by an oval having its center hatched over by cross lines to represent the skin of a serpent, this oval being surmounted by a conventional sign for feathers or plumage. The whole is a portrait of Cukulkan (Mexican, Quetzalcoatl), meaning, in both languages, "Snake-plumage." This personage introduced the practice of wounding the tongue at sacrificial feasts (hence the protruding tongue); he was one of the inner circle of gods, whom we call, for want of a better name, "the gods of hell," and the circle with its cut-off segments is the conventional sign for this family. The *rebus* of his name is given in the oval with its cross-hatchings and its feathers, so that any native describing what he saw, *Cukul*—feathers, *kan*—serpent, pronounced the name of the god.

Let us see how this and other conclusions can be arrived at, by a simple and rational method, the spirit of which can be at once understood. It is to be remembered also that, up to this time, the meaning of every single hieroglyph has remained unknown in spite of all attempts at interpretation.

By the processes which I have employed, a few names have been discovered and the order according to which the lines and columns are to be read; and a method has been laid down by following which further progress can be made. Such progress now depends mainly upon the research being made, according to this method, by professional archæologists to whom the whole history and mythology of the Maya nations are familiar, through long study. Advances must be suggested by an imagination cultivated by intimate acquaintance with the lore of the Central American people, and controlled by erudition in the works of the first white inhabitants of their country.

In my own studies, I have (necessarily) confined myself to what could be proved, and I have, I believe, taken no step which was not inevitable. I have attempted to apply the principles of ordinary deciphering to the stone tablets, just as one would do to an ordinary cipher message whose meaning and code were unknown.

The difference of the two cases is not so great as might at first sight appear. The underlying principles are the same, and the chief difficulty in the Yucatec inscriptions is our lack of any definite knowledge of the nature and intent of the aboriginal records.

I therefore determined to apply these principles, without any bias, to the Yucatec inscriptions, and to go as far as I could certainly. Arrived at the spot where demonstration ceased, it would become my duty to stop.

My programme at beginning was: *First*, to see if the inscriptions at Copan and Palenque were written in the same tongue. When I say "to see," I mean to definitively prove the fact, and so in other cases. *Secondly*, to see how the tablets were to be read, that is, in horizontal lines, are they to be read from right to left, or the reverse? in vertical columns, are they to be read up or down? *Thirdly*, to see whether they were phonetic characters, or merely ideographic, or a mixture of the two—rebus-like, in fact.

If the characters turned out to be purely phonetic, I had determined to stop at this point, since I had not the time at my command to learn the Maya language.

It is not to be forgotten that here we have no Rosetta stone to act at once as key and criterion, and that, instead of the accurate descriptions of the Egyptian hieroglyphics which were handed down by the Greek contemporaries of the sculptors of these inscriptions, we have only the crude and brutal chronicles of an ignorant Spanish soldiery, or the bigoted accounts of an unenlightened priesthood. To Cortez and his companions, a memorandum that it took one hundred men all day to throw the idols into the sea was all-sufficient. To the Spanish priests, the burning of all manuscripts was praiseworthy, since those differing from Holy Writ were noxious, and those agreeing with it superfluous. It is only to the patient labor of the Maya sculptor, who daily carved the symbols of his belief and creed upon enduring stone, and to the luxuriant growths of semi-tropical forests which concealed even these from the passing Spanish adventurer, that we owe the preservation of the memorials of past beliefs and vanished histories.

SYSTEM OF NOMENCLATURE.

To MAKE any progress, it was first necessary to decide on a system of nomenclature. The

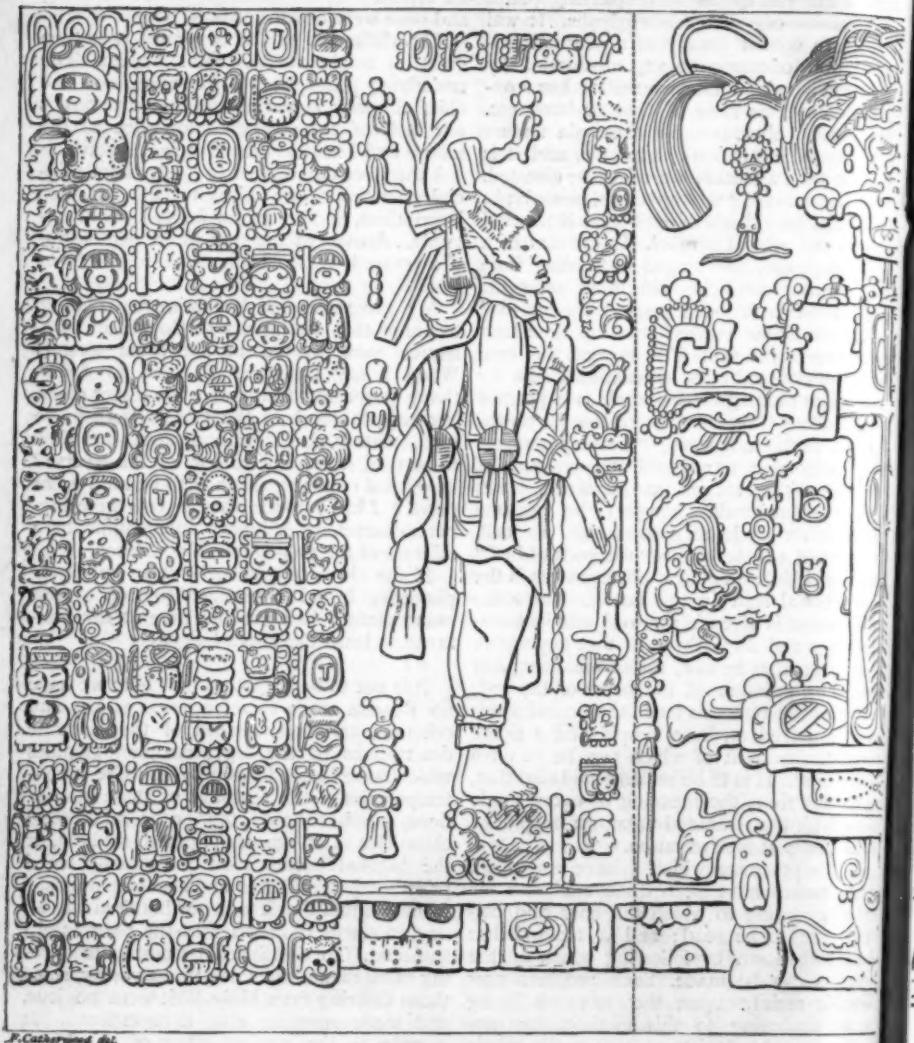


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FIG. 1. THE PALENQUE CROSS.

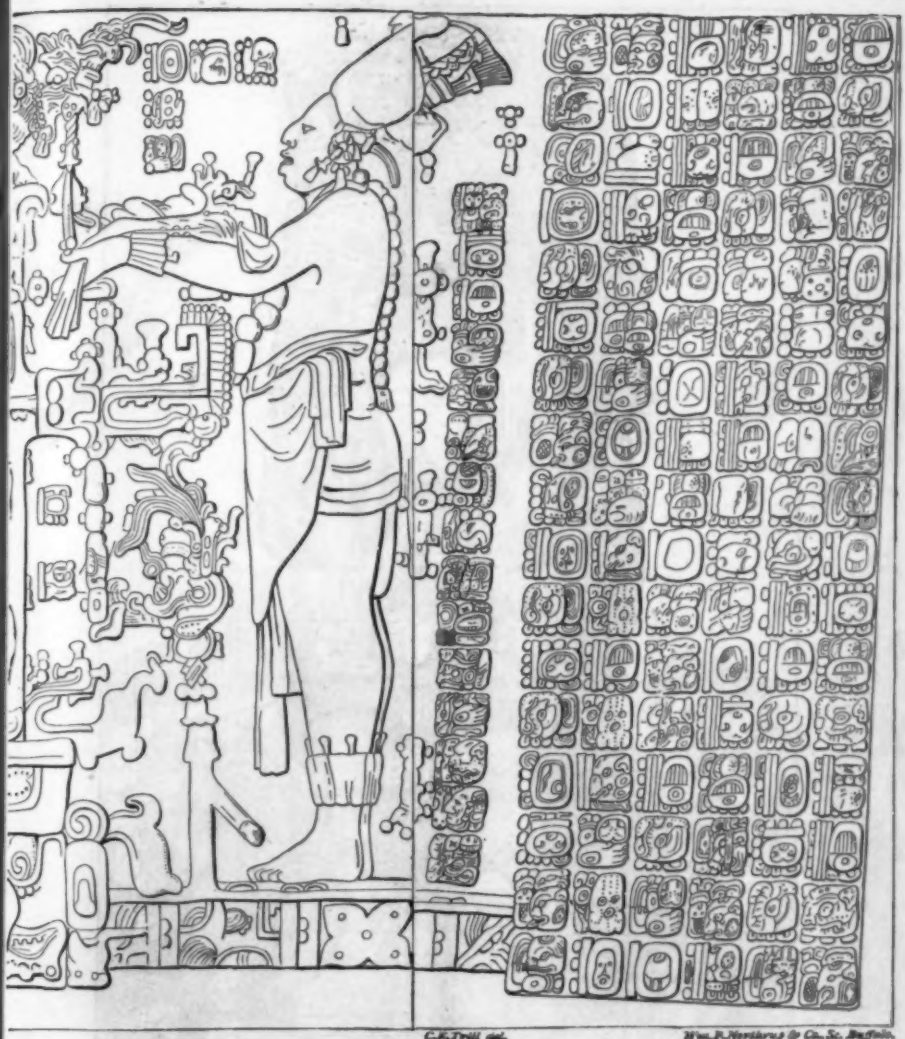
one I use may be understood by giving it for a special tablet, as the right-hand half of Figure 1. The top row of hieroglyphs I numbered 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025; the next row was 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035; the next row began with 2040; the next with 2050; and the last row was 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085.

In passing, it will be noted that two hieroglyphs which occur next each other in a tablet have consecutive numbers; if one is over the other, their numbers differ by ten.

IN WHAT ORDER ARE THE HIEROGLYPHS READ?

BEFORE any advance can be made in the deciphering of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, it is necessary to know in what directions, along what lines or columns, the verbal sense proceeds.

All the inscriptions that I know of are in rectangular figures. At Copan, they are usually in squares. At Palenque, the long inscriptions are in rectangles. At Palenque, again, there



C.K. Trill del. Wm. P. Hartshorn & Co. Sc. Buffalo.

FIG. 1. THE PALENQUE CROSS.

are some cases where there is a single horizontal line of hieroglyphs over a pictorial tablet. Here, clearly, the only question is, do the characters proceed from left to right, or from right to left? In other cases, as in the tablet of the cross, there are vertical columns. The question here is, shall we read up or down?

Now, the hieroglyphs must be phonetic or pictorial, or a mixture of the two. If they are phonetic, it will take more than one symbol to make a word, and we shall have groups of like characters when the same word is written in two places. If the signs are pictorial, the same thing will follow—that is, we shall have groups recurring when the same idea recurs. Further, we know that the subjects treated of in these tablets must be comparatively simple, and that names, as of gods, kings, etc., must necessarily recur.

The names, then, will be the first words deciphered. At present, no single name is

FIG. 2. STATUE AT COPAN.

known. These facts, together with our system of nomenclature, will enable us to take some steps.

Take, for example, the right-hand side of the Palenque-cross tablet, as given by Rau. Our system of numbering is here:

FIG. 3. STATUE AT COPAN.

2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025
2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
3080	3081	3082	3083	3084	3085

Now pick out the duplicate hieroglyphs in this—that is, run through the tablet, and, wherever 2020 occurs, erase the number which fills the place and write in 2020. Do the same for 2021, 2022, etc., down to 3084. The result will be as follows:

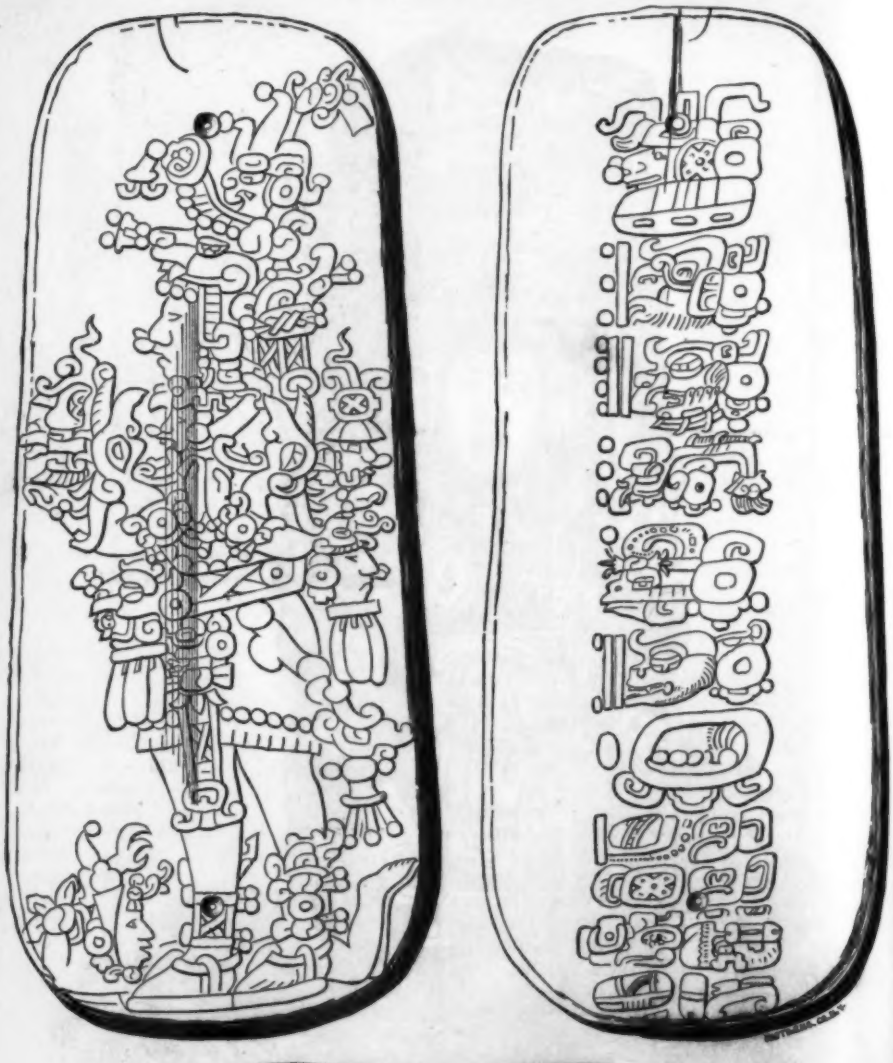


FIG. 5. YUCATEC STONE.

RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF PALENQUE-CROSS TABLET.

2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025
2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035
2040	2041	2042	2025 / 2053	2020	2021
2050	2051	2034	2053	2054	2055
2053	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065
2070	2071	2020	2021	2022?	2024?
2053	2020	2082	2083	2025	2053

2021	2021	2022	2025 / 2053	2024	2025
3000	2023	2034		2033	3005
3010	2083	3012	2024	3014	2031
2053	3021	2023	2020	3024	2024
2024 / 2053*	2025 / 3021	2021	3033	2025 / 2035	2034* / 3045
3050 See 2082	2083	3042	3043	3054	3055
2024	2020	2025 / 2035	2034 / 3063	2024	2025
2021	2031	2020	2021	2035	3045
3080	3081	2091	2093	2020	2021

Summing up, we have 14 cases of horizontal pairs, 4 cases of vertical pairs—102 characters in all, of which 51 appear more than once, so that there are but 51 independent hieroglyphs.

Here the first two lines are unchanged. In the third we find that 2043 is the same as 2025, 2044 equals 2020, 2045 equals 2021, and so on.

After this is done, connect like pairs by braces whenever they are consecutive, either vertical or horizontal. Take the pair 2020-2021 for example. 2020 occurs eight times in the tablet, viz.: as 2020, 2044, 2072, 2081, 3023, 3061, 3072, 3084. In five out of the eight cases, it is followed by 2021, viz.: as 2021, 2045, 2073, 3073, 3085.

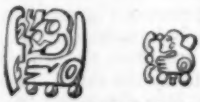


FIG. 4. SYNONYMOUS HIEROGLYPHS FROM COPAN AND PALENQUE.

It is clear this is not the result of accident. The pair 2020-2021 means something, and when the two characters occur together they must be read together. There is no point of punctuation between them. We also learn that they are not inseparable. 2020 will make sense with 2082, 3024, and 3062. Here it looks as if the writing must be read in lines horizontally. We do not know yet in which direction.

We must examine other cases. This is to be noticed: if the reading is in horizontal lines from left to right, then the progress is from top to bottom in columns, as the case of 3035-3040 (marked with asterisks in the table) shows. 3035 occurs at the end of one line, and the corresponding symbol to make the pair is at the beginning of the next line below. Thus the lines are connected. The large symbols at the beginning of the lines on the left-hand side of Figures 1 and 13 show that the lines begin at the left. So that the conclusion is that these inscriptions are read in the same direction as the words on the present page, beginning at the left.

FIG. 7. HUITZILOPOCHTLI (FRONT).

COMPARISON OF TWO STATUES AT COPAN.

In examining the various statues at Copan, as given by Stephens, one naturally looks for points of striking resemblance or of striking difference. Where all is unknown, even the smallest sign is examined in the hope that it may prove a clew. Figure 2 has a twisted knot (the "square-knot" of sailors) of cords over its head, and above this is a *chiffre* composed of ellipses, and above this again a sign like a sea-shell. A natural suggestion was that these might be the signs for the name of the personage depicted in Figure 2. If this is so, and we should find the same sign elsewhere in connection with a figure, we should expect to find this second figure like the first in every particular. This would be a rigid test of the theory. Now, after looking through the Palenque series, and finding no similar figure and sign, I examined the Copan series, and in Figure 3 I found the same signs exactly —*i. e.*, the knot and the two *chiffres*.

FIG. 6. HUITZILOPOCHTLI (BACK).

At first sight, there is only the most general resemblance between the personages represented

FIG. 8. HUITZILOPOCHTLI (SIDE).

FIG. 10. MAYA WAR-GOD.

FIG. 9. MICLANTECUTLI (BACK).

in the two plates; as Stephens says, in his original account of them, they are "in many respects similar." If he had known them to be the same, he would not have wasted his time in drawing them. The scale of the two drawings and of the two statues is different. But the two personages are identical: figure for figure, ornament for ornament, they correspond. It is unnecessary to give the minute comparison here in words. It can be made by any one from the two plates herewith. Take any part of Figure 2, find the corresponding part of Figure 3, and whether it is human feature or sculptured ornament, the two will be found to be the same. Take the middle face depending from the belt in each plate. The ear-rings are the same; the ornament below the chin, the knot above the head, the complicated bead-work on each side of this face—all are the same. The bracelets of the right arms have each the forked serpent-tongue, and the left-arm bracelets are similarly ornamented. The crosses with beads almost inclosed in the right hands are alike, the elliptic ornaments above each wrist, the knots and *chiffres* over the serpent-masks which surmount the faces—all are the same.

Here, then, is an important fact. The theory that the *chiffre* over the forehead is characteristic, though it is not definitively proved, receives strong confirmation. The parts which have been lost by the effects of time on one statue can be supplied from the other. Better than all, we gain a test of the minuteness with which the sculptors worked, and an idea of how close the adherence to a type was required to be. Granting once that the two personages are the same (a fact about which I conceive there can be no possible doubt, since the chances in favor are literally thousands to one), we learn what license was allowed and what synonyms in stone might be employed. Thus, the ornament suspended from the neck in Figure 3 is clearly a tiger's skull. That from the neck of Figure 2 has been shown to be the derived form of a skull by Dr. Harrison Allen,* and we now know that this common form relates, not to the human skull, as

* The Life Form in Art: Trans. Amer. Phil. Soc. Vol. XV., 1873, page 325.

Dr. Allen has supposed, but to that of the tiger. We shall find this figure often repeated, and the identification is of importance. This is a case in regard to synonyms. The kind of symbolism so ably treated by Dr. Allen is well exemplified in the conventional sign for the *crotalus* jaw at the mouth of the mask over the head of each figure. This is again found on the body of the snake in Figure 12, Tlaloc (rain-god), and in other places. Other important questions can be settled by comparison of the two plates. For example, at Palenque we often find a sign composed of a half-ellipse, inside of which bars are drawn.

I have elsewhere shown that there is reason to believe the ellipse to represent the concave of the sky, its diameter to be the level earth, and, in some cases, at least, the bars to be the descending and fertilizing rain. The bars are sometimes two, three, and sometimes four in number.

Are these variants of a single sign, or are they synonyms? Before the discovery of the identity of the personages in these two plates, this question could not be answered. Now we can say that they are not synonyms, or, at least, that they must be considered separately. To show this, examine the bands just above the wristlets of the two figures. Over the left hands of the figures the bars are two in number; over the right hands there are four. This exact similarity is not accidental. There is a meaning in it, and we must search for its explanation elsewhere; but we now have a valuable test of what needs to be regarded, and of what, on the other hand, may be passed over as accidental or unimportant.

These statues, then, are to us a dictionary of synonyms in stone—a test of the degree of adherence to a prototype which was exacted, and a criterion of the kind of minor differences which must be noticed in any rigid study.

I have not insisted more on the resemblances since the accompanying figures present a demonstration.

ARE THE HIEROGLYPHS OF COPAN AND PALENQUE IDENTICAL?

ONE of the first questions to be settled is whether the same system of writing was employed at Palenque and at Copan. Before any study of the meanings of the separate *chiffres* can be made, we must have our material properly assorted, and must not include, in the figures we are examining for the detection of a clew, any which may belong to a system possibly very different.

The opinion of Stephens and of later writers is confirmed by my comparison of the Palenque and the Copan series—that is, it becomes evident that the latter series is far the older.

In Nicaragua and Copan, the statues of

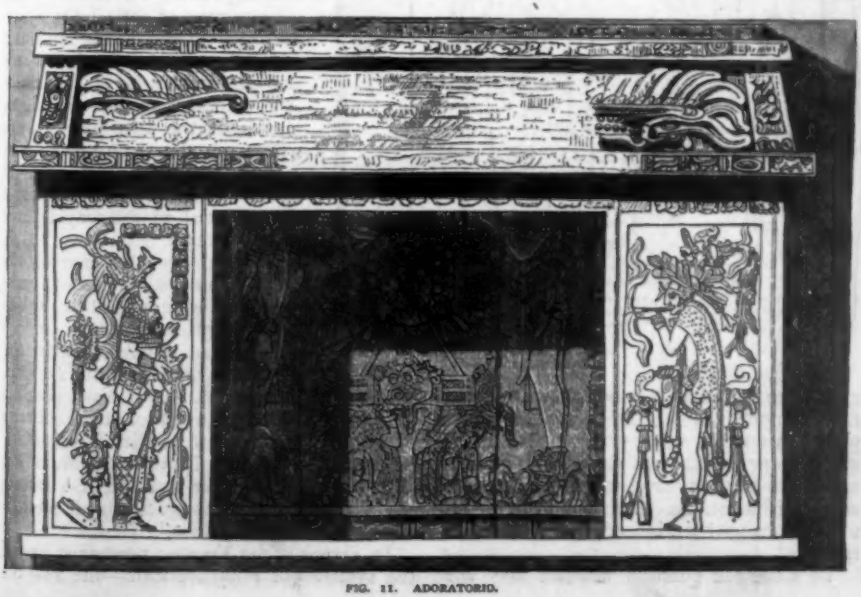


FIG. 11. ADORATORIO.

FIG. 12. MAYA RAIN-GOD.

gods were placed at the foot of the pyramid; farther north, as at Palenque, they were placed in temples at the summit. Such differences show a marked change in customs, and must have required much time for their accomplishment. In this time did the picture-writing change? or, indeed, was it ever identical?

To settle the question whether they were written on the same system, I give here simply the results of an examination of a card-catalogue of hieroglyphs, which I have formed. The practical result of this examination is that similar characters of the Copan and Palenque series may be used interchangeably.

A detailed study of the undoubted synonyms of the two places will throw much light on the manner in which these characters were gradually evolved. This is not the place for such a study, but it is interesting to remark how, even in unmistakable synonyms, the Palenque character is always the most conventional, the least pictorial—that is, the latest. Examples of this are given in Figure 4.

The mask in profile which forms the left-hand edge of the Copan figure seems to have been conventionalized into the two hooks and the ball which have the same place in the other one. The larger of these two was cut on stone, the smaller in stucco. The mask is conventionalized into the ball and hooks, the angular nose ornament into a single ball—easier to make and quite as significant to the Maya priest. But to us the older (Copan) figure is infinitely more significant. The curious rows of little balls which are often placed at the left-hand edge of the various *chiffres* are also conventions for older forms.

The conclusion that the hieroglyphs of the two places were written on the same system will, I think, be found amply justified by any one who will examine the material in the way I have sketched out.

I have now to come to the comparison of a sculpture (Figure 5) which is known to be of Yucatec origin, with statues known to represent Huitzilopochtli, the Mexican god of war, and his trinity (see Figures 6, 7, 8, 9). It is not possible here to give the detailed proof of the identity of the personage represented, but it will suffice to say that I conceive I have established that Figure 5 represents the war-god of Yucatan, who was the same personage as Huitzilopochtli, the war-god of the Aztecs.

In Figure 5, the Yucatec personage has all the symbols of Huitzilopochtli—the sun, the

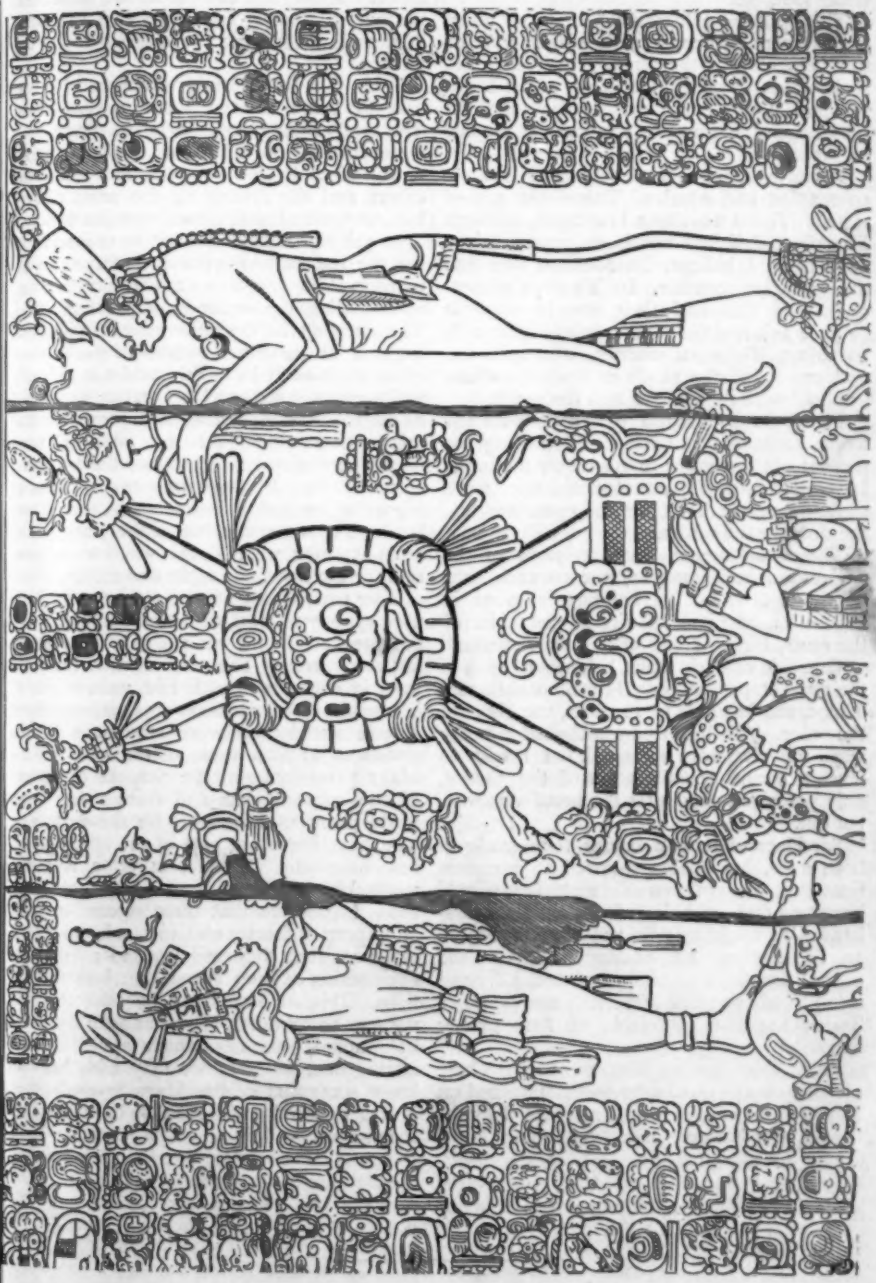


FIG. 13. TABLET AT PALENQUE (SLIGHTLY REDUCED AT SIDES AND BOTTOM).

winds, the air, the birds, the captive trodden under foot, etc.

The uppermost hieroglyph of those given in this figure also contains the symbols of the sun (a circle), of the air (a cross), etc., and is the name, or part of the name, of the Maya war-god. Other considerations show that the personage of Figure 5 is the same as the one of Figure 10.

Now, in Mexico, Huitzilopochtli was the companion and equal of Tlaloc, the god of waters. Tlaloc was also a Maya god, although Huitzilopochtli has not been considered to have been, I believe. In Mexico, they had their temples together. In Yucatan (Palenque) they also had their temple together (Figure 11), and the personage of Figure 12 is the Maya Tlaloc, a sorcerer, who spits fire, and controlled the winds and waters, whose symbols were the leopard and the snake.

Figure 12 shows this personage with the leopard-skin on his back and bestriding the serpent. It is curious to mark how the snake is covered with the conventional sign for a snake—*i. e.*, the hook for the open jaws and the dots for the rattles.

These two figures stand in front of the Adoratorio in Figure 11, one on each side. The tablet within the building is given in Figure 13, and its similarity to the tablet of the cross, Figure 1, has often been remarked.

One side of each tablet belongs to each of the two companion gods, Huitzilopochtli and Tlaloc, the left side to the first, the right to the other. This has been established in many ways too numerous to detail, but I wish to give a curious confirmation of the theory, only perceived long after the proof was written out.

Sacrifices of human beings were made to both gods, but Tlaloc required at a certain feast that the children offered to him should have two curls of hair growing on their foreheads—so tradition tells us. Now, in Figure 13 the acolytes are offering victims to the central figure. The victim of the left-hand side has no peculiar mark, but the victim of Tlaloc has the two curls of hair plainly marked.

As in this case, so in many others. There are numberless checks on speculation and on conclusions, which must be recognized by the investigator to save him from going hopelessly wrong in a symbolism so foreign to modern ideas. But the checks are there, and we must constantly remember that the rules of hieratic art forbade the drawing of an unmeaning line.

With the bases firmly established, it was easy to make at least a few onward steps. The symbols for the names of the Maya gods corresponding to the Aztec Huitzilopochtli and Tlaloc have been selected from the others, and the symbol for the name Cukulkan, or Quetzalcoatl, as before explained.

In this last selection, it will be of interest to see the use to which the dictionary of synonyms in stone (Figures 2 and 3) has been put, as indicating the methods of proof adopted. The question is, does the cross-hatching on the oval in the second symbol of the top row of the right-hand half of the tablet in Figure 1 really mean "serpent"? Can it be proved or disproved? Recurring to Figure 3, we find this cross-hatching on the folds of what might be a serpent, just above the left hand of the statue. In the corresponding place in Figure 2 we find the same folds, which may be those of a serpent, but in the place of the cross-hatching we find the well-known symbols for the *crotalus* tongue and rattles.

The two artists of the two statues have used synonyms, and we learn, definitely, that our guess at the meaning of the cross-hatching was correct. The same method has been used in other cases with like success, and it is capable of many more applications. By it I have already discovered the signs for the names of at least three of the gods of the Maya pantheon, and the purpose of several of the stone tablets and statues has been made plain, as I believe, for the first time. The most important part of the investigation has been the introduction of a scientific method by which proofs of a step are obtainable. I conceive that these researches have an important future, and, in hands abler than my own, that they will lead to a complete deciphering of the Central American inscriptions. This, at least, may be said, that the mystery surrounding them has been removed, by rational processes which appeal to any intelligence, and that we may fairly hope to know somewhat of the Maya mythology, as it was believed and recorded by the Mayas themselves.

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

I.

THE village stood on a wide plain, and around it rose the mountains. They were green to their tops in summer, and in winter white through their serried pines and drifting mists, but at every season serious and beautiful, furrowed with hollow shadows, and taking the light on masses and stretches of iron-gray crag. The river swam through the plain in long curves, and slipped away at last through an unseen pass to the southward, tracing a score of miles in its course over a space that measured but three or four. The plain was very fertile, and its features, if few and of purely utilitarian beauty, had a rich luxuriance, and there was a tropical riot of vegetation when the sun of July beat on those northern fields. They waved with corn and oats to the feet of the mountains, and the potatoes covered a vast acreage with the lines of their intense, coarse green; the meadows were deep with English grass to the banks of the river, that, doubling and returning upon itself, still marked its way with a dense fringe of alders and white birches.

But winter was full half the year. The snow began at Thanksgiving, and fell snow upon snow till Fast Day, thawing between the storms, and packing harder and harder against the break-up in the spring, when it covered the ground in solid levels three feet high, and lay heaped in drifts, that defied the sun far into May. When it did not snow, the weather was keenly clear and commonly very still. Then the landscape at noon had a stereoscopic glister under the high sun that burned in a heaven without a cloud, and at setting stained the sky and the white waste with freezing pink and violet. On such days the farmers and lumbermen came in to the village stores, and made a stiff and feeble stir about their door-ways, and the school children gave the street a little life and color, as they went to and from the Academy in their red and blue woolens. Four times a day the mill, the shrill wheeze of whose saws had become part of the habitual silence, blew its whistle for the hands to begin and leave off work, in blasts that seemed to shatter themselves against the thin air. But otherwise an arctic quiet prevailed.

Behind the black boles of the elms that swept the vista of the street with the fine gray tracery of their boughs, stood the houses, deep-sunken in the accumulating drifts, through which each householder kept a path cut from his door-way to the road, white and clean as if hewn out of marble. Some cross-streets straggled away east and west with the poorer dwellings; but this, that followed the northward and southward reach of the plain, was the main thoroughfare, and had its own impressiveness, with those square white houses which they build so large in northern New England. They were all kept in scrupulous repair, though here and there the frost and thaw of many winters had heaved a fence out of plumb, and threatened the poise of the monumental urns of painted pine on the gate-posts. They had dark-green blinds, of a color harmonious with that of the funereal evergreens in their door-yards; and they themselves had taken the tone of the snowy landscape, as if by the operation of some such law as blanches the fur-bearing animals of the North. They seemed proper to its desolation, while some houses of more modern taste, painted to a warmer tone, looked, with their mansard roofs and jig-sawed piazzas and balconies, intrusive and alien.

At one end of the street stood the Academy, with its classic façade and its belfry; midway was the hotel, with the stores, the printing-office, and the churches, and at the other extreme, one of the square white mansions stood advanced from the rank of the rest, at the top of a deep-plunging valley, defining itself against the mountain beyond so sharply that it seemed as if cut out of its dark, wooded side. It was from the gate before this house, distinct in the pink light which the sunset had left, that, on a Saturday evening in February, a cutter, gay with red-lined robes, dashed away, and came musically clashing down the street under the naked elms. For the women who sat with their work at the windows on either side of the way, hesitating whether to light their lamps, and drawing nearer and nearer to the dead-line of the outer cold for the latest glimmer of the day, the passage of this ill-timed vehicle was a vexation little short of grievous.

Every movement on the street was precious to them, and with all the keenness of their starved curiosity, these captives of the winter could not make out the people in the cutter. Afterward it was a mortification to them that they should not have thought at once of Bartley Hubbard and Marcia Gaylord. They had seen him go up toward Squire Gaylord's house half an hour before, and they now blamed themselves for not reflecting that of course he was going to take Marcia over to the church sociable at Lower Equity. Their identity being established, other little proofs of it reproached the inquirers; but these perturbed spirits were at peace, and the lamps were out in the houses (where the smell of rats in the wainscot and of potatoes in the cellar strengthened with the growing night), when Bartley and Marcia drove back through the moonlit silence to her father's door. Here, too, the windows were all dark, except for the light that sparely glimmered through the parlor blinds; and the young man slackened the pace of his horse, as if to still the bells, some distance away from the gate.

The girl took the hand he offered her when he dismounted at the gate, and as she jumped from the cutter,

"Wont you come in?" she asked.

"I guess I can blanket my horse and stand him under the wood-shed," answered the young man, going around to the animal's head and leading him away.

When he returned to the door the girl opened it, as if she had been listening for his step; and she now stood holding it ajar for him to enter, and throwing the light upon the threshold from the lamp, which she lifted high in the other hand. The action brought her figure in relief, and revealed the outline of her bust and shoulders, while the lamp flooded with light the face she turned to him, and again averted for a moment, as if startled at some noise behind her. She thus showed a smooth, low forehead, lips and cheeks deeply red, a softly rounded chin touched with a faint dimple, and in turn a nose short and aquiline; her eyes were dark, and her dusky hair flowed crinkling above her fine black brows, and vanished down the curve of a lovely neck. A peculiar charm lay in the form of her upper lip: it was exquisitely arched, and at the corners it projected a little over the lower lip, so that when she smiled it gave a piquant sweetness to her mouth, with a certain demure innocence that qualified the Roman pride of her profile. For the rest, her beauty was of the kind that coming years would only ripen and enrich; at thirty she would be even handsomer than at twenty, and be all the more southern in her type for the paling of that northern color in her cheeks. The young man who looked up at her from the door-step had a yellow mustache, shadowing either side of his lip with a broad sweep, like a bird's wing; his chin, deep-cut below his mouth, failed to come strenuously forward; his cheeks were filled to an oval contour, and his face had otherwise the regularity common to Americans; his eyes, a clouded gray, heavy-lidded and long-lashed, were his most striking feature, and he gave her beauty a deliberate look from them as he lightly stamped the snow from his feet, and pulled the seal-skin gloves from his long hands.

"Come in," she whispered, coloring with pleasure under his gaze; and she made haste to shut the door after him, with a luxurious impatience of the cold. She led the way into the room from which she had come, and set down the lamp on the corner of the piano, while he slipped off his overcoat and swung it over the end of the sofa. They drew up chairs to the stove, in which the smoldering fire, revived by the opened draft, roared and snapped. It was midnight, as the sharp strokes of a wooden clock declared from the kitchen, and they were alone together, and all the other inmates of the house were asleep. The situation, scarcely conceivable to another civilization, is so common in ours, where youth commands its fate and trusts solely to itself, that it may be said to be characteristic of the New England civilization wherever it keeps its simplicity. It was not stolen or clandestine; it would have interested every one, but would have shocked no one in the village if the whole village had known it; all that a girl's parents ordinarily exacted was that they should not be waked up.

"Ugh!" said the girl. "It seems as if I never should get warm."

She leaned forward, and stretched her hands toward the stove, and he presently rose from the rocking-chair in which he sat, somewhat lower than she, and lifted her sack to throw it over her shoulders. But he put it down and took up his overcoat.

"Allow my coat the pleasure," he said, with the ease of a man who is not too far lost to be really flattering.

"Much obliged to the coat," she replied, shrugging herself into it and pulling the collar close about her throat. "I wonder you didn't put it on the sorrel. You could have tied the sleeves around her neck."

"Shall I tie them around yours?" He leaned forward from the low rocking-chair into which he had sunk again, and made a feint at what he had proposed.

But she drew back with a gay "No!" and

added: "Some day, father says, that sorrel will be the death of us. He says it's a bad color for a horse. They're always ugly, and when they get heated they're crazy."

"You never seem to be very much frightened when you're riding after the sorrel," said Bartley.

"Oh, I've great faith in your driving."

"Thanks. But I don't believe in this notion about a horse being vicious because he's of a certain color. If your father didn't believe in it, I should call it a superstition; but the Squire has no superstitions."

"I don't know about that," said the girl. "I don't think he likes to see the new moon over his left shoulder."

"I beg his pardon, then," returned Bartley. "I ought to have said religions: The Squire has no religions."

The young fellow had a rich, caressing voice, and a securely winning manner which comes from the habit of easily pleasing; in this charming tone, and with this delightful insinuation, he often said things that hurt; but with such a humorous glance from his softly shaded eyes that people felt in some sort flattered at being taken into the joke, even while they winced under it.

The girl seemed to wince, as if, in spite of her familiarity with the fact, it wounded her to have her father's skepticism recognized just then. She said nothing, and he added:

"I remember we used to think that a red-headed boy was worse tempered on account of his hair. But I don't believe the sorrel-tops, as we called them, were any more fiery than the rest of us."

Marcia did not answer at once, and then she said, with the vagueness of one not greatly interested by the subject:

"You've got a sorrel-top in your office that's fiery enough, if she's anything like what she used to be when she went to school."

"Sally Morrison?"

"Yes."

"Oh, she isn't so bad. She's pretty lively, but she's very eager to learn the business, and I guess we shall get along. I think she wants to please me."

"*Does* she! But she must be going on seventeen now."

"I dare say," answered the young man, carelessly, but with perfect intelligence. "She's good-looking in her way, too."

"Oh! Then you admire red hair?"

He perceived the anxiety that the girl's pride could not keep out of her tone, but he answered, indifferently:

"I'm a little too near that color myself. I hear that red hair 's coming into fashion, but I guess it's natural I should prefer black."

She leaned back in her chair, and crushed the velvet collar of his coat under her neck in lifting her head to stare at the high-hung mezzotints and family photographs on the walls, while a flattered smile parted her lips, and there was a little thrill of joy in her voice.

"I presume we must be a good deal behind the age in everything at Equity."

"Well, you know my opinion of Equity," returned the young man. "If I didn't have you here to free my mind to once in a while, I don't know what I should do."

She was so proud to be in the secret of his discontent with the narrow world of Equity that she tempted him to disparage it further by pretending to identify herself with it.

"I don't see why you abuse Equity to me. I've never been anywhere else, except those two winters at school. You'd better look out: I might expose you," she threatened, fondly.

"I'm not afraid. Those two winters make a great difference. You saw girls from other places—from Augusta, and Bangor, and Bath."

"Well, I couldn't see how they were so very different from Equity girls."

"I dare say they couldn't, either, if they judged from you."

She leaned forward again, and begged for more flattery from him with her happy eyes.

"Why, what *does* make me so different from all the rest? I should really like to know."

"Oh, you don't expect me to tell you to your face!"

"Yes, to my face! I don't believe it's anything complimentary."

"No, it's nothing that you deserve any credit for."

"Pshaw!" cried the girl. "I know you're only talking to make fun of me. How do I know but you make fun of me to other girls, just as you do of them to me? Everybody says you're sarcastic."

"Have I ever been sarcastic with you?"

"You know I wouldn't stand it."

He made no reply, but she admired the ease with which he now turned from her, and took one book after another from the table at his elbow, saying some words of ridicule about each. It gave her a still deeper sense of his intellectual command when he finally discriminated, and began to read out a poem with studied elocutionary effects. He read in a low tone, but at last some responsive noises came from the room overhead; he closed the book, and threw himself into an attitude of deprecation, with his eyes cast up to the ceiling.

"Chicago," he said, laying the book on the table, and taking his knee between his hands, while he dazzled her by speaking from the abstraction of one who has carried on a train of thought quite different from that on which he seemed to be intent,—"Chicago is the place for me. I don't think I can stand Equity much longer. You know that chum of mine I told you about; he's written to me to come out there and go into the law with him at once."

"Why don't you go?" the girl forced herself to ask.

"Oh, I'm not ready yet. Should you write to me if I went to Chicago?"

"I don't think you'd find my letters very interesting. You wouldn't want any news from Equity."

"Your letters wouldn't be interesting if you gave me the Equity news; but they would if you left it out. Then you'd have to write about yourself."

"Oh, I don't think that would interest anybody."

"Well, I feel almost like going out to Chicago to see."

"But I haven't promised to write yet," said the girl, laughing for joy in his humor.

"I shall have to stay in Equity till you do, then. Better promise at once."

"Wouldn't that be too much like marrying a man to get rid of him?"

"I don't think that's always such a bad plan—for the man."

He waited for her to speak; but she had gone the length of her tether in this direction.

"Byron says:

"'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart—
'Tis woman's whole existence.'

Do you believe that?" He dwelt upon her with his free look, in the happy embarrassment with which she let her head droop.

"I don't know," she murmured. "I don't know anything about a man's life."

"It was the woman's I was asking about."

"I don't think I'm competent to answer."

"Well, I'll tell you, then. I think Byron was mistaken. My experience is that when a man is in love, there's nothing else of him. That's the reason I've kept out of it altogether of late years. My advice is, don't fall in love: it takes too much time." They both laughed at this. "But about corresponding, now; you haven't said whether you would write to me, or not. Will you?"

"Can't you wait and see?" she asked, slanting a look at him, which she could not keep from being fond.

"No, no. Unless you wrote to me I couldn't go to Chicago."

"Perhaps I ought to promise, then, at once."

"You mean that you wish me to go."

"You said that you were going. You oughtn't to let anything stand in the way of your doing the best you can for yourself."

"But you would miss me a little, wouldn't you? You would try to miss me, now and then?"

"Oh, you are here pretty often. I don't think I should have much difficulty in missing you."

"Thanks, thanks! I can go with a light heart, now. Good-bye."

He made a pretense of rising.

"What! Are you going at once?"

"Yes, this very night—or to-morrow. Or no, I can't go to-morrow. There's something I was going to do to-morrow."

"Perhaps go to church."

"Oh, that, of course. But it was in the afternoon. Stop! I have it! I want you to go sleigh-riding with me in the afternoon."

"I don't know about that," Marcia began.

"But I do," said the young man. "Hold on: I'll put my request in writing." He opened her portfolio, which lay on the table. "What elegant stationery! May I use some of this elegant stationery? The letter is to a lady—to open a correspondence. May I?" She laughed her assent. "How ought I to begin? Dearest Miss Marcia, or just Dear Marcia: which is better?"

"You had better not put either——"

"But I must. You're one or the other, you know. You're dear,—to your family,—and you're Marcia: you can't deny it. The only question is whether you're the dearest of all the Miss Marcias. I may be mistaken, you know. We'll err on the safe side: Dear Marcia:" He wrote it down. "That looks well, and it reads well. It looks very natural, and it reads like poetry—blank verse; there's no rhyme for it that I can remember. Dear Marcia: Will you go sleigh-riding with me to-morrow afternoon, at two o'clock sharp? Yours—yours? sincerely, or cordially, or affectionately, or what? The 'dear Marcia' seems to call for something out of the common. I think it had better be affectionately." He suggested it with ironical gravity.

"And *I* think it had better be 'truly,'" protested the girl.

"'Truly' it shall be, then. Your word is law—statute in such case made and provided." He wrote, "With unutterable devotion, yours truly, Bartley J. Hubbard," and read it aloud.

She leaned forward, and lightly caught it away from him, and made a feint of tearing it. He seized her hands.

"Mr. Hubbard!" she cried, in under-tone. "Let me go, please."

"On two conditions—promise not to tear up my letter, and promise to answer it in writing."

She hesitated long, letting him hold her wrists. At last she said, "Well," and he released her wrists, on whose whiteness his clasp left red circles. She settled her bracelets over these, and as she tore off a scrap of paper she said:

"Who would think, to see you anywhere else, that you were such a case to carry on?"

"Nobody! That is my secret—my little joke. Respect it; and answer my letter."

She wrote a single word on the paper, and pushed it across the table to him. He rose with it, and went around to her side.

"This is very nice. But you haven't spelled it correctly. Anybody would say this was *No*, to look at it; and you meant to write *Yes*. Take the pencil in your hand, Miss Gaylord, and I will steady your trembling nerves, so that you can form the characters. Stop! At the slightest resistance on your part, I will call out and alarm the house; or I will——" He put the pencil into her fingers, and took her soft fist into his, and changed the word, while she submitted, helpless with her smothered laughter. "Now the address. Dear——"

"No, no!" she protested.

"Yes, yes! Dear Mr. Hubbard. There, that will do. Now the signature. Yours——"

"I *wont* write that. I wont, indeed!"

"Oh, yes, you will. You only think you wont. Yours gratefully, Marcia Gaylord. That's right. The Gaylord is not very legible, on account of a slight tremor in the writer's arm, resulting from a constrained posture, perhaps. Thanks, Miss Gaylord. I will be here promptly at the hour indicated——"

The noises renewed themselves overhead—some one seemed to be moving about. Hubbard laid his hand on that of the girl, still resting on the table, and grasped it in burlesque alarm; she could scarcely stifle her mirth. He released her hand, and reaching his chair with a theatrical stride, sat there cowering till the noises ceased. Then he began to speak soberly, in a low voice. He spoke of himself; but in application of a lecture which they had lately heard, so that he seemed to be speaking of the lecture. It was on the formation of character, and he told of the processes by which he had formed his own character. They appeared very wonderful to her, and she marveled at the ease with which he dismissed the frivolity of his recent mood, and was now all seriousness. When he came to speak of the influence of others upon him, she almost trembled with the intensity of her interest.

"But of all the women I have known, Marcia," he said, "I believe you have had the strongest influence upon me. I believe you could make me do anything; but you have always influenced me for good; your influence upon me has been ennobling and elevating."

She wished to refuse his praise; but her heart throbbed for bliss and pride in it; her voice dissolved on her lips. They sat in silence; and he took in his the hand that she let hang over the side of her chair.

The lamp began to burn low, and she found words to say, "I had better get another," but she did not move.

"No—don't," he said; "I must be going, too. Look at the wick, there, Marcia; it scarcely reaches the oil. In a little while it will not reach it, and the flame will die out. That is the way the ambition to be good and great will die out of me, when my life no longer draws its inspiration from your influence."

This figure took her imagination; it seemed to her very beautiful; and his praise humbled her more and more.

"Good-night," he said, in a low, sad voice. He gave her hand a last pressure, and rose to put on his coat. Her admiration of his words, her happiness in his flattery, filled her brain like wine. She moved dizzily as she took up the lamp to light him to the door. "I have tired you," he said, tenderly, and he passed his hand around her to sustain the elbow of the arm with which she held the lamp; she wished to protest against his embrace, but she could not try.

At the door he bent down his head and kissed her. "Good-night, dear—friend."

"Good-night," she panted, and after the door had closed upon him, she stooped and kissed the knob on which his hand had rested.

As she turned, she started to see her father coming down the stairs with a candle in his hand. He had his black cravat tied around his throat, but no collar; otherwise, he had on the rusty black clothes in which he ordinarily went about his affairs: the cassimere pantaloons, the satin vest, and the dress-coat which old-fashioned country lawyers still wore ten years ago, in preference to a frock or sack. He stopped on one of the lower steps, and looked sharply down into her uplifted face, and as they stood confronted, their consanguinity came out in vivid resemblances and contrasts; his high, hawk-like profile was translated into the fine aquiline outline of hers; the harsh rings of black hair, now grizzled with age, which clustered tightly over his head, except where they had retreated from his deeply seamed and wrinkled fore-

head, were the crinkled flow above her smooth white brow; and the line of the bristly tufts that overhung his eyes was the same as that of the low arches above hers. Her complexion was from her mother; his skin was dusky yellow; but they had the same mouth, and hers showed how sweet his mouth must have been in his youth. His eyes, deep sunk in their cavernous sockets, had rekindled their dark fires in hers; his whole visage, softened to her sex and girlish years, looked up at him in his daughter's face.

"Why, father! Did we wake you?"

"No. I hadn't been asleep at all. I was coming down to read. But it's time you were in bed, Marcia."

"Yes, I'm going, now. There's a good fire in the parlor stove."

The old man descended the remaining steps, but turned at the parlor door, and looked again at his daughter with a glance that arrested her, with her foot on the lowest stair.

"Marcia," he asked, grimly, "are you engaged to Bartley Hubbard?"

The blood flashed up from her heart into her face like fire, and then, as suddenly, fell back again, and left her white. She let her head droop and turn, till her eyes were wholly averted from him, and she did not speak. He closed the door behind him, and she went upstairs to her own room; in her shame, she seemed to herself to crawl thither, with her father's glance burning upon her.

II.

Bartley Hubbard drove his sorrel colt back to the hotel stable through the moonlight, and woke up the hostler, asleep behind the counter, on a bunk covered with buffalo-robes. The half-grown boy did not wake easily; he conceived of the affair as a joke, and bade Bartley quit his fooling, till the young man took him by his collar, and stood him on his feet. Then he fumbled about the button of the lamp, turned low and smelling rankly, and lit his lantern, which contributed a rival stench to the choking air. He kicked together the embers that smoldered on the hearth of the Franklin stove, sitting down before it for his greater convenience, and having put a fresh pine-root on the fire, fell into a doze, with his lantern in his hand. "Look here, young man!" said Bartley, shaking him by the shoulder, "you had better go out and put that colt up, and leave this sleeping before the fire to me."

"Guess the colt can wait awhile," grumbled the boy, but he went out, all the same, and Bartley, looking through the window, saw his lantern wavering, a yellow blot in the white moonshine, toward the stable. He sat down in the hostler's chair, and, in his turn, kicked the pine-root with the heel of his shoe, and looked about the room. He had had, as he would have said, a grand good time; but it had left him hungry, and the table in the middle of the room, with the chairs huddled around it, was suggestive, though he knew that it had been barrenly put there for the convenience of the landlord's friends, who came every night to play whist with him, and that nothing to eat or drink had ever been set out on it to interrupt the austere interest of the game. It was long since there had been anything on the shelves behind the counter more cheerful than corn-balls and fancy crackers for the children of the summer boarders; these dainties being out of the season, the jars now stood there empty. The young man waited in a hungry reverie, in which it appeared to him that he was undergoing unmerited suffering, till the stable-boy came back, now wide awake, and disposed to let the house share his vigils, as he stamped over the floor in his heavy boots.

"Andy," said Bartley, in a pathetic tone of injury, "can't you scare me up something to eat?"

"There aint anything in the buttery but meat-pie," said the boy.

He meant mince-pie, as Hubbard knew, and not a pasty of meat; and the hungry man hesitated.

"Well, fetch it," he said, finally. "I guess we can warm it up a little by the coals here."

He had not been so long out of college but the idea of this irregular supper, when he had once formed it, began to have its fascination. He took up the broad fire-shovel, and, by the time the boy had shuffled to and from the pantry beyond the dining-room, Bartley had cleaned the shovel with a piece of newspaper, and was already heating it by the embers which he had raked out from under the pine-root. The boy silently transferred the half-pie he had brought from its plate to the shovel. He pulled up a chair and sat down to watch it. The pie began to steam and send out a savory odor; he himself, in thawing, emitted a stronger and stronger smell of stable. He was not without his disdain for the palate which must have its mince-pie warm at midnight—nor without his respect for it, either. This fastidious taste must be part of the splendor which showed itself in Mr. Hubbard's city-cut clothes, and in his neck-scarfs and the perfection of his finger-nails and mustache. The boy had felt the original impression of these facts deepened rather than effaced by custom; they were for every day, and not, as he had at first conjectured, for some great occasion only.

"You don't suppose, Andy, there is such a thing as cold tea or coffee anywhere, that we could warm up?" asked Bartley, gazing thoughtfully at the pie.

The boy shook his head.

"Get you some milk," he said; and, after he had let the dispiriting suggestion sink into the other's mind, he added, "or some water."

"Oh, bring on the milk," groaned Bartley, but with the relief that a choice of evils affords.

The boy stumped away for it, and when he came back the young man had got his pie on the plate again and had drawn his chair up to the table. "Thanks," he said, with his mouth full, as the boy set down the goblet of milk. Andy pulled his chair round so as to get an unrestricted view of a man who ate his pie with his fork as easily as another would with a knife. "That sister of yours is a smart girl," the young man added, making deliberate progress with the pie.

The boy made an inarticulate sound of satisfaction, and resolved in his heart to tell her what Mr. Hubbard had said.

"She's as smart as time," continued Bartley.

This was something concrete. The boy knew he should remember that comparison.

"Bring you anything else?" he asked, admiring the young man's skill in getting the last flakes of the crust on his fork. The pie had now vanished.

"Why, there isn't anything else, is there?" Bartley demanded, with the plaintive dismay of a man who fears he has flung away his hunger upon one dish when he might have had something better.

"Cheese," replied the boy.

"Oh!" said Bartley. He reflected awhile. "I suppose I could toast a piece on this fork. But there isn't any more milk."

The boy took away the plate and goblet, and brought them again replenished.

Bartley contrived to get the cheese on his fork and rest it against one of the andirons so that it would not fall into the ashes. When it was done, he ate it as he had eaten the pie, without offering to share his feast with the boy.

"There!" he said. "Yes, Andy, if she keeps on as she's been doing, she wont have any trouble. She's a bright girl."

He stretched his legs before the fire again, and presently yawned.

"Want your lamp, Mr. Hubbard?" asked the boy.

"Well, yes, Andy," the young man consented. "I suppose I may as well go to bed."

But, when the boy brought his lamp, he still remained with outstretched legs in front of the fire. Speaking of Sally Morrison made him think of Marcia again, and of the way in which she had spoken of the girl. He lolled his head on one side in such comfort as a young man finds in the conviction that a pretty girl is not only fond of him, but is instantly jealous of any other girl whose name is mentioned. He smiled at the flame in his reverie, and the boy examined, with clandestine minuteness, the set and pattern of his trowsers, with glances of reference and comparison to his own.

There were many things about his relations with Marcia Gaylord which were calculated to give Bartley satisfaction. She was, without question, the prettiest girl in the place, and she had more style than any other girl began to have. He liked to go into a room with Marcia Gaylord; it was some pleasure. Marcia was a lady; she had a good education; she had been away two years at school; and, when she came back at the end of the second winter, he knew that she had fallen in love with him at sight. He believed that he could time it to a second. He remembered how he had looked up at her as he passed, and she had reddened and tried to turn away from the window as if she had not seen him. Bartley was still free as air; but if he could once make up his mind to settle down in a hole like Equity, he could have her by turning his hand. Of course she had her drawbacks, like everybody. She was proud, and she would be jealous; but, with all her pride and her distance, she had let him kiss her; and with not a word on his part that any one could hold him to.

"Hullo!" he cried, with a suddenness that startled the boy, who had finished his meditation upon Bartley's trowsers, and was now deeply dwelling on his boots. "Do you like 'em? See what sort of a shine you can give 'em for Sunday-go-to-meeting to-morrow morning." He put out his hand and laid hold of the boy's head, passing his fingers through the thick red hair. "Sorrel-top!" he said, with a grin of agreeable reminiscence. "They emptied all the freckles they had left into your face—didn't they, Andy?"

This free, joking way of Bartley's was one of the things that made him popular; he passed the time of day, and was give and take right along, as his admirers expressed it, from the first, in a community where his smartness had that honor which gives us more smart men to the square mile than any other country in the world. The fact of his smartness had been affirmed and established in the strongest manner by the authorities of the college at which he was graduated, in answer to the reference he made to them when negotiating with the

committee in charge for the place he now held as editor of the Equity "Free Press." The faculty spoke of the solidity and variety of his acquirements, and the distinction with which he had acquitted himself in every branch of study he had undertaken. They added that he deserved the greater credit because his early disadvantages as an orphan, dependent on his own exertions for a livelihood, had been so great that he had entered college with difficulty and with heavy conditions. This turned the scale with a committee who had all been poor boys themselves, and justly feared the encroachments of hereditary aristocracy. They perhaps had their misgivings when the young man, in his well-blacked boots, his gray trowsers neatly fitting over them, and his diagonal coat buttoned high with one button, stood before them with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and looked down over his mustache at the floor with sentiments concerning their wisdom which they could not explore; they must have resented the fashionable keeping of everything about him, for Bartley wore his one suit as if it were but one of many; but when they understood that he had come by everything through his own unaided smartness, they could no longer hesitate. One, indeed, still felt it a duty to call attention to the fact that the college authorities said nothing of the young man's moral characteristics in a letter dwelling so largely upon his intellectual qualifications. The others referred this point by a silent look to Squire Gaylord.

"I don't know," said the Squire, "as I ever heard that a great deal of morality was required by a newspaper editor." The rest laughed at the joke, and the Squire continued: "But I guess if he worked his own way through college, as they say, that he haint had time to be up to a great deal of mischief. You know it's for idle hands that the devil provides, doctor."

"That's true, as far as it goes," said the doctor. "But it isn't the whole truth. The devil provides for some busy hands, too."

"There's a good deal of sense in that," the Squire admitted. "The worst scamps I ever knew were active fellows. Still, industry is in a man's favor. If the faculty knew anything against this young man they would have given us a hint of it. I guess we had better take him; we sha'n't do better. Is it a vote?"

The good opinion of Bartley's smartness which Squire Gaylord had formed was confirmed some months later by the development of the fact that the young man did not regard his management of the Equity "Free Press" as a final vocation. The story went that he lounged into the lawyer's office one Saturday afternoon in October, and asked him to let him take his Blackstone into the woods with him. He came back with it a few hours later.

"Well, sir," said the attorney, sardonically, "how much Blackstone have you read?"

"About forty pages," answered the young man, dropping into one of the empty chairs, and hanging his leg over the arm.

The lawyer smiled, and opening the book, asked half a dozen questions at random. Bartley answered without changing his indifferent countenance, or the careless posture he had fallen into. A sharper and longer examination followed; the very language seemed to have been unbrokenly transferred to his mind, and he often gave the author's words as well as his ideas.

"Ever looked at this before?" asked the lawyer, with a keen glance at him over his spectacles.

"No," said Bartley, gaping as if bored, and further relieving his weariness by stretching. He was without deference for any presence; and the old lawyer did not dislike him for this: he had no deference himself.

"You think of studying law?" he asked, after a pause.

"That's what I came to ask you about," said Bartley, swinging his leg.

The elder recurred to his book, and put some more questions. Then he said:

"Do you want to study with me?"

"That's about the size of it."

He shut the book, and pushed it on the table toward the young man.

"Go ahead. You'll get along—if you don't get along too easily."

It was in the spring after this that Marcia returned home from her last term at boarding school, and first saw him.

III.

BARTLEY woke on Sunday morning with the regrets that a supper of mince-pie and toasted cheese is apt to bring. He woke from a bad dream, and found that he had a dull headache. A cup of coffee relieved his pain, but it left him listless, and with a longing for sympathy which he experienced in any mental or physical discomfort. The frankness with which he then appealed for compassion was one of the things that made people like him; he flung himself upon the pity of the first he met. It might be some one to whom he had said a cutting or mortifying thing at their last encounter, but Bartley did not mind that; what he desired was commiseration, and he confidingly ignored the past in a trust that had rarely been abused. If his sarcasm proved that he was quick

and smart, his recourse to those who had suffered from it proved that he did not mean anything by what he said; it showed that he was a man of warm feelings and that his heart was in the right place.

Bartley deplored his disagreeable sensations to the other boarders at breakfast, and affectionately excused himself to them for not going to church, when they turned into the office, and gathered there before the Franklin stove, sensible of the day in freshly shaven chins and newly blacked boots. The habit of church-going was so strong and universal in Equity that even strangers stopping at the hotel found themselves the object of a sort of hospitable competition with the members of the different denominations, who took it for granted that they would wish to go somewhere, and only suffered them a choice between sects. There was no intolerance in their offer of pews, but merely a profound expectation, and one might continue to choose his place of worship Sabbath after Sabbath without offense. This was Bartley's custom, and it had worked to his favor rather than his disadvantage; for in the rather chaotic liberality into which religious sentiment had fallen in Equity, it was tacitly conceded that the editor of a paper devoted to the interests of the whole town ought not to be of fixed theological opinions.

Religion there had largely ceased to be a fact of spiritual experience, and the visible church flourished on condition of providing for the social needs of the community. It was practically held that the salvation of one's soul must not be made too depressing, or the young people would have nothing to do with it. Professors of the sternest creeds temporized with sinners, and did what might be done to win them to heaven by helping them to have a good time here. The church embraced and included the world. It no longer frowned even upon social dancing—a transgression once so heinous in its eyes; it opened its doors to popular lectures, and encouraged secular music in its basements, where, during the winter, oyster-suppers were given in aid of good objects. The Sunday-school was made particularly attractive, both to the children and the young men and girls who taught them. Not only at Thanksgiving, but at Christmas, and latterly even at Easter, there were special observances, which the enterprising spirits having the welfare of the church at heart tried to make significant and agreeable to all, and promotive of good feeling. Christenings and marriages in the church were encouraged, and elaborately celebrated; death alone, though treated with cut-flowers in emblematic devices, refused to lend itself to the cheerful intentions of those who were struggling to render the idea of another and a better world less repulsive. In contrast with the relaxation and uncertainty of their doctrinal aim, the rude and bold infidelity of old Squire Gaylord had the greater affinity with the mood of the Puritanism they had outgrown. But Bartley Hubbard liked the religious situation well enough. He took a leading part in the entertainments, and did something to impart to them a literary cast, as in the series of readings from the poets which he gave, the first winter, for the benefit of each church in turn. At these lectures he commended himself to the sober elders, who were troubled by the levity of his behavior with young people on other occasions, by asking one of the ministers to open the exercises with prayer, and another, at the close, to invoke the divine blessing; there was no especial relevancy in this, but it pleased. He kept himself, from the beginning, pretty constantly in the popular eye. He was a speaker at all public meetings, where his declamation was admired, and at private parties, where the congealed particles of village society were united in a frozen mass, he was the first to break the ice, and set the angular fragments grating and grinding upon one another.

He now went to his room, and opened his desk, with some vague purposes of bringing up the arrears of his correspondence. Formerly, before his interest in the newspaper had lapsed at all, he used to give his Sunday leisure to making selections and writing paragraphs for it; but he now let the pile of exchanges lie unopened on his desk, and began to rummage through the letters scattered about in it. They were mostly from young ladies with whom he had corresponded, and some of them inclosed the photographs of the writers, doing their best to look as they hoped he might think they looked. They were not love-letters, but were of that sort which the laxness of our social life invites young people, who have met pleasantly, to exchange as long as they like, without explicit intentions on either side; they commit the writers to nothing; they are commonly without result, except in wasting time which is hardly worth saving. Every one who has lived the American life must have produced them in great numbers. While youth lasts, they afford an excitement whose charm is hard to realize afterward.

Bartley's correspondents were young ladies of his college town, where he had first begun to see something of social life in days which he now recognized as those of his green youth. They were not so very far removed in point of time; but the experience of a larger world

in the vacation he had spent with a Boston student had relegated them to a moral remoteness that could not readily be measured. His friend was the son of a family who had diverted him from the natural destiny of a Boston man at Harvard, and sent him elsewhere for sectarian reasons. They were rich people, devout in their way, and benevolent, after a fashion of their own; and their son always brought home with him, for the holidays and other short vacations, some fellow-student accounted worthy of their hospitality through his religious intentions or his intellectual promise. These guests were indicated to the young man by one of the faculty, and he accepted their companionship for the time with what perfunctory civility he could muster. He and Bartley had amused themselves very well during that vacation. The Hallecks were not fashionable people, but they lived wealthily: they had a coachman and an inside man (whom Bartley at first treated with a consideration which it afterward mortified him to think of); their house was richly furnished with cushioned seats, dense carpets, and heavy curtains; and they were visited by other people of their denomination and of a like abundance. Some of these were infected with the prevailing culture of the city, and the young ladies especially dressed in a style and let fall ideas that filled the soul of the country student with wonder and worship. He heard a great deal of talk that he did not understand; but he eagerly treasured every impression, and pieced it out, by question or furtive observation, into an image often shrewdly true, and often grotesquely untrue, to the conditions into which he had been dropped. He civilized himself as rapidly as his light permitted. There was a great deal of church-going; but he and young Halleck went also to lectures and concerts; they even went to the opera, and Bartley, with the privity of his friend, went to the theater. Halleck said that he did not think there was much harm in a play; but that his people staid away for the sake of the example—a reason that certainly need not hold with Bartley.

At the end of the vacation he returned to college, leaving his measure with Halleck's tailor, and his heart with all the splendors and elegancies of the town. He found the ceilings very low and the fashions much belated in the village; but he reconciled himself as well as he could. The real stress came when he left college and the question of doing something for himself pressed upon him. He intended to study law, but he must meantime earn his living. It had been his fortune to be left, when very young, not only an orphan, but an extremely pretty child, with an exceptional aptness for study; and he had been better cared for than if his father and mother had lived. He had been not only well housed and fed, and very well dressed, but pitied as an orphan, and petted for his beauty and talent, while he was always taught to think of himself as a poor boy, who was winning his own way through the world. But when his benefactor proposed to educate him for the ministry, with a view to his final use in missionary work, he revolted. He apprenticed himself to the printer of his village, and rapidly picked up a knowledge of the business, so that at nineteen he had laid by some money, and was able to think of going to college. There was a fund in aid of indigent students in the institution to which he turned, and the faculty favored him. He finished his course with great credit to himself and the college, and he was naturally inclined to look upon what had been done for him earlier as an advantage taken of his youthful inexperience. He rebelled against the memory of that tutelage, in spite of which he had accomplished such great things. If he had not squandered his time or fallen into vicious courses in circumstances of so much discouragement; if he had come out of it all self-reliant and independent, he knew whom he had to thank for it. The worst of the matter was that there was some truth in all this.

The ardor of his satisfaction cooled in the two years following his graduation, when in intervals of teaching country schools he was actually reduced to work at his trade on a village newspaper. But it was as a practical printer, through the freemasonry of the craft, that Bartley heard of the wish of the Equity committee to place the "Free Press" in new hands, and he had to be grateful to his trade for a primary consideration from them which his collegiate honors would not have won him. There had not yet begun to be that talk of journalism as a profession which has since prevailed with our collegians, and if Bartley had thought, as other collegians think, of devoting himself to newspaper life, he would have turned his face toward the city where its prizes are won—the ten and fifteen dollar reporterships for which a four years' course of the classics is not too costly a preparation. But, to tell the truth, he had never regarded his newspaper as anything but a make-shift, by which he was to be carried over a difficult and anxious period of his life, and enabled to attempt something worthier his powers. He had no illusions concerning it; if he had ever thought of journalism as a grand and ennobling profession, these ideas had perished in his experience in a village printing-office. He came to his work in Equity with practical and immediate purposes which pleased the committee

better. The paper had been established some time before, in one of those flurries of ambition which from time to time seized Equity, when its citizens reflected that it was the central town in the county, and yet not the shire-town. The question of the removal of the county-seat had periodically arisen before; but it had never been so hotly agitated as now. The paper had been a happy thought of a local politician, whose conception of its management was that it might be easily edited by a committee, if a printer could be found to publish it; but a few months' experience had made the "Free Press" a terrible burden to its founders; it could not be sustained, and it could not be let die without final disaster to the interests of the town; and the committee began to cast about for a publisher who could also be editor. Bartley, to whom it fell, could not be said to have thrown his heart and soul into the work, but he threw all his energy, and he made it more than its friends could have hoped. He espoused the cause of Equity in the pending question with the zeal of a *condottiere*, and did service no less faithful because of the cynical quality latent in it. When the legislative decision against Equity put an end to its ambitious hopes for the time being, he continued in control of the paper, with a fair prospect of getting the property into his own hands at last, and with some growing question in his mind whether, after all, it might not be as easy for him to go into politics from the newspaper as from the law. He managed the office very economically, and by having the work done by girl apprentices, with the help of one boy, he made it self-supporting. He modeled the newspaper upon the modern conception, through which the country press must cease to have any influence in public affairs, and each paper become little more than an open letter of neighborhood gossip. But while he filled his sheet with minute chronicles of the goings and comings of unimportant persons, and with all attainable particulars of the ordinary life of the different localities, he continued to make spicy hits at the enemies of Equity in the late struggle, and kept the public spirit of the town alive. He had lately undertaken to make known its advantages as a summer resort, and had published a series of encomiums upon the beauty of its scenery and the healthfulness of its air and water, which it was believed would put it in a position of rivalry with some of the famous White Mountain places. He invited the enterprise of outside capital, and advocated a narrow-gauge road up the valley of the river through the Notch, so as to develop the picturesque advantages of that region. In all this the color of mockery let the wise perceive that Bartley saw the joke and enjoyed it, and it deepened the popular impression of his smartness.

This vein of cynicism was not characteristic, as it would have been in an older man; it might have been part of that spiritual and intellectual unruliness of youth, which people laugh at and forgive, and which one generally regards in after life as something almost alien to oneself. He wrote long, bragging articles about Equity, in a tone bordering on burlesque, and he had a department in his paper where he printed humorous squibs of his own and of other people; these were sometimes copied, and in the daily papers of the State he had been mentioned as "the funny man of the Equity 'Free Press.'" He also sent letters to one of the Boston journals, which he reproduced in his own sheet, and which gave him an importance that the best endeavor as a country editor would never have won him with the villagers. He would naturally, as the local printer, have ranked a little above the foreman of the saw-mill in the social scale, and decidedly below the master of the Academy; but his personal qualities elevated him over the head even of the latter. But above all, the fact that he was studying law was a guaranty of his superiority that nothing else could have given; that science is the fountain of the highest distinction in a country town. Bartley's whole course implied that he was above editing the "Free Press," but that he did it because it served his turn. That was admirable.

He sat a long time with these girls' letters before him, and lost himself in a pensive reverie over their photographs, and over the good times he used to have with them. He mused in that formless way in which a young man thinks about young girls; his soul is suffused with a sense of their sweetness and brightness, and unless he is distinctly in love there is no intention in his thoughts of them; even then there is often no intention. Bartley might very well have a good conscience about them; he had broken no hearts among them, and had only met them half-way in flirtation. What he really regretted, as he held their letters in his hand, was that he had never got up a correspondence with two or three of the girls whom he had met in Boston. Though he had been cowed by their magnificence in the beginning, he had never had any reverence for them; he believed that they would have liked very well to continue his acquaintance; but he had not known how to open a correspondence, and the point was

one on which he was ashamed to consult Halleck. These college-belles, compared with them, were amusingly inferior; by a natural turn of thought, he realized that they were inferior to Marcia Gaylord, too, in looks and style, no less than in an impassioned preference for himself. A distaste for their somewhat veteran ways in flirtation grew upon him as he thought of her; he philosophized against them to her advantage; he could not blame her if she did not know how to hide her feelings for him. His college training had been purely intellectual; it left his manners and morals untouched, and it seemed not to have concerned itself with his diction or accent; so far as his thoughts took shape in words, he thought slangily; and he now reflected that no girl had ever "gone for him" so before; yet he knew that Marcia was the right sort, and would rather have died than let him suppose that she cared for him, if she had known that she was doing it. The fun of it was, that she should not know; this charmed him, it touched him, even; he did not think of it exultantly, as the night before, but sweetly, fondly, and with a final curiosity to see her again, and enjoy the fact in her presence. The acrid little jets of smoke which escaped from the joints of his stove from time to time annoyed him; he shut his portfolio at last and went out to walk.

IV.

THE forenoon sunshine, beating strong upon the thin snow along the edges of the porch floor, tattered them with a little thaw here and there; but it had no effect upon the hard-packed levels of the street, up the middle of which he walked in a silence intensified by the muffled voices of exhortation that came to him out of the churches. It was in the very heart of sermon-time, and he had the whole street to himself on his way up to Squire Gaylord's house. As he drew near, he saw smoke ascending from the chimney of the lawyer's office—a little white building that stood apart from the dwelling on the left of the gate, and he knew that the old man was within, reading there, with his hat on and his long legs flung out toward the stove, unshaven and unkempt, in a grim protest against the prevalent Christian superstition. He might be reading Hume or Gibbon, or he might be reading the Bible—a book in which he was deeply versed, and from which he was furnished with texts for the demolition of its friends, his adversaries. He professed himself a great admirer of its literature, and, in the heat of controversy, he often found himself a defender of its doctrines when he had occasion to expose the fallacy of latitudinarian interpretations. For liberal Christianity he had nothing but contempt, and refuted it with a scorn which spared none of the worldly tendencies of the church in Equity. The idea that souls were to be saved by church sociables filled him with inappeasable rancor; and he maintained the superiority of the old Puritanic discipline against them with a fervor which nothing but its reëstablishment could have abated. It was said that Squire Gaylord's influence had largely helped to keep in place the last of the rigidly orthodox ministers, under whom his liberalizing congregation chafed for years of discontent; but this was probably an exaggeration of the native humor. Mrs. Gaylord had belonged to this church, and had never formally withdrawn from it, and the lawyer always contributed to pay the minister's salary. He also managed a little property for him so well as to make him independent when he was at last asked to resign by his deacons.

In another mood, Bartley might have stepped aside to look in on the Squire, before asking at the house-door for Marcia. They relished each other's company, as people of contrary opinions and of no opinions are apt to do. Bartley loved to hear the Squire get going, as he said, and the old man felt a fascination in the youngster. Bartley was smart; he took a point as quick as lightning; and the Squire did not mind his making friends with the Mammon of Righteousness, as he called the visible church in Equity. It amused him to see Bartley lending the church the zealous support of the press, with an impartial patronage of the different creeds. There had been times in his own career when the silence of his opinions would have greatly advanced him, but he had not chosen to pay this price for success; he liked his freedom, or he liked the bitter tang of his own tongue too well, and he had remained a leading lawyer in Equity, when he might have ended a judge, or even a Congressman. Of late years, however, since people whom he could have joined in their agnosticism so heartily, up to a certain point, had begun to make such fools of themselves about Darwinism and the brotherhood of all men in the monkey, he had grown much more tolerant. He still clung to his old-fashioned deistical opinions; but he thought no worse of a man for not holding them; he did not deny that a man might be a Christian, and still be a very good man.

The audacious humor of his position sufficed with a people who liked a joke rather better than anything else; in his old age, his infidelity was something that would hardly have been changed, if possible, by a popular vote.

Even his wife, to whom it had once been a heavy cross, borne with secret prayer and tears, had long ceased to gainsay it in any wise. Her family had opposed her yoking with an unbeliever when she married him, but she had some such hopes of converting him as women cherish who give themselves to men confirmed in drunkenness. She learned, as other women do, that she could hardly change her husband in the least of his habits, and that, in this great matter of his unbelief, her love was powerless. It became easier at last for her to add self-sacrifice to self-sacrifice than to vex him with her anxieties about his soul, and to act upon the feeling that if he must be lost, then she did not care to be saved. He had never interfered with her church-going; he had rather promoted it, for he liked to have women go; but the time came when she no longer cared to go without him; she lapsed from her membership, and it was now many years since she had worshiped with the people of her faith, if, indeed, she were still of any faith. Her life was silenced in every way, and, as often happens with aging wives in country towns, she seldom went out of her own door, and never appeared at the social or public solemnities of the village. Her husband and her daughter composed and bounded her world,—she always talked of them, or of other things as related to them. She had grown an elderly woman, without losing the color of her yellow hair; and the bloom of girlhood had been staid in her cheeks as if by the young habit of blushing, which she had kept. She was still what her neighbors called very pretty-appearing, and she must have been a beautiful girl. The silence of her inward life subdued her manner, till now she seemed always to have come from some place on which a deep hush had newly fallen.

She answered the door when Bartley turned the crank that snapped the gong-bell in its center; and the young man, who was looking at the street while waiting for some one to come, confronted her with a start.

"Oh!" he said, "I thought it was Marcia. Good-morning, Mrs. Gaylord. Isn't Marcia at home?"

"She went to church, this morning," replied her mother. "Wont you walk in?"

"Why, yes, I guess I will, thank you," faltered Bartley, in the irresolution of his disappointment. "I hope I sha'n't disturb you."

"Come right into the sitting-room. She wont be gone a great while, now," said Mrs. Gaylord, leading the way to the large square room into which a door at the end of the narrow hall opened. A slumbrous heat from a sheet-iron wood-stove pervaded the place, and a clock ticked monotonously on a shelf in the corner. Mrs. Gaylord said, "Wont you take a chair?" and herself sank into the rocker, with a deep feather cushion in the seat, and a thinner feather cushion tied halfway up the back. After the more active duties of her housekeeping were done, she sat every day in this chair with her knitting or sewing, and let the clock tick the long hours of her life away, with no more apparent impatience of them, or sense of their dullness, than the cat on the braided rug at her feet, or the geraniums in the pots at the sunny window.

"Are you pretty well to-day?" she asked.

"Well, no, Mrs. Gaylord, I'm not," answered Bartley. "I'm all out of sorts. I haven't felt so dyspeptic for I don't know how long."

Mrs. Gaylord smoothed the silk dress across her lap—the thin old black silk which she still instinctively put on for Sabbath observance, though it was so long since she had worn it to church.

"Mr. Gaylord used to have it when we were first married, though he aint been troubled with it of late years. He seemed to think, then, it was worse Sundays."

"I don't believe Sunday has much to do with it, in my case. I ate some mince-pie and some toasted cheese, last night, and I guess they didn't agree with me very well," said Bartley, who did not spare himself the confession of his sins when seeking sympathy: it was this candor that went so far to convince people of his good-heartedness.

"I don't know as I ever heard that meat-pie was bad," said Mrs. Gaylord, thoughtfully. "Mr. Gaylord used to eat it right along all through his dyspepsia, and he never complained of it. And the cheese ought to have made it digest."

"Well, I don't know what it was," replied Bartley, plaintively submitting to be exonerated, "but I feel perfectly used up. Oh, I suppose I shall get over it, or forget all about it, by to-morrow," he added, with strenuous cheerfulness. "It isn't anything worth minding."

Mrs. Gaylord seemed to differ with him on this point.

"Head ache any?" she asked.

"It did this morning, when I first woke up," Bartley assented.

"I don't believe but what a cup of tea would be the best thing for you," she said, critically.

Bartley had instinctively practiced a social art which ingratiated him with people at Equity as much as his demands for sympathy endeared him: he gave trouble in little unusual ways. He now said:

"Oh, I wish you would give me a cup, Mrs. Gaylord."

"Why, yes, indeed! That's just what I was going to," she replied. She went to the kitchen, which lay beyond another room, and re-appeared with the tea directly, proud of her promptness, but having it on her conscience to explain it. "I 'most always keep the pot on the stove hearth, Sunday morning, so's to have ready if Mr. Gaylord ever wants a cup. He's a master hand for tea, and always was. There: *I* guess you better take it without milk. I put some sugar in the saucer, if you want any." She dropped noiselessly upon her feather cushion again, and Bartley, who had risen to receive the tea from her remained standing while he drank it.

"That does seem to go to the spot," he said, as he sipped it, thoughtfully observant of its effect upon his disagreeable feelings. "I wish I had you to take care of me, Mrs. Gaylord, and keep me from making a fool of myself," he added, when he had drained the cup. "No, no!" he cried, at her offering to take it from him. "I'll set it down. I know it will fret you to have it in here, and I'll carry it out into the kitchen." He did so before she could prevent him, and came back, touching his mustache with his handkerchief. "I declare, Mrs. Gaylord, I should love to live in a kitchen like that."

"I guess you wouldn't if you had to," said Mrs. Gaylord, flattered into a smile. "Marcia, she likes to sit out there, she says, better than anywheres in the house. But I always tell her it's because she was there so much when she was little. I don't see as she seems over-anxious to do anything there *but* sit, I tell her. Not but what she knows how well enough. Mr. Gaylord, too, he's great for being 'round in the kitchen. If he gets up in the night, when he has his waking spells, he had rather take his lamp out there, if there's a fire left, and read, any time, than what he would in the parlor. Well, we used to sit there together a good deal when we were young, and he got the habit of it. There's everything in habit," she added, thoughtfully. "Marcia, she's got quite in the way, lately, of going to the Methodist church."

"Yes, I've seen her there. You know I board 'round at the different churches, as the school-master used to at the houses in the old times."

Mrs. Gaylord looked up at the clock, and gave a little nervous laugh.

"I don't know what Marcia will say to my letting her company stay in the sitting-room. She's pretty late to-day. But I guess you wont have much longer to wait, now."

She spoke with that awe of her daughter and her judgments which is one of the pathetic idiosyncrasies of a certain class of American mothers. They feel themselves to be not so well educated as their daughters, whose fancied knowledge of the world they let outweigh their own experience of life; they are used to deferring to them, and they shrink willingly into household drudges before them, and leave them to order the social affairs of the family. Mrs. Gaylord was not much afraid of Bartley for himself, but as Marcia's company he made her more and more uneasy toward the end of the quarter of an hour in which she tried to entertain him with her simple talk, varying from Mr. Gaylord to Marcia, and from Marcia to Mr. Gaylord again. When she recognized the girl's quick touch in the closing of the front door, and her elastic step approached through the hall, the mother made a little deprecating noise in her throat, and fidgeted in her chair. As soon as Marcia opened the sitting-room door, Mrs. Gaylord modestly rose and went out into the kitchen: the mother who remained in the room when her daughter had company was an oddity almost unknown in Equity.

Marcia's face flashed all into a light of joy at sight of Bartley, who scarcely waited for her mother to be gone before he drew her toward him by the hand she had given. She mechanically yielded, and then, as if the recollection of some new resolution forced itself through her pleasure at sight of him, she freed her hand, and, retreating a step or two, confronted him.

"Why, Marcia," he said, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing," she answered.

It might have amused Bartley, if he had felt quite well, to see the girl so defiant of him, when she was really so much in love with him, but it certainly did not amuse him now: it disappointed him in his expectation of finding her femininely soft and comforting, and he did not know just what to do. He stood staring at her in discomfiture, while she gained in outward composure, though her cheeks were of the Jacqueminot red of the ribbon at her throat.

"What have I done, Marcia?" he faltered.

"Oh, you haven't done anything."

"Some one has been talking to you against me."

"No one has said a word to me about you."

"Then why are you so cold—so strange—so—so—different?"

"Different?"

"Yes, from what you were last night," he answered, with an aggrieved air.

"Oh, we see some things differently by day-

light," she lightly explained. "Wont you sit down?"

"No, thank you," Bartley replied, sadly but unresentfully. "I think I had better be going. I see there is something wrong——"

"I don't see why you say there is anything wrong," she retorted. "What have *I* done?"

"Oh, you have not *done* anything; I take it back. It is all right. But when I came here this morning—encouraged—hoping—that you had the same feeling as myself, and you seem to forget everything but a ceremonious acquaintanceship—why it is all right, of course. I have no reason to complain; but I must say that I can't help being surprised." He saw her lips quiver and her bosom heave. "Marcia, do you blame me for feeling hurt at your coldness when I came here to tell you—to tell you I—I love you?" With his nerves all unstrung, and his hunger for sympathy, he really believed that he had come to tell her this. "Yes," he added, bitterly, "I *will* tell you, though it seems to be the last word I shall speak to you. I'll go, now."

"Bartley! You shall *never* go!" she cried, throwing herself in his way. "Do you think I don't care for you, too? You may kiss me—you may *kill* me, now!" The passionate tears sprang to her eyes, without the sound of sobs or the contortion of weeping, and she did not wait for his embrace. She flung her arms around his neck and held him fast, crying: "I wouldn't kiss you for your own sake, darling; and if I had died for it—I thought I should die last night—I was never going to let you put your arm around me again till you said—till—till—now! Don't you see?" She caught him tighter, and hid her face in his neck, and cried and laughed for joy and shame, while he suffered her caresses with a certain bewilderment. "I want to tell you now—I want to explain," she said, lifting her face and letting him from her as far as her arms, caught around his neck, would reach, and fervidly searching his eyes, lest some ray of what he would think should escape her. "Don't speak a word first! Father saw us at the door last night—he happened to be coming downstairs, because he couldn't sleep—just when you——. Oh, Bartley, don't!" she implored, at the little smile that made his mustache quiver. "And he asked me whether we were engaged; and, when I couldn't tell him we were, I know what he thought. I knew how he despised me, and I determined that, if you didn't tell me that you cared for me, you should never touch me again, except to shake hands, like any one else; and that's the reason, Bartley, and not—not because I didn't care more for you than I do for the whole world. And—and—you don't mind it, now, do you? It was for your sake, dearest."

Whether Bartley perfectly divined or not all the feeling at which her words hinted, it was delicious to be clung about by such a pretty girl as Marcia Gaylord, to have her now darting her face into his neck-scarf with intolerable consciousness, and now boldly confronting him with all-defying fondness while she lightly pushed him and pulled him here and there in the vehemence of her appeal; and Bartley laughed as he caught her head between his hands, and covered her lips and eyes with his kisses. Perhaps such a man, in those fastnesses of his nature which psychology has not yet explored, never loses, even in the tenderest transports, the sense of prey as to the girl whose love he has won; but if this is certain, it is also certain that he has transports which are tender, and Bartley now felt his soul melted with affection that was very novel and sweet.

"Why, Marcia!" he said, "what a strange girl you are!" He sunk into his chair again, and, putting his arms around her waist, gathered her upon his knee, like a child.

She held herself apart from him at her arm's length, and said:

"Wait! Let me say it before it seems as if we had always been engaged, and everything was as right then as it is now. Did you despise me for letting you kiss me before we were engaged?"

"No," he laughed again. "I liked you for it."

"But if you thought I would let any one else, you wouldn't have liked it?"

This diverted him still more.

"I shouldn't have liked that more than half as well."

"No," she said, thoughtfully. She dropped her face awhile on his shoulder, and seemed to be struggling with herself. Then she lifted it, and "Did you ever—did you——" she gasped.

He put her head down with his hand, and turned his face aside to nestle against hers. Then he said, laughing out his amusement in her:

"If you want me to say that all the other girls in the world are not worth a hair of your head, I'll say that, Marcia. Now, let's talk business!"

This made her laugh, and—

"I shall want a little lock of yours," she said, as if they had hitherto been talking of nothing but each other's hair.

"And I shall want all of yours," he answered.

"No. Don't be silly." She critically explored his face. "How funny to have a mole

in your eyebrow!" She put her finger on it. "I never saw it before."

"You never looked so closely. There's a scar at the corner of your upper lip that I hadn't noticed."

"Can you see that?" she demanded, radiantly. "Well, you *have* got good eyes! The cat did it when I was a little girl."

The door opened, and Mrs. Gaylord surprised them in the celebration of these discoveries—or, rather, she surprised herself, for she stood holding the door and helpless to move, though in her heart she had an apologetic impulse to retire, and she even believed that she made some murmurs of excuse for her intrusion. Bartley was equally abashed, but Marcia rose with the coolness of her sex in the intimate emergencies which confound a man.

"Oh, mother, it's you! I forgot about you. Come in! Or I'll set the table, if that's what you want." As Mrs. Gaylord continued to look from her to Bartley in her daze, Marcia added, simply: "We're engaged, mother. You may as well know it first as last, and I guess you better know it first."

Her mother appeared not to think it safe to relax her hold upon the door, and Bartley went filially to her rescue—if it was rescue to salute her blushing defenselessness as he did. A confused sense of the extraordinary nature and possible impropriety of the proceeding may have suggested her husband to her mind; or it may have been a feeling that some remark was expected of her, even in the mental destitution to which she was reduced.

"Have you told Mr. Gaylord about it?" she asked, of either, or neither, or both, as they chose to take it.

Bartley left the word to Marcia, who answered:

"Well, no, mother. We haven't yet. We've only just found it out ourselves. I guess father can wait till he comes in to dinner. I intend to keep Bartley here to prove it."

"He said," remarked Mrs. Gaylord, whom Bartley had led to her chair and placed on her cushion, "'t he had a headache when he first came in," and she appealed to him for corroboration, while she vainly endeavored to gather force to grapple again with the larger fact that he and Marcia were just engaged to be married.

Marcia stooped down, and pulled her mother up out of her chair with a hug.

"Oh, come now, mother! You mustn't let it take your breath away," she said, with patronizing fondness. "I'm not afraid of what father will say. You know what he thinks of Bartley—or Mr. Hubbard, as I presume you'll want me to call him! Now, mother, you just run upstairs, and put on your best cap, and leave me to set the table and get up the dinner. I guess I can get Bartley to help me. Mother, mother, mother!" she cried, in happiness that was otherwise unutterable, and clasping her mother closer in her strong young arms, she kissed her with a fervor that made her blush again before the young man.

"Marcia, Marcia! You hadn't ought to! It's ridiculous!" she protested. But she suffered herself to be thrust out of the room, grateful for exile, in which she could collect her scattered wits and set herself to realize the fact that had dispersed them. It was decorous, also, for her to leave Marcia alone with Mr. Hubbard, far more so now than when he was merely company; she felt that, and she fumbled over the dressing she was sent about, and once she looked out of her chamber window at the office where Mr. Gaylord sat, and wondered what Mr. Gaylord (she thought of him, and even dreamt of him as Mr. Gaylord, and had never, in the most familiar moments, addressed him otherwise) *would* say! But she left the solution of the problem to him and Marcia; she was used to leaving them to the settlement of their own difficulties.

"Now, Bartley," said Marcia, in the business-like way that women assume in such matters, as soon as the great fact is no longer in doubt, "you must help me to set the table. Put up that leaf and I'll put up this. I'm going to do more for mother than I used to," she said, repentant in her bliss. "It's a shame how much I've left to her." The domestic instinct was already astir in her heart.

Bartley pulled the table-cloth straight from her, and vied with her in the rapidity and exactness with which he arranged the knives and forks at right angles beside the plates. When it came to some heavier dishes, they agreed to carry them turn about; but when it was her turn, he put his arm about her to support her elbow—"as I did last night, and saved you from dropping a lamp."

This made her laugh, and she dropped the first dish with a crash.

"Poor mother!" she exclaimed. "I know she heard that, and she'll be in agony to know which one it is."

Mrs. Gaylord did indeed hear it, far off in her chamber, and quaked with an anxiety which became intolerable at last.

"Marcia! Marcia!" she quavered, down the stairs, "what *have* you broken?"

Marcia opened the door long enough to call back, "Oh, only the old blue-edged platter, mother!" and then she flew at Bartley, cry-

ing, "For shame! For shame!" and pressing her hand over his mouth to stifle his laughter. "She'll hear you, Bartley, and think you're laughing at her."

But she laughed herself at his struggles, and ended by taking him by the hand and pulling him out into the kitchen, where neither of them could be heard. She abandoned herself to the ecstasy of her soul, and he thought she had never been so charming as in this wild gayety.

"Why, Marsh! I never saw you carry on so before!"

"You never saw me engaged before! That's the way all girls act—if they get the chance. Don't you like me to be so?" she asked, with quick anxiety.

"Rather!" he replied.

"Oh, Bartley!" she exclaimed, "I feel like a child. I surprise myself as much as I do you; for I thought I had got very old, and I didn't suppose I should ever let myself go in this way. But there is something about this that lets me be as silly as I like. It's somehow as if I were a great deal more alone when I'm with you than when I'm by myself! How does it make you feel?"

"Good!" he answered, and that satisfied her better than if he had entered into those subtleties which she had tried to express: it was more like a man. He had his arm about her waist again, and she put down her hand on his to press it closer against her heart.

"Of course," she explained, recurring to his surprise at her frolic mood, "I don't expect you to be silly because I am."

"No," he assented; "but how can I help it?"

"Oh, I don't mean for the time being; I mean generally speaking. I mean that I care for you because I know you know a great deal more than I do, and because I respect you. I know that everybody expects you to be something great, and I do, too."

Bartley did not deny the justness of her opinions concerning himself, or the reasonableness of the general expectation, though he probably could not see the relation of these cold abstractions to the pleasure of sitting with an arm around a girl's waist. But he said nothing.

"Do you know," she went on, turning her face prettily around toward him, but holding it a little way off, to secure attention as impersonal as might be under the circumstances, "what pleased me more than anything else you ever said to me?"

"No," answered Bartley. "Something you got out of me when you were trying to make me tell you the difference between you and the other Equity girls?"

She laughed, in glad defiance of her own consciousness.

"Well, I *was* trying to make you compliment me; I'm not going to deny it. But I must say I got my come-uppance: you didn't say a thing I cared for. But you did afterward. Don't you remember?"

"No. When?"

She hesitated a moment.

"When you told me that my influence had—had—made you better, you know——"

"Oh!" said Bartley. "That! Well," he added, carelessly, "it's every word true. Didn't you believe it?"

"I was just as glad as if I did; and it made me resolve never to do or say a thing that could lower your opinion of me; and then, you know, you kissed me there at the door, and it all seemed part of our trying to make each other better. But when father looked at me in that way, and asked me if we were engaged, I went down into the dust with shame. And worse than that, it seemed to me that you had just been laughing at me, and amusing yourself with me, and I was so furious I didn't know what to do. Do you know what I wanted to do? I wanted to run downstairs to father, and tell him what you had said, and ask him if he believed you had ever done so to any other girl." She paused a little, but he did not answer, and she continued. "But now I'm glad I didn't. And I shall never ask you that, and I shall not care for anything that you—that's happened before to-day. It's all right. And you *do* think I shall always *try* to make you good and happy, don't you?"

"I don't think you can make me much happier than I am at present, and I don't believe anybody could make me feel better," answered Bartley.

She gave a little laugh at his refusal to be serious, and let her head, for fondness, fall upon his shoulder, while he turned round and round a ring he found on her finger.

"Ah, ha!" he said, after a while. "Who gave you this ring, Miss Gaylord?"

"Father, Christmas before last," she promptly answered, without moving. "I'm glad you asked," she murmured, in a lower voice, full of pride in the maiden love she could give him. "There's never been any one but you, or the thought of any one." She suddenly started away.

"Now, let's play we're getting dinner." It was quite time; in the next moment the coffee boiled up, and if she had not caught the lid off and stirred it down with her spoon, it would have been spoiled. The steam ascended to the ceiling, and filled the kitchen with the fragrant smell of the berry.

"I'm glad we're going to have coffee," she said. "You'll have to put up with a cold dinner, except potatoes. But the coffee will make up, and I shall need a cup to keep me awake. I don't believe I slept last night till nearly morning. Do you like coffee?"

"I'd have given all I ever expect to be worth for a cup of it, last night," he said. "I was awfully hungry when I got back to the hotel, and I couldn't find anything but a piece of mince-pie and some old cheese, and I had to be content with cold milk. I felt as if I had lost all my friends this morning when I woke up."

A sense of remembered grievance trembled in his voice, and made her drop her head on his arm, in pity and derision of him.

"Poor Bartley!" she cried. "And you came up here for a little petting from me, didn't you? I've noticed that in you! Well, you didn't get it, did you?"

"Well, not at first," he said.

"Yes, you can't complain of any want of petting at last," she returned, delighted at his indirect recognition of the difference. Then the daring, the archness, and caprice that make coquetry in some women, and lurk a divine possibility in all, came out in her; the sweetness, kept back by the whole strength of her pride, overflowed that broken barrier now, and she seemed to lavish this revelation of herself upon him with a sort of tender joy in his bewilderment. She was not hurt when he crudely expressed the elusive sense which has been in other men's minds at such times: they cannot believe that this fascination is inspired, and not practiced.

"Well," he said, "I'm glad you told me that I was the first. I should have thought you'd had a good deal of experience in flirtation."

"You wouldn't have thought so if you hadn't been a great flirt yourself," she answered, audaciously. "Perhaps I have been engaged before!"

Their talk was for the most part frivolous, and their thoughts ephemeral; but again they were, with her at least, suddenly and deeply serious. Till then all things seemed to have been held in arrest, and impressions, ideas, feelings, fears, desires, released themselves simultaneously, and sought expression with a rush that defied coherence.

"Oh, why do we try to talk?" she asked, at last. "The more we say the more we leave unsaid. Let us keep still awhile!"

But she could not.

"Bartley! When did you first think you cared about me?"

"I don't know," said Bartley. "I guess it must have been the first time I saw you."

"Yes. That is when I first knew that I cared for you. But it seems to me that I must have always cared for you, and that I only found it out when I saw you going by the house that day." She mused a little time before she asked again.

"Bartley!"

"Well?"

"Did you ever use to be afraid— Or, no! Wait! I'll *tell* you first, and then I'll *ask* you. I'm not ashamed of it now, though once I thought I couldn't bear to have any one find it out. I used to be awfully afraid you didn't care for me! I would try to make out, from things you did and said, whether you did or not; but I never could be certain. I believe I used to find the most comfort in discouraging myself. I used to say to myself, 'Why, of course he doesn't! How can he? He's been around everywhere, and he's seen so many girls. He corresponds with lots of them. Altogether likely he's engaged to some of the young ladies he's met in Boston; and he just goes with me here for a blind.' And then when you would praise me, sometimes, I would just say, 'Oh, he's complimented plenty of girls. I know he's thinking this instant of the young lady he's engaged to in Boston.' And it would almost kill me; and when you did some little thing to show that you liked me, I would think, 'He doesn't like me! He hates, he despises me. He does, he does, he does!' And I would go on that way, with my teeth shut, and my breath held, I don't know *how* long."

Bartley broke out into a broad laugh at this image of desperation, but she added, tenderly,

"I hope I never made you suffer in that way?"

"What way?" he asked.

"That's what I wanted you to tell me. Did you ever—did you use to be afraid sometimes that I—that you— Did you put off telling me that you cared for me so long because you thought, you dreaded— Oh, I don't see what I can ever do to make it up to you if you did! Were you afraid I didn't care for you?"

"No!" shouted Bartley. She had risen and stood before him in the fervor of her entreaty, and he seized her arms, pinioning them to her side, and holding her helpless, while he laughed, and laughed again. "I knew you were dead in love with me from the first moment."

"Bartley! Bartley Hubbard!" she exclaimed; "let me go—let me go, this instant! I never heard of such a shameless thing!"

But she really made no effort to escape.

(To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN STUDENT AT THE BEAUX-ARTS.

IN THE LATIN QUARTER. (C. A. VANDERHOOF.)

THE young American who has come to Paris to learn to paint will, of course, make straight for the "Quartier Latin," if only to be near the school of the Beaux-Arts. He will pleasantly recall a good deal he has read about "the Quarter," and he will be too well prepared for delight to escape disappointment. That habitat of the student race is no longer the picturesque tangle of old-fashioned streets with which the prose poetry of the Romantic period has made us familiar. The hand of civic improvement is rapidly reducing the region to right angles. The aboriginal inhabitant or student flies before the invader to the most inaccessible parts of this labyrinth, but, in some instances, he sees the folly of resistance, and takes his lodging in the straight streets. The American, however, is always the last to yield, for to him these most unreasonable thoroughfares constitute one of the charms of living abroad. He likes to wind himself into his house like a shell-fish, as though to find relief from the maddening geometrical memories of a childhood passed in a city of "blocks." There is but little of the old Quarter left, what with the Boulevard St. Germain cutting through it at one angle, and the equally straight, broad, perfect, and altogether exasperating Boulevard St. Michael intersecting it at another. Between these two, however, some quaint old bits still nestle, or rather hide, as though in terror of approaching dissolution, and, by fairly diligent search, you may find just enough of decay to make a picture.

The men are at first as disappointing as the Quarter, but they are disappointing in the best sense. The novice, fresh from the schools at home, will miss much of the raw art talk, rough-hewed in the block from Ruskin and Symonds. The student of the Quarter is a man of action in art. His devotion, however intense, rarely finds expression in any form of words, though often enough in a quiet endurance of hardships. It is just as bad form at the Beaux-Arts as at Magdalen to talk like a book about the studies of the place. There has, in fact, been a change all around in the character of the youthful colony. It has extended to the girl students, who once gave no small scandal here by trying to ignore the difference in manners and customs be-

tween Paris and Poughkeepsie. They thought that what a blameless Una might do there, she surely might do here, and so they sometimes went into the studios among the men,—French in the main, be it understood,—with very disagreeable results. In consequence, many worthy people at home still entertain a lively horror of these pilgrimages of young women for foreign study. They do not know that now that the pilgrims have consented to keep to themselves the peril has almost disappeared. The Daisy Millers of our time have learned that, if you want to live in Europe with comfort, you had better conform in some respects to European ways. Frenchmen never understood the system of "mixed classes" in art. It always seemed the drollest of foreign eccentricities, inviting to something worse than eccentricity in return. They ought, no doubt, to have been better read in manners and customs, but this is just what they used to say of us. The ladies have lost nothing; there are good special studios for them in Paris where they may have the teaching of such men as Bonnat and Carolus Duran. Many, too, have adopted a line of art which admits of their working very much by themselves. Some take to flower-painting; and one of the most successful is a painter of animals—a Rosa Bonheur of the future, who finds her models in the goats of the Champs Élysées and in the lions of the Jardin des Plantes.

The freshman will soon be made free of the Quarter, and his chums will do him the immense service of teaching him how to live. They will show him how to lodge in one room for six and a half dollars a month, to get his coffee and roll in the morning for five *sous* (a fraction under five cents of United States currency), and his twelve-o'clock breakfast of meat and vegetables at from twenty-two to twenty-five cents of the same money. Some of the boarding-houses offer two solid meals a day, without lodging, at from eighteen to twenty-four dollars a month. The less said about the quality of the meat the better. It too often tastes of the harness of its original state of nature. One favorite restaurant is a long square tube rather than an architectural structure, with a place for customers at one end, and at the other an open kitchen filled with the smoking food.

A ROSA BONHEUR OF THE FUTURE. (HENRY BACON.)

Gustave Doré has complained of the French academical system that it forces all minds through one mold, first taking out of the students the peculiar talent, the germ of individualism, as a weed to be cast away. The academical system certainly takes a good deal of the nonsense out of a young student, whatever else it puts in; and it is always interesting to observe the student's surprise during the earlier stages of this process. He generally brings with him to the school a larger stock of feeling than of drawing, and he thinks he can make pictures with the first, but he is quickly undeceived. In time, he gives up the rebellious struggle and he meekly accepts academical direction. There

THE COPPERSMITH: A STUDY UNDER MUNKACSY. (C. Y. TURNER.)

are some few instances in which this original self, good or evil, is not to be put down either by the system or even by the man. I knew one American student, for instance, who had the curse of caricature upon him. Whenever he saw a new face it worked on him like a spell. He had caricatured all the men in his set; not that he wanted to do it, but because he could not help it. All his taste for art was for serious work. He worshiped Holbein, and if he could have helped it he would never have drawn a line to raise a laugh. He was really a strong man, but now and then he had to yield to what he considered his infirmity, like a reforming tippler returning to his old habits under stress of temptation. There is a story of his calling on a new man, with the air of a visitor who is half-ashamed of his errand. "Sit still," he said, sadly—"it wont take me long"; and without another word he drew out a pocket-book and fell to work on what proved to be a wonderful caricature of the freshman's face. It was a thing to take the conceit out of a sitter for half his life-time, and the sourness and ill-nature for the whole of it—it was so genial with intention and so alive with fun. "You see, I knew I should have to do it some time or other," he said, "and I thought I might get it over at once, if you didn't mind. Please keep it," he added, meekly handing his victim the sketch—"it is of no use to me now," and they parted the best friends in the world.

This life in the Latin Quarter is the life of the beginner in art. The men who have "arrived," as the French say, must be looked for in quite another part of Paris. Cross the exquisite little Park Monceau to the Avenue de Villiers, and you will see a row of palaces, finished models of the Gothic, the Italian-Renaissance, and many other beautiful and gorgeous styles. Meissonier lives in one of them, Detaille in another, Munkacsy in a third, and De Neuville and De Nittis are not far off. Very often they lay the foundation-stone of the building with the proceeds of their first picture, and they pay as they go on, the fine, sandy soil soaking up their millions like a sponge. Meissonier's place is not finished yet, because it takes so long to carve the wood-work from his own designs.

Admission to the Beaux-Arts is usually

obtained by application to a professor for leave to become an "aspirant" member of his class, or man taken on trial. Most of the Americans go to Gérôme. Students are beginning to avoid Cabanel, once the very prince of draughtsmen, but now grown lazy with age and success. Gérôme has a kindly manner, but an interview with him is rather impressive. He is one of the kings of art, and though kings at a distance may not appear very formidable to republican eyes, the presence has always its disturbing effect. The studio is on the Boulevard de Clichy, in a row of houses built for the use of artists. He does not live there, but at his luxurious house in the country, only now and then using it as a *pied à terre* for town. His work-room is splendidly furnished. He has made the most of his artistic properties—his suits of Roman armor, reproduced in electrotype from originals in the museums, his Japanese and other Eastern weapons, and, in short, all the tasteful accumulation of a long and prosperous artistic career. He has a horror of all slovenliness, as a single glance at his painting might show. The place is so trim, like a room in a public museum, well swept and dusted, and with every "curiosity" in its place, that your first impulse is to ask for the catalogue. His kindness of manner is, perhaps, providentially bestowed to temper great severity of expression. He is lean and has high cheek-bones, and strongly marked features generally, with wiry gray hair, a heavy mustache, and bright eyes, which look the brighter for their cavernous orbits. He has need of all his good-nature to bear the boredom of his lot. If all aspirants were earnest and fairly competent, it would be well; but so many who come to him are neither one nor the other, but bring him daubs with the greatest assurance in the world, and expect to be immediately summoned to the *atelier*, and to be made the objects of his peculiar care.

THE FOUR-O'CLOCK SKETCH-CLUB. (FRANK C. JONES.)

The number of admissions at a professor's disposal in the Beaux-Arts is limited by the mere area of the place, while the applications are virtually without number.

This first interview over, the fortunate student's next meeting with Gérôme will be in "the antique," at a very early hour, when the professor is walking the great common hall in which all the aspirants work. His men rise as he approaches, and listen, with an air of profound humility, to his criticisms. They never get nearer to him than that, except at the annual dinner to which each *atelier* invites its professor, and here a man from Providence, Rhode Island, has been known to sing a negro song and dance a breakdown before the master's awful eye. On other days, it is the turn of other professors of painting—Cabanel, who has the air of a very superior *bourgeois;* or the ascetic-looking Lehmann, who seems to have stepped clean out of a painted window to take his class. This homage to the professor is the only payment at the Beaux-Arts, where the poorest lads of all countries get the first teaching of the age without the expenditure of a *sou.*

Some day the professor will tell the student —in answer, perhaps, to his second or third timid application—that he may leave "the antique" and enter the *atelier.* His period of probation is now passed, and this move into the *atelier* is the most important of the young fellow's life. In the first place, no matter what his standing in art has been at home, he is now convinced that he is a dunce. The best men from the American schools and from the British Royal Academy come here, and melt up, as it were, like wax before the fire. They have their theory of the superiority of this or that man at home, to say nothing of their opinion of themselves as his most successful imitators. The theory goes to nothing, and in six months it is an insult to remind them that they ever held it. No special influence kills it; it simply cannot live in the bright sunlight of French art. Then, again, the *atelier* is a state, while "the antique" is merely a territory. It has its rights, customs, privileges, and even its feelings. One *atelier* is very jealous of another. Gérôme's is in a condition of simmering war with Cabanel's, Cabanel's with Lehmann's, and so on. It has also its peculiar institutions, one of which is that the last newcomer regularly goes into bondage as a fag.

The fagging at the Beaux-Arts is the most novel of all new experiences for the transatlantic man. When he first hears of it he will probably ask for explanations from one of his set, and he must be easily satisfied if they are at all re-assuring. They are the less likely to be so, as he will get no sympathy in resistance, even from the old hands. "You have to be a slave to the fellows," he will be told, "to fetch and carry for them, wash the brushes, run errands, and stand any amount of chaff about your ugliness, if you have any—if not, about your good looks."

PUNISHMENT OF A NOUVEAU. (W. F. BROWN.)

"I wont."

"Why?"

"Because I am an American."

"Humph! Who asked you to come here? When you are at Rome—you know the proverb."

"I mean to fight for it."

"No, you wont do that."

"Why, do you mean to say I'm afr——"

"Most decidedly I do—afraid of being turned out of the school."

"Then I shall appeal to the professors."

"Sneak!"

"What about passive resistance—a Quaker shake of the head, without a blow or another word?"

"They'll put you out of the *atelier.*"

"I'll come in again."

"They'll daub you with paint till you are like Sitting Bull, or truss you up—arms and legs together—worse than any sitting frog, and hoist you upon a shelf. And you'll howl to come down, I can tell you; it hurts. No, old fellow, it wont do. There are, no doubt, a hundred ways of being fagged, but there is only one good one at the Beaux-Arts—to bear it with a grin. They soon call off the pack when there is no sport."

The freshman will finally come to the same conclusion, and will go down to the *atelier* as secure against any outbreak of temper as good resolutions can make him. In this frame of mind he will seek out the *massier,* a supervisor, a student elected by the others to manage all their common affairs.

THE ARAB CHIEF: A STUDY UNDER MUNKACSY. (ST. JOHN HARPER.)

This is generally a big fellow, bearish in look and manner, his head covered with a tangle of long hair, and his glance the perfection of surly insolence as he surveys you from head to foot.

"*Nouveau*" (freshman), he says, contemptuously,—he never once calls you by your name,—"you know our customs. Have you brought the money for your footing?"

The freshman is prepared for this, and he hands him thirty francs as his contribution to the cost of the "plant" in the *atelier*, and twenty more for refreshments—the last with the easy grace with which a man empties his pockets for the benefit of a Sicilian brigand who has friends in the neighboring bushes.

"Now, *Nouveau*," he says, "we had better go out and fetch the things; some wine, cigars,—I smoke a two-*sous* weed myself; you can get some at one *sou* for the rest,—anything that's nice."

Very likely the freshman will not be prepared for this.

"What! take your orders for my treat! That's rather rough."

And who will blame him if he gets red in the face?

"*Nouveau*," says the *massier*, complacently, "is the treat for us or for you? *Oh, ces braves Yankees! Mille tonnerres!*"

"Bravo, young Barnum. Don't you go."

"*Vive l' Indépendance des États Unis!*" cry half a dozen *faux frères*, whose faces are hid in the forest of easels. The true one, of whom he first sought counsel, and who, in spite of his affectation of being nonchalantly out of it, has all this time been watching his countryman from a distant corner of the studio, simply shakes his head and frowns. The *nouveau* understands him at once, smiles sweetly on the *massier*, and goes out for the things.

In half an hour he comes back, heavy

STUDY FROM LIFE. (FRANK FOWLER.)

laden. There is everything eatable and uneatable, including in the last category cheap French cheese. His entry is heralded with a great shout, which is the signal for the suspension of work in the *atelier*.

They drink his health, the health of George Washington, and the health of Mrs. Clarkson —the heroine of one of Dumas's plays, and about the only other person, with the exception of Mr. Barnum, of whose name they have ever heard in connection with the United States.

"He is a good *nouveau*," says one, without looking at the unhappy giver of the feast; "at least, I should judge so by his sardines."

"I don't like his nose," says another, with the same absolutely impersonal air. "There's crime in it; he might go wrong at any moment."

"And to think he was once a savage."

"Hush! They carry knives in their boots."

"Now, *Nouveau*," says the *massier*, as the feast is in its last stage of sour apples, and the pupils are going back to their easels, "you must sing a song."

"You would not understand it."

"*Nouveau*, we understand everything here; go on."

"I will see you hanged first. I am tired of this foolery; the play's played out."

This in English — probably because he means it so much.

"What does he say?" shriek a dozen men at once. "We don't speak Iroquois."

"He says he will do it with the greatest pleasure in life," says that good angel in the corner, coming forward and looking the freshman steadily in the face.

"Do it properly, *Nouveau*," shouts the *massier*. "Get up on the model stand."

He gets up.

"Oh, he's singing with his coat on!" says somebody. "That's pretty cool."

He takes off his coat.

"If you will only turn your back on us,

Nouveau," says another, "that will be perfect. I'm a believer in the evil eye."

In this way the freshman sings the first three stanzas of "Johnny comes Marching Home."

"Very good, *Nouveau*," says the *massier*. "Now go and fetch some black soap to clean the brushes, and that will do for to-day."

In less than a month from that time, the *nouveau* is helping to serve another *nouveau* in the same way.

But the morning's work at the *atelier* is not enough for a man who wants to get on, and so, to fill up time, the student often goes to a private school outside; a well-known one is Julian's, where Boulanger, Lefebvre, and Tony Fleury teach. At such schools you can enter for a part of the day, or all day, just as you like, at fees ranging from about three or four dollars a month to eight dollars. Many leading artists, like Bonnat, Laurens, Munkacsy, and Carolus Duran, take pupils at about the same moderate rate. This meets the wants of men who cannot get into the Beaux-Arts, or who do not care to try, because they think it too academical, or object to its many holidays, or fancy a particular master outside. The man who has reached this stage should be happy if he lead a life without events for the next six or seven years. He ought to go on steadily as though he were working out a mere apprenticeship to some common trade. No one would wonder at his toiling at tailoring for something like this period without beginning to sell. But it is not so easy to make people understand that he must show at least as much patience in the infinitely more difficult trade of an artist. The want of a steadily pursued early training, gone through day by day, like a school-boy's task, generally means sure failure in art. Most men have to begin to sell too early, and they drift from pupilage into mastership on wretchedly insufficient preparation. They seldom recover themselves. Their work hereafter is labor and sorrow to themselves at least, if not to the world as well, being wholly without that spontaneous ease of execution which a great thinker on canvas must attain if he is to think in peace. It will be useless to try to make good the loss later on, when the painter is in the open market of production. A soldier cannot learn his drill on the field of battle. Gustave Doré has all his life been trying to do this, and, of course, he never will do it. He was led into a revolt against the school system, as a boy, by his own fatal facility. He only half-learned to draw, and he did not learn to paint even so much as that. The consequence is, that every penny-whipster of the Beaux-Arts may "take his sword" in both. Some men are not misled by vanity, as he was, but by hard necessity, and at one time the Americans contributed most largely to this class. They were stimulated to production by premature demands from home for a "picture." Their call to art was not always believed in by fathers who had won their money in other ways, and only a grudging consent was given to their trying the experiment at all. It was usually accompanied by

OLD FARM-HOUSE IN SWITZERLAND: A VACATION STUDY. (C. E. DU BOIS.)

the condition that within one or two years they should begin to earn their own living by the brush. Men in the Quarter used sometimes—do sometimes still—read the most heart-breaking letters from extremely well-meaning people at home, urging them to commit what is virtually suicide in art by rushing into this crude production. The worst thing in the letters was the eminent good meaning with which they were written. It was not that the writers themselves were unable to keep up their remittances for the board of a lad in Paris; they simply thought that for his sake they ought to be unwilling; they were steadily killing him as an artist in the firm faith that they were saving him as a man. The French are rarely so foolish; their worst Philistines know and admit that art-teaching must take its time. They derive this conviction in part from their national tradition of taste, in part from that larger belief that nothing grows of itself—a belief which, for good and for evil, has shaped their whole history as a nation. Even the poor old *concierge* and his wife, who scrape a few hundred francs together out of their savings to keep their "boy with a gift" at the Beaux-Arts, never think of asking him for any pecuniary account of himself till he has studied to manhood at their expense. By this system, and by this alone, can we get such astonishing successes as that of Bastien Lepage, who, from the first, stormed the art-world with master-work, and left the deepest obscurity for a blaze of renown. No one outside of his student circle could remember all the stages of his growth as an artist; no one could trace him from mere pot-hooks and hangers to his free running hand. The public had a wonder and a miracle placed before it at the beginning.

It is a proud day for the young fellow when he gives up his lodging to take a studio—a place which has everything a dwelling should not have except a top-light, and that makes up for all. The studio is so professional that no self-respecting youth can long live without it. The moment it is opened, the minor professionals soon find out the tenant. Models thrust cards under the door—Angelo Carpino, who announces that his line is the heads of apostles, and Salem, of Timbuctoo, who stands for sultans or other miscreants of the East. Those who could not afford a model used, at one time, to join the four-o'clock sketch-class, where students of both sexes met to pose for one another in turn. Home magazines, newspapers, and books lay on a side-table in the class-room: it was a regular American institution *in partibus*. The time allowed for the sketch was just one hour, and sometimes fairly good work was done. The elected manager posed the model, and called a short rest every quarter of an hour. The proceedings were conducted with railway punctuality; and the model's mute appeal for relief was never allowed to take effect until the very second-hand had completed its

A BIT IN THE CHAPEL. (K. COX.)

journey. But this was, after all, too much of an American institution: some of the best men kept out of it for fear of missing the influences for which they came to France; and it is now no more.

Once a month comes the exciting *concours de place*—a keen competition for the best place in the *atelier*. Men send in life-studies made since the last trial, and the professor looks over and numbers them according to merit. Then the men assemble, and as their

VACATION DAYS. (C. E. DU BOIS.)

numbers are called, they walk in and choose the places they mean to occupy for the rest of the month. At the end of July, the Beaux-Arts breaks up for the summer holiday, to spread all over Europe. Some of the men go to Switzerland, not to look for mountains, but for quiet lowland landscape worthy of England or the south of France. The artist's horror of the conventional is gradually leading to rather gross ill-treatment of the Swiss peaks, the Swiss goats, the Swiss peasants, and the *Ranz des Vaches*. There is a whole world of quiet rural life in the valleys, as yet unexplored by the tourist, and therefore dear to the painter. But most men do not go even so far as Switzerland for a subject, and the limit of their wanderings is but a two hours' journey from Paris—Barbizon. So much has been written of Barbizon, that once quiet artists' retreat in the forest of Fontainebleau, that it is hardly necessary to attempt a detailed description of it. It is fast becoming like one of the Cities of the Miracle of Italy or South America: every house in it is more or less of a shrine. Even Siron's eating-house, which was once simply a house in which to eat, and no more, has now that semi-sacred character, and in a few years it may become something of profanation to eat there at all. Many great men have broken bread at Siron's—often the bread of sorrow, for the shades of rural Barbizon could tell their tale of artistic want, poverty, neglect. The sketches with which its walls are covered are, in many instances, part of this tale, and not a few of them have been left as payment of tavern-scores. Others are contributions of gratitude from men who have passed out of Siron's poor and unknown, and who have come back in the maturity of fame to leave their mark on the wall in some brilliant improvisation. This French trick of mural decoration by genius is not confined to Barbizon, nor to one art. Wherever painters assemble amid the dozens of villages outside Paris, you will find such traces of them in the local restaurant; and in the neighborhood of Étretat, where poets have met as well as painters, quite a volume of first-rate album-verse has been left in the visitors' books of a farm-house, by men who now hold the highest places in literature. It is a pretty custom, and long may it last; but one could wish to see it brought to an end at Siron's, where recent contributions have not been up to the high level of the past. With too many men, now, the sketch on the wall is rather the object than the accident of their visit. This is only another way of saying that Barbizon has become very self-conscious—as self-conscious as modern Rome in regard to the value of its ruins and its rags. Barbizon lives on art, and the peasants' wits have become so sharpened in consequence, that the simplicity which made them famous is now becoming little more than a pose. There may be *figurants* of the forest as well as of the theater. They still contrive to dress with some success for threadbare effects of the picturesque, but, do what they may, they can hardly give themselves the heavy, ox-like gaze of their fathers that Millet drew.

These had it by nature; their sons often preserve it only as a tradition of a good trick in trade. They have been to the village school; they read the "Petit Journal"; they have seen the world,—that is to say, Paris during the *fête* of the 14th of July,—and the glare of its illuminations has made them forever wide-awake. In a few years, their whole generation will be as unreal constituents of the rural scene as were the courtiers of Versailles sitting to Watteau.

Millet's home is interesting as a reminiscence of simplicity's golden age. It would hardly be possible now for a painter to live in such a house, even at Barbizon. There would be sure to be more of Paris in his surroundings. Rosa Bonheur's retreat at Thomery, near Fontainebleau, is a mansion fit for a retired millionaire. One bit of it dates from the end of the seventeenth century, and all the rest very much from the end of the nineteenth, though this looks, in point of style, the oldest of all. The lady's aim is the same as poor Millet's—quiet; but she secures it in a far different way. Her artistic independence is intrenched behind a large court-yard and front gates, flanked by a porter's lodge, where man or mastiff is on duty night and day. In fact, her lines of defense are the best known to modern social fortification. Art is no doubt well, and in a sense becomingly, lodged there; but it is not simply lodged, and it may be questioned whether Millet could have done a single stroke of work under such a roof.

The school re-opens in October, and the student whose heart is in his work will find that the holiday has been too long. It is, in fact, a professor's rather than a student's holiday, for the young men are generally working all the time they play. The holiday is only work out-of-doors; and when they tire of the quiet of Nature's work-room, it is about time to return to the excitement of the school. And the Beaux-Arts, remember, is, in its way, just as exciting as Wall street. The number of prizes offered by individuals or by the Government is legion, and it covers in its list of subjects every detail of artistic merit. There are monthly competitions, as we have seen, in each *atelier;* and each *atelier*, before the break-up for the summer holiday, gives medals for the work of the whole year. Then there is the struggle for admission to Yvon's class. This class is purely for drawing; they do not paint there, but the drawing is the very rigor of the game. The competition is one of the largest at the Beaux-Arts: it is open to all comers, and sometimes as many as five hundred men enter the lists. Their numbers are soon thinned by successive examination in perspective, anatomy, history, and ornament until only seventy remain for

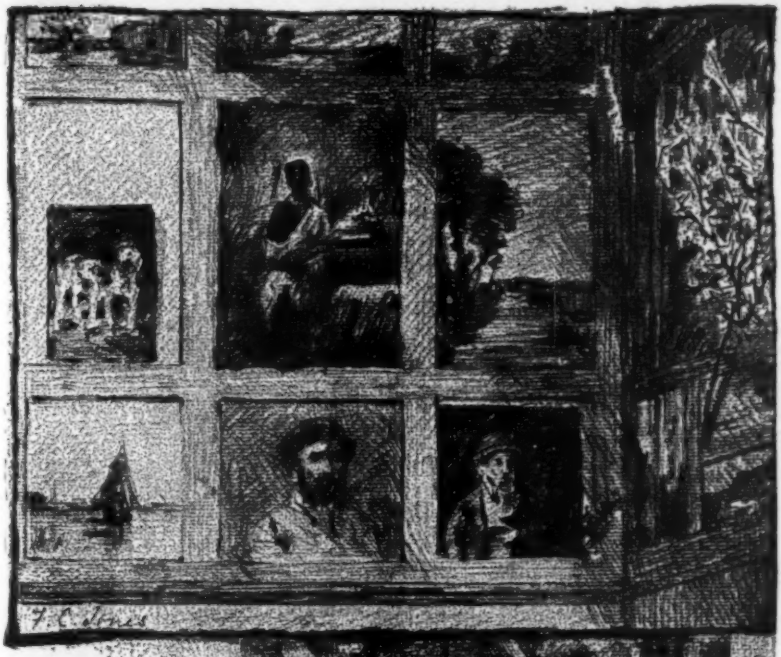
MILLET'S STUDIO AND HOUSE AT BARBIZON. (C. A. VANDERHOOF.)

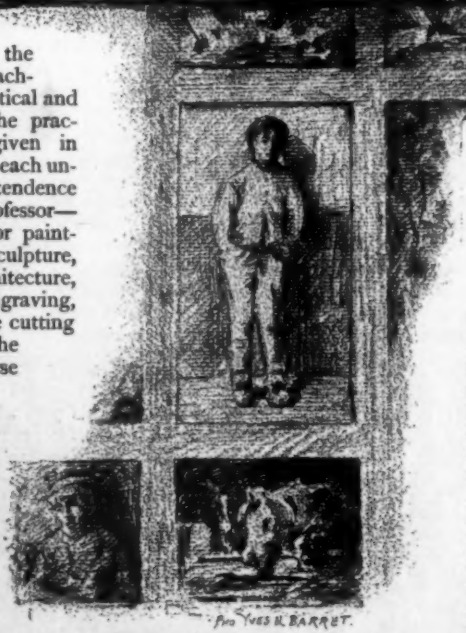
IN THE COURT OF THE BEAUX-ARTS. (T. ROBINSON.)

the final heat—a drawing from the figure, which has to be finished from head to foot in six days, of two hours' work a day. The seventy drawings are afterward rated according to merit, and to be rated number one is no empty honor.

By and by the medalist of Yvon will be competing for the Grand Prize of Rome—the full if not the final flower of state aid. The competition is restricted to Frenchmen who have taken medals in the school, and its object is to discover the absolutely best man of the year, in the academical sense. The weeding-out process begins in the very first stage, the crowd of competitors being reduced to manageable proportions of twenty or thirty by giving them a subject to sketch in oils, and rejecting all but the best sketches. Then the chosen few compete again among themselves on a figure in oils, and this brings down their number to ten. Then the ten men, neither more nor less, enter the decisive stage of the fight. The first thing is to go *en loge*—in other words, into a studio provided at the school for each competitor, where he is to live and work for the next three months. This is supposed to insure the requisite privacy and seclusion. The moving-in day is one of the sights of the Quarter. The ten, with the better part of their earthly belongings,—easels, painting-tools, books, and bedding,—laboring like nomadic Kirghiz across the court-yard, once *en loge*, their final subject is given to them, and in one day they must sketch out their idea of the treatment, and from this idea they must not depart. Then they settle down to work the rough sketch into a finished picture, and for three months each studio is as a monk's cell, shut to the world, until the name of the man who has done the best picture is announced as the winner of the Grand Prize of Rome. This is no barren honor; it gives the holder four years in Rome to study the masterpieces of ancient art, his studio and models being paid for by the state, and 4000 francs a year for other expenses. He must stay in Rome all the time, except under special leave of absence, and he must send every year something done by his own hand—either a copy or an original—to the Beaux-Arts. If these *envois de Roma* are very good, they are bought by the state. Even on his return, the artist still has the state by his side. He may compete for the honorable mentions and medals of the *Salon*, or for its prize, which gives him another monetary recompense, not by any means to be despised.

Of the nine hundred and seventy students at the Beaux-Arts at the time of a recent numbering, two hundred and sixty-three were painters, one hundred and seventy-one sculptors, and five hundred and thirty-six architects. In addition to these, there were three hundred "aspirants" trying to qualify for



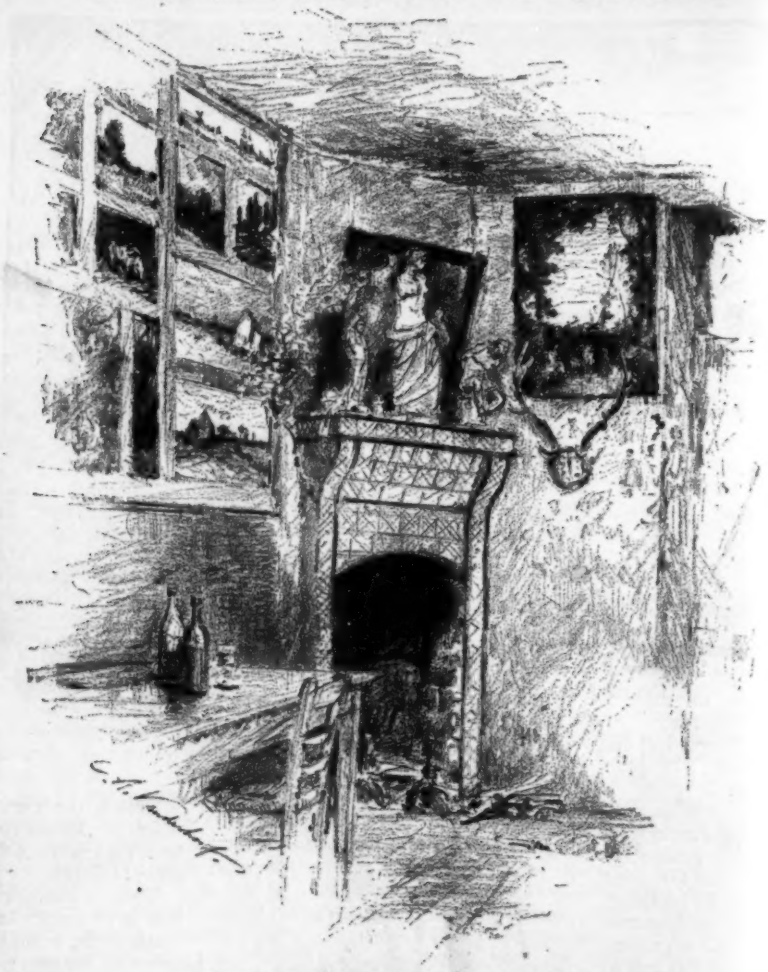


SKETCHES IN SIRON'S DINING-ROOM. (FRANK C. JONES.)

admission to the school. The teaching is both practical and theoretical. The practical part is given in eleven studios, each under the superintendence of a noted professor—three studios for painting, three for sculpture, three for architecture, one for line-engraving, and one for the cutting of gems. The theoretical course consists of lectures on subjects useful to artists, such as history, literature, archæology, æsthetics, anatomy, perspective, mathematics, mechanics, descriptive geometry, physics, chemistry, and even the building laws. French students must be between fifteen and thirty, but for foreigners there is no limit of age.

This is the system by which the Beaux-Arts has been built up to be the first school of art in the world.

There is something very fine in France's offer to teach all the world how to beat her on her own ground. It is, however, less recklessly generous than it appears, for she is hard to beat; and though foreign students frequently carry off honors from Frenchmen of their age and standing, you rarely hear of a continuation of that advantage in after life. The French seem to fetch up in the race, so that it is as true to-day as it was half a century ago, that the world's leaders in nearly every department of fine art are of this nation. If we divide Art into two great branches—the way of doing the thing and the thing to be done, we shall find no pos-



A CORNER OF SIRON'S DINING-ROOM. (C. A. VANDERHOOF.)

sibility of dispute as to the superiority of the French in the first. The other question, as to what picture they paint, is still open to considerable discussion. But they certainly teach a man the whole grammar and rhetoric of his art to perfection. They will not put up with slovenly drawing; they will not put up with careless composition; they will insist on knowledge and purpose in every stroke—in a word, on thoroughness. In so many other schools, and notably in the English, right tendency is too often allowed to stand for right method. Critics look too much at the sentiment of the picture, apart from its execution, and painters accordingly get their vicious practice of painting wholly "for the heart." The French abhor the word, at least in their art-course; and, oddly enough, while no nation is so prone to excess of sentiment on other subjects, on this one, where the temptation would seem to be greatest, it shows a most exemplary self-control. In this Stoic virtue, indeed, French art goes rather too far, for to tell the plain truth about the Beaux-Arts, the man who has faithfully followed its six or seven years' course is likely to come out a terrible scorner of every human emotion. But we ought to be glad, after all, that the French have still some faults in art, or other nations would have no opportunities. And who knows? America's road to peculiar distinction may one day be found in the union of a perfect sentiment with a perfect *technique*.

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"How is Bertha?" Tredennis asked.

The professor sat down in his chair and took up the poker quite carefully.

"She is at a party to-night," he said, poking the fire, "though it is late in the season for parties. She generally is at a party—oftener than not she is at two or three parties."

"Then she must be well," suggested Tredennis.

"Oh, she is well," the professor answered. "And she gets a good deal out of life. She will always get a good deal out of it—in one way or another."

"That is a good thing," remarked Tredennis.

"Very," responded the professor, "if it's all in the one way and not in the other."

He changed the subject almost immediately, and began to discuss Tredennis's own affairs. His kindly interest in his career touched the younger man's heart. It seemed that he had taken an interest in him from the first, and, silent as he had been, had never lost sight of him.

"It used to strike me that you would be likely to make something of your life," he said in his quiet, half-abstracted way. "You looked like it. I used to say to myself that if you were my son I should look forward to being proud of you. I—I wish you *had* been my son, my boy."

"If I had been," answered Tredennis, earnestly, "I should have felt it a reason for aiming high."

The professor smiled faintly.

"Well," he said, "you aimed high without that incentive. And the best of it is that you have not failed. You are a strong fellow. I like—a—strong—fellow," he added, slowly.

He spoke of Bertha occasionally again in the course of their after conversation, but not as it had been his habit to speak of her in her girlhood. His references to her were mostly statements of facts connected with her children, her mode of life, or her household. She lived near him, her home was an attractive one, and her children were handsome, healthy, and bright.

"Amory is a bright fellow, and a handsome fellow," he said. "He is not very robust, but he is an attractive creature—sensitive, poetic temperament, fanciful. He is fanciful about Bertha, and given to admiring her."

When he went away at the end of the evening, Tredennis carried with him the old vague sense of discomfort. The professor had been interesting and conversational, and had given him the warmest of welcomes, but he had missed something from their talk which he had expected to find. He was not aware of how he had counted upon it until he missed it, and the sense of loss which he experienced was a trouble to him.

He had certainly not been conscious of holding Bertha foremost in his mind when he had turned his steps toward her father's house. He had thought of how his old friend would look, of what he would say, and had wondered if he should find him changed. He had not asked himself if he should see Bertha or hear of her, and yet what he had missed in her father's friendly talk had been the old kindly, interested discussion of her, and once out in the night air and the deserted streets he knew that he was sadder for his visit than he had fancied he should be. The bright, happy, girlish figure seemed to have passed out of the professor's life also—out of the home it had adorned—even out of the world itself. His night's sleep was not a very peaceful one, but the next morning when he rose, the light of day and the stir of life around him seemed to have dispelled the reality of his last night's fancies. His mind had resolved itself into a condition with which he was familiar, and he was aroused to interest and pleasure in his surroundings. His memory was once more the ghost of a memory which he had long accustomed himself to living without. During the morning, his time was fully occupied by his preparations for his new duties, but in the afternoon he was at liberty, and remembering a message he was commissioned to deliver to the sister of a brother officer, he found his way to the lady's house.

It was a house in a fashionable street, and its mistress was a fashionable little person who appeared delighted to see him, and to treat him with great cordiality.

"I am so glad you were so good as to call to-day," she said. "Mr. Gardner heard that

you had arrived, but did not know where you were, or he would have seen you this morning. What a pity that you were not in time for the inauguration! The ball was more than usually successful. I do hope you will let us see you to-night."

"To-night?" repeated Tredennis.

"Yes. We want you so much," she continued. "We give a little party,—only a little one,—and we shall be so glad. There will be several people here who will be delighted to meet you,—the gentleman who is spoken of as likely to be the new Secretary of the Interior, for instance. He will be charmed. Mr. Gardner has told me what interesting things you have been doing, and what adventures you have had. I shall feel quite sure that my party will be a success, if you will consent to be my lion."

"I am afraid my consenting wouldn't establish the fact," said Tredennis. "You would want a mane, and a roar, and claws. But you are very kind to ask me to your party."

The end of the matter was that, after some exchange of civilities, he gave a half-promise to appear, mentally reserving the privilege of sending "regrets" if he did not feel equal to the effort when night arrived. He was not fond of parties. And so, having delivered the message with which he had been commissioned, he made his adieux and retired.

When night came, he was rather surprised to find lurking in his mind some slight inclination to abide by his promise. Accordingly, after having taken a deliberate, late dinner, read the papers, and written a letter or so, he dressed himself and issued forth.

On arriving at his destination, he found the "little party" a large one. The street was crowded with carriages, the house was brilliantly lighted, an awning extended from the door to the edge of the pavement, and each carriage, depositing its brilliant burden within the protection of the striped tunnel, drove rapidly away to give place to another.

Obeying the injunctions of the servant at the door, Tredennis mounted to the second story and divested himself of his overcoat, with the assistance of a smart mulatto who took it in charge. The room in which he found himself was rather inconveniently crowded with men—young, middle-aged, elderly, some of them wearing a depressed air of wishing themselves at home, some bearing themselves stolidly, and others either quietly resigned or appearing to enjoy themselves greatly. It was not always the younger ones who formed this last class, Tredennis observed. In one corner a brisk gentleman with well-brushed, gray beard laughed delightedly over a story just related to him with much sprightliness by a companion a decade older than himself, while near them an unsmiling youth of twenty regarded their ecstasies without the movement of a muscle.

Tredennis's attention was attracted for a moment toward two men who stood near him, evidently awaiting the appearance of some one at the door of the ladies' cloak-room, which they could see from where they stood.

One of them leaned in a nicely managed labor-saving attitude against the door-post. He was a rather tall, blonde young man, with a face eminently calculated to express either a great deal or absolutely nothing at all, as he chose to permit it, and his unobtrusive evening dress had an air of very agreeable fitness and neatness, and quite distinguished itself by seeming to belong to him. It was his laugh which called Tredennis's attention to him. He laughed in response to some remark of his companion's—a non-committal but naturally sounding baritone laugh, which was not without its attractiveness.

"Yes, I was there," he said.

"And sang?"

"No, thank you."

"And she was there, of course?"

"She?" repeated his friend, his countenance at this moment expressing nothing whatever, and doing it very well.

"Oh, Mrs. Amory," responded the other, who was young enough and in sufficiently high spirits to be led into forgetting to combine good taste with his hilarity.

"You might say Mrs. Amory—if you don't object," replied his companion, quietly. "It would be more civil."

Then Tredennis passed out and heard no more.

He made his way down the stairs, which were crowded with guests going down and coming up, and presented himself at the door of the first of the double parlors, where he saw his hostess standing with her husband. Here he was received with the greatest warmth, Mrs. Gardner brightening visibly when she caught sight of him.

"Now," she said, "this is really good of you. I was almost afraid to let you go away this afternoon. Mr. Gardner, Colonel Tredennis is really here," she added, with frank cordiality.

After that, Tredennis found himself swallowed, as in a maelstrom. He was introduced right and left, hearing a name here and seeing a face there, and always conscious of attaching the wrong names to the faces as he struggled to retain some impression of both in his memory. Mrs. Gardner bore him onward, filled with the most amiable and hospit-

able delight in the sensation he awakened as she led him toward the prominent official in prospective before referred to, who leaned against a mantel-piece and beguiled his time by making himself quite agreeable to a very pretty young *débutante* who was recounting her experience at the inaugural ball. Here Tredennis was allowed to free himself from the maelstrom and let it whirl past him, as he stood a little aside and conversed with his new acquaintance, who showed deep interest in and much appreciation of all he had to say, and evidently would have been glad to prolong the interview beyond the moment, when some polite exigency called him away in the midst of an animated discussion of the rights of Indian agents and settlers.

When he had gone, Tredennis still remained standing where he had left him, enjoying his temporary seclusion and the opportunity of looking on with the cool speculation of an outsider.

He had been looking on thus for some moments,—at the passing to and fro, at the well-bred elbowing through the crush, at the groups gathering themselves here and there to exchange greetings and then breaking apart and drifting away,—when he suddenly became aware of a faint fragrance in the atmosphere about him which impressed itself upon him with a curious insistence. On his first vague recognition of its presence he could not have told what it was, or why it roused in him something nearer pain than pleasure. It awakened in him a queer sense of impatience with the glare of light, the confusion of movement and voices, and the gay measure of the music in the next room. And almost the instant he felt this impatience, a flash of recognition broke upon him, and he knew what the perfume was, and that it seemed out of place in the glare and confusion simply because his one distinct memory of it associated itself only with the night when he had sat in the firelight with Bertha, and she had held the heliotrope in her hand. With this memory in his mind, and with a half-smile at his own momentary resentment of the conditions surrounding him, he turned toward the spot near him from which he fancied the odor of the flowers came, thinking that it had floated from some floral decoration of the deep window. And so, turning, he saw—surrounded by what seemed to be the gayest group in the room—Bertha herself!

She was exquisitely dressed, and stood in the prettiest possible pose, supporting herself lightly against the side of the window; she had a bouquet in her hand and a brilliant smile on her lips, and Tredennis knew in an instant that she had seen and recognized him.

She did not move—she simply retained her pretty pose, smiling and waiting for him to come to her, and, though she said nothing to her companions, something in her smile evidently revealed the situation to them, for, almost immediately, the circle divided itself, and room was made for him to advance within it.

Often afterward Tredennis tried to remember how he moved toward her, and what he said when he found himself quite near her, holding the pretty, gloved hand she gave him so lightly, but his recollections were always of the vaguest. There scarcely seemed to have been any first words—he was at her side, she gave him her hand, and then, in the most natural manner, the group about her seemed to melt away, and they were left together, and he, glancing half-unconsciously down at her bouquet, saw that it was made of heliotrope and Maréchal Niel roses.

She was so greatly and yet so little changed that he felt, as he looked at her, like a man in a dream. He tried to analyze the change and could not, and the effort to do so was a pain to him. The color in her cheeks was less bright than he remembered it, but her eyes were brighter; he thought also that they looked larger, and soon recognized that this was not only because her face was less girlishly full, but arose from a certain alertness of expression which had established itself in them. And yet, despite their clear brightness, when she lifted them to his own, his sense of loss was for the instant terrible. Her slight, rounded figure was even prettier than ever—more erect, better borne, and with a delicate consciousness and utilizing of its own graces—but it was less easy to connect it mentally with the little gray gown and lace kerchief than he could ever have believed possible.

Her very smile and voice had changed. The smile was sometimes a very brilliant one and sometimes soft and slow, as if a hidden meaning lay behind it; the voice was low-pitched, charmingly modulated, and expressed far more than the words it gave to a listener, but Tredennis knew that he must learn to know them both, and that to do so would take time and effort.

He never felt this so strongly as when she sat down on the cushioned window-seat, and made a little gesture toward the place at her side.

"Sit down," she said, with the soft smile this time—a smile at once sweet and careless. "Sit down, and tell me if you are glad to be stationed in Washington; and let me tell *you* that papa is delighted at the prospect of your being near him again."

"Thank you," answered Tredennis; "and

as to the being here, I think I like the idea of the change well enough."

"You will find it a great change, I dare say," she went on, "though, of course, you have not devoted yourself to the Indians entirely during your absence. But Washington is unlike any other American city. I think it is unlike any other city in the universe. It is an absorbingly interesting place when you get used to it."

"You are fortunate in finding it so," said Tredennis.

"I?" she said, lightly. "Oh! I do not think I could resign myself to living anywhere else; though, when you reflect, of course you know that is a national quality. All good Americans adore the city they confer distinction on by living in, and asperse the characters of all other places. Englishmen believe in London, and Frenchmen in Paris; but in America, a New-Yorker vaunts himself upon New York, a Bostonian glories in Boston, and a Washingtonian delights in the capital of his country; and so on, until you reach New Orleans."

"That is true enough," said Tredennis, "though I had not thought of it before."

"Oh, it is true," she answered, with an airy laugh. Then she added, with a change of tone, "You have been away for a long time."

"Eight years," he replied.

He thought she gave a slight start, but immediately she turned upon him with one of the brilliant smiles.

"We have had time to grow since then," she said,—"not older, of course, but infinitely wiser—and better."

He did not find it easy to comprehend very clearly either her smile or her manner. He felt that there might be something hidden behind both, though certainly nothing could have been brighter or more inconsequent than her tone. He did not smile, but regarded her for a moment with a look of steady interest, of which he was scarcely conscious. She bore it for an instant, and then turned her eyes carelessly aside, with a laugh.

"I do not think you are changed at all," she said.

"Why?" he asked, still watching her, and trying to adjust himself to her words.

"You looked at me then," she said, "just as you used to when you were with us before, and I said something frivolous. I am afraid I was often frivolous in those days. I confess I suspected myself of it, and one day I even made a resolution ——"

She did start then—as if some memory had suddenly returned to her. She lifted her bouquet to her face and let it slowly drop upon her knee again as she turned and looked at him.

"I remember now," she said, "that I made that resolution the day you brought me the heliotrope." And now it seemed for the instant to be her turn to regard him with interest.

"I don't know what the resolution was," he said, rather grimly, "but I hope it was a good one. Did you keep it?"

"No," she answered, undisturbedly, "but I kept the heliotrope. You know I said I would. It is laid away in one of my bureau drawers."

"And the first party?" he asked. "Was it a success?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "it was a great success. I am happy to say that all my parties are successes, inasmuch as I enjoy them."

"Is this a success?" he inquired. She raised her bouquet to her face again and glanced over it at the crowded room.

"It is an immense success," she said. "Such things always are—in Washington. Do you see that little woman on the sofa? Notice what bright eyes she has, and how quickly they move from one person to another—like a bird's. She is 'our Washington correspondent' for half a dozen Western papers, and 'does the social column' in one of our principal dailies, and to-morrow you will read in it that 'One of the most brilliant receptions of the season was held last night at the charming home of Mrs. Winter Gardner, on K street.' You will also learn that 'Mrs. Richard Amory was lovely in white brocade and pearls,' and that 'noticeable among even the stateliest masculine forms was the imposing figure of Colonel Tredennis, the hero of Indian adventure and ——'"

She had been speaking in the quietest possible manner, looking at the scene before her and not at him, but here she stopped and bent toward him a little.

"Have you," she said softly, "such a thing as a scalp about you?"

He was by no means prepared for the inquiry, but he sustained himself under it in his usual immovable manner. He put his hand up to his breast and then dropped it.

"I am afraid not," he said. "Not in this suit. I forgot, in dressing, that I might need them. But I might go back to the hotel," he added, suggestively.

"Oh, no, thanks," she said, returning to her former position. "I was only thinking how pleased she would be if you could show her a little one, and tell her the history of it. It would be so useful to her."

"I am very sorry," said Tredennis.

"You would be more sorry," she went on, "if you knew what an industrious little person she is, and with what difficulty she earns her ten

dollars a column. She goes to receptions, and literary and art clubs, and to the White House, and the Capitol, and knows everybody and just what adjectives they like, and how many; and is never ill-natured at all, though it really seems to me that such an existence offers a premium to spitefulness. I am convinced that it would make me spiteful. But she never loses control over her temper—or her adjectives. If I weighed two hundred pounds, for instance, she would refer to my avoirdupois as 'matronly *embonpoint*,' and if I were a skeleton, she would say I had a 'slight and reed-like figure,' which is rather clever, you know, as well as being Christian charity."

"And she will inform the world to-morrow that your dress," glancing down at it, "was white ——"

"And that my hair was brown, as usual," she ended for him. "And that I carried a bouquet of heliotrope and roses."

"I hope you like it," he said.

"Oh, very much indeed, thank you," was her response. "And if I did not, somebody else would, or it is plain that she would not get her ten dollars a column. It has struck me that she doesn't do it for amusement, or with the deliberate intention of annoying people. For my part, I admire and envy her. There is no collection so valuable as a collection of adjectives. Everything depends on adjectives. You can begin a friendship or end it with one—or an enmity, either."

"Will you tell me," said Tredennis, "what adjective you would apply to the blonde young man on the other side of the room, who has just picked up a lady's handkerchief?"

She looked across the room at the person indicated, and did not reply at once. There was a faintly reflective smile in her eyes, though it could scarcely be said to touch her lips. The man was the one who had attracted Tredennis's attention at the door of the cloak-room, and since coming down-stairs he had regarded him with some interest upon each occasion when he had caught sight of him as he moved from room to room, evidently at once paying unobtrusive but unswerving attention to the social exigencies of his position, and finding a decent amount of quiet entertainment in the results of his efforts.

"I wish you would tell me," said Bertha, after her little pause, "what adjective *you* would apply to him."

"I am afraid," said Tredennis, "that our acquaintance is too limited at present to allow of my grasping the subject. As I don't chance to know him at all ——"

Bertha interposed, still watching the object of discussion with the faintly reflective smile.

"I have known him for six years," she said, "and I have not found his adjective yet. He is a cousin of Mr. Amory's. Suppose," she said, turning with perfect seriousness and making a slight movement as if she would rise, "suppose we go and ask Miss Jessup?"

Tredennis offered her his arm.

"Let us hope that Miss Jessup can tell us," he said.

His imperturbable readiness seemed to please her. Her little laugh had a genuine sound. She sat down again.

"I am afraid she could not," she said. "See! he is coming to speak to me, and we might ask him."

But she did not ask him when he presented himself before her, as he did almost immediately. He had come to remind her that dancing was going on in one of the rooms, and that she had promised him the waltz the musicians had just struck into with a flourish.

"Perhaps you will remember that you said the third waltz," he said, "and this is the third waltz."

Bertha rose.

"I remember," she said, "and I think I am ready for it; but before you take me away you must know Colonel Tredennis. Of course you do know Colonel Tredennis, but you must know him better. Colonel Tredennis, this is Mr. Arbuthnot."

The pair bowed, as civility demanded. Of the two, it must be confessed that Tredennis's recognition of the ceremony was the less cordial. Just for the moment, he was conscious of feeling secretly repelled by the young man's well carried, conventional figure and calm, blonde countenance,—the figure seemed so correct a copy of a score of others, the blonde countenance expressed so little beyond a carefully trained tendency to good manners, entirely unbiased by any human emotion.

"By the time our waltz is finished," said Bertha, as she took his arm, "I hope that Mr. Amory will be here. He promised me that he would come in toward the end of the evening. He will be very glad to find you here."

And then, with a little bow to Tredennis, she went away.

She did not speak to her companion until they reached the room where the dancers were congregated. Then, as they took their place among the waltzers, she broke the silence.

"If I don't dance well," she said, "take into consideration the fact that I have just

been conversing with a man I knew eight years ago."

"You will be sure to dance well," said Arbuthnot, as they began. "But I don't mind acknowledging an objection to persons I knew eight years ago. I never could find any sufficient reason for their turning up. And, as to your friend, it strikes me it shows a great lack of taste in the Indians to have consented to part with him. It appeared to me that he possessed a manner calculated to endear him to aboriginal society beyond measure."

Bertha laughed—a laugh whose faintness might have arisen from her rapid motion.

"He's rather rigorous-looking," she said, "but he always was. Still, I remember I was beginning to like him quite well when he went West. Papa is very fond of him. He turns out to be a persistent, heroic kind of being—with a purpose in life, and the rest of it."

"His size is heroic enough," said Arbuthnot. "He would look better on a pedestal in a public square than in a parlor."

Bertha made no reply, but after having made the round of the room twice, she stopped.

"I am not dancing well," she said. "I do not think I am in a dancing mood. I will sit down."

Arbuthnot glanced at her and then looked away.

"Do you want to be quiet?" he asked.

"I want to be quieter than this," she answered; "for a few minutes. I believe I am tired."

"You have been going out too much," he said, as he led her into a small side-room which had been given up to a large, ornate punch-bowl, to do reverence to which occasional devotees wandered in and out.

"I have been going out a great deal," she answered.

She leaned back in the luxurious little chair he had given her, and looked across the hall into the room where the waltz was at its height, and, having looked, she laughed.

"Do you see that girl in the white dress, which doesn't fit," she said,—"the plump girl who bags at the waist and is oblivious to it—and everything else but her waltz and her partner?"

"Yes," he responded, "but I hope you are not laughing at her—there is no need of it—she is having a fascinating time."

"Yes," she returned. "She is having a lovely time. And I am not laughing at her, but at what she reminds me of. Do you know I was just that age when Colonel Tredennis saw me last. I was not that size or that shape, and my dresses used to fit,—but I was just that age, and just as oblivious, and danced with just that spirit of enjoyment."

"You dance with just as much enjoyment now," said Arbuthnot, "and you are quite as oblivious at times, though it may suit your fancy just at the present moment to regard yourself as a shattered wreck confronted with the ruins of your lost youth and innocence. I revel in that kind of thing myself at intervals, but it does not last."

"No," she said, opening her fan with a smile, and looking down at the Cupids and butterflies adorning it, "of course, it wont last, and I must confess that I am not ordinarily given to it—but that man! Do you know it was a curious sort of sensation that came over me when I first saw him. I was standing near a window, talking to half a dozen people, and really enjoying myself very much,—you know I nearly always enjoy myself,—and suddenly something seemed to make me look up—and there he stood!"

"It would not be a bad idea for him to conceal his pedestal about him and mount it when it became necessary for him to remain stationary," said Arbuthnot flippantly, and yet with a momentary gravity in his eyes somewhat at variance with his speech.

She went on as if he had not spoken.

"It was certainly a curious feeling," she said. "Everything came to me in a flash. I suppose I am rather a light and frivolous person, not sufficiently given to reflecting on the passage of time, and suddenly there he stood, and I remembered that eight years had gone by, and that everything was changed."

"A great many things can happen in eight years," commented Arbuthnot.

"A great many things have happened to *me*," she said. "*Everything* has happened to me!"

"No," said Arbuthnot, in a low, rather reflective tone, and looking as he spoke not at her, but at the girl whose white dress did not fit and who at that moment whirled rather breathlessly by the door. "No—not everything."

"I have grown from a child to a woman," she said. "I have married, I have arrived at maternal dignity. I don't see that there is anything else that could happen—at least, anything comfortable."

"No," he admitted. "I don't think there is anything comfortable."

"Well, it is very certain I don't want to try anything uncomfortable," she said. "'Happy the people whose annals are tiresome.' Montesquieu says that, and it always struck me as meaning something."

"I hope it does not mean that you consider your annals tiresome," said Arbuthnot. "How

that girl does dance! This is the fifth time she has passed the door."

"I hope her partner likes it as much as she does," remarked Bertha. "And as to the annals, I have not found them tiresome at all, thank you. As we happen to have come to retrospect, I think I may say that I have rather enjoyed myself, on the whole. I have had no tremendous emotions."

"On which you may congratulate yourself," Arbuthnot put in.

"I do," she responded. "I know I should not have liked them. I have left such things to—you, for instance."

She said this with a little air of civil mocking which was by no means unbecoming, and to which her companion was well used.

"Thank you," he replied, amiably. "You showed consideration, of course—but that's your way."

"I may not have lived exactly the kind of life I used to think I should live—when I was a school-girl," she went on, smiling, "but who does?—and who would want to when she attained years of discretion? And I may not be exactly the kind of person I—meant to be, but I think I may congratulate you on that—and Richard. You would never have been the radiant creatures you are if I had ripened to that state of perfection. You could not have borne up under it."

She rose from her seat and took his arm.

"No," she said, "I am not the kind of person I meant to be, and Colonel Tredennis has reminded me of the fact and elevated my spirits. Let us go and find him, and invite him to dinner to-morrow. He deserves it."

As they passed the door of the dancing-room she paused a moment to look in, and as she did so caught sight of the girl in the white dress once more.

"She is not tired yet," she said, "but her partner is—and so am I. If Richard has come, I think I shall go home."

CHAPTER V.

TREDENNIS dined with them the next day, and many days afterward. On meeting him, Richard Amory had taken one of his rather numerous enthusiastic fancies to him, and in pursuit and indulgence of this fancy could not see enough of him. These fanciful friendships were the delights of his life, and he never denied himself one, though occasionally they wore themselves out in time to give place to others.

Tredennis found him as the professor had described him, "a bright fellow, and a handsome fellow." He had thought that when he came forward to introduce himself, as he had done at the Gardners' reception, he had never seen a brighter or more attractive human being. He had a dark, delicate, eager face, soft, waving hair, tossed lightly back from a forehead whose beauty was almost feminine; a slight, lithe figure, and an air of youth and alertness which would have been attraction enough in itself. He was interested in everything—each subject touched upon seeming to awaken him to enthusiasm—the Indians, the settlers, the agencies, the fort life—equally interested in each, and equally ready to confront, in the most delightfully sanguine mood, the problems each suggested.

"It is worth a great deal to have an opportunity to judge of these things from the inside," he said. "There are a thousand questions I want to ask, but we shall see you often, of course. We must see you often. It will be the greatest pleasure to us."

His first entrance into their house, the following evening, was something which always set itself apart in Tredennis's memory.

A gay burst of laughter greeted him as the parlor door was thrown open,—laughter so gay that the first announcement of his name was drowned by it, and, as he paused for a moment, he had the opportunity to take in fully the picture before him. The room was a pretty and luxurious one, its prettiness and luxury wearing the air of being the result of natural growth, and suggesting no oppressiveness of upholstery. Its comforts were evidently the outcome of the fancies and desires of those who lounged, or read, or talked in it, and its knickknacks and follies were all indicative of some charming whim carried out with a delightful freedom from reason which was their own excuse.

In the open fire-place a bright wood-fire burned, and upon the white wolf-skin before it Richard Amory lay at unconventional full length, with his hands clasped lightly under his head, evidently enjoying to the utmost the ease of his position, the glow of the fire, and the jest of the moment, while near him, in an easy-chair, sat Arbuthnot. Both of them looked at Bertha, who stood with one hand resting on the low mantel.

"I have been waiting for a long time," Tredennis heard her say, and then as the servant announced his name again she stopped speaking, and came forward to meet him, while Richard sprang lightly to his feet.

"I will tell you at the outset," she said, "that it is not one of the time-honored customs of Washington for people to receive their guests with this ingenuous and untrammeled freedom, but——"

"But she has been telling us a story," put

in Richard, shaking hands with him; "and she told it so well that we forgot the time. And she must tell it again."

"It is not worth telling again," she said, as they returned to the fire; "and, besides, I told it to you in the strictest confidence. And if that is not reason enough, I don't mind confessing that it is a story which doesn't exhibit me in an amiable light. It shows a temper and viciousness that you count among your home comforts, and don't feel it decent to display for the benefit of any one but your immediate relatives."

Tredennis looked down at her curiously. His first glance at her had shown him that to-night she was even farther removed from his past than she had seemed before. Her rich dress showed flashes of bright color, her eyes were alight with some touch of excitement, and her little wrists were covered with pretty barbarities of bangles and charms which jingled as she moved.

"I should like to hear the story," he said.

"It is a very good story," commented Arbuthnot, laughing; "I think I would tell it over again."

"Oh, yes," said Richard; "Colonel Tredennis must hear it."

Bertha looked across at Tredennis, and as she did so he saw in her eyes what he had seen the night before and had not understood, but which dawned upon him now—a slight smiling defiance of his thoughts, whatsoever they might be.

"You wont like it," she said; "but you shall hear it, if you wish. It is about a great lady——"

"That will add to the interest," said Tredennis. "You have great ladies in Washington?"

"It is infinitely to our credit that they are only occasional incidents," she answered, "and that they don't often last long. When one considers the number of quiet, domesticated women who find themselves launched suddenly, by some wave of chance, into the whirl of public life, one naturally wonders that we are not afflicted with some very great ladies indeed, but it must be confessed we have far less to complain of in that respect than might be expected."

"But this particular great lady?" said Tredennis.

"Is one of the occasional incidents. Some one said that our society was led by bewildered Europeans and astonished Americans—Americans astonished to find themselves suddenly bearing the responsibility of the highest positions, and Europeans bewildered by being called upon to adjust themselves to startling novelties in manners and customs. This great lady is one of the astonished Americans, and, privately, she is very much astonished, indeed."

Arbuthnot laughed.

"You will observe," he commented, "that Mrs. Amory's remarks are entirely unbiased by any feminine prejudices."

"You will observe," said Bertha, "that Mr. Arbuthnot's remarks are entirely unbiased by any prejudice in favor of my reliability of statement. But," she added, with a delusive air of amiable candor, "I am sure you cannot deny that I was very civil to her."

"I have not a doubt of it," responded Arbuthnot. "And I don't mind adding that I should like to have been there to see."

"Colonel Tredennis shall judge," she said, "whether it would have been really worth while. I will make the story brief. Last season the great lady gave me cause to remember her. We had not met, and to please a friend, I called upon her. We found her in her drawing-room, engaged in entertaining two newly arrived *attachés*. They seemed to interest her. I regret to say that we did not. She did not hear our names when the servant announced them, and the insignificance of our general bearing was against us. I think it must have been that, for we were comparatively well dressed—at least, Miss Jessup's description of our costumes in the 'Wabash Times' gave that impression the following week. Perhaps we looked timid and unaccustomed to 'the luxurious trophies from many climes' (Miss Jessup again) surrounding us. The ingenuous modesty of extreme youth which you may have observed——"

"Repeatedly," replied Arbuthnot.

"Thank you. But I suppose it told against me on this occasion. Our respectable attire and air of general worthiness availed nothing. The great lady rose, stared at us, gave us her finger-ends, called us by names which did not belong to us, and sat down again, turning her back upon us with much frankness, and resuming her conversation with the *attachés*, not interrupting it to address six words to us during the three minutes we remained. That is the first half of the story."

"It promises well for the second half," said Tredennis.

"The second is *my* half," said Bertha. "Later, she discovered our real names and the fact that—shall I say that Miss Jessup knew them, and thought them worthy of mention in the 'Wabash Times'? That would perhaps be a good way of putting it. Then she called, but did not see me, as I was out. We did not meet again until this afternoon. I was making the Cabinet calls, and had the pleasure of encountering her at the house of

the Secretary of War. Perhaps Miss Jessup had sent her a copy of the 'Wabash Times' yesterday, with the society column marked—I don't know. But she was pleased to approach me. I received her advances with the mild consideration of one who sees a mistake made, but is prevented by an amiable delicacy from correcting it, and observing this, she was led into the indiscretion of saying, with graceful leniency, that she feared I did not know her. I think it is really there that my half begins. I smiled with flattering incredulity, and said: 'That would be very strange in a Washingtonian.'

"'When you called——' she began.

"I looked at her with a blush, as of slight embarrassment, which seemed to disturb her.

"'You have not forgotten that you called?' she remarked, chillingly.

"'It would have been impossible for me to forget anything so agreeable,' I said, as though in delicately eager apology. 'I am most unlucky. It was some more fortunate person.'

"'But,' she said, 'I returned the visit.'

"'I received your card,' I replied, smiling ingenuously into her eyes, 'and it reminded me of my delinquency. Of course I knew it was a mistake.'

"And after I had smiled into her eyes for a second or so longer, she began to understand, and I think by this time it is quite clear to her."

"There must be a moral to that," commented Tredennis.

"There is," she responded, with serene readiness. "A useful one. It is this: It is always safe—in Washington—to be civil to the respectably clad. If the exigencies of public position demand that you receive, not the people you wish to see, or the people who wish to see you, but the respectably clad, it is well to deal in glittering generalities of good manners, and even—if you choose to go so far—good feeling. There are numbers of socially besieged women in Washington who actually put the good feeling first, but the Government cannot insist on that, you know, so it remains a matter of taste."

"If you could draw the line——" began Richard.

"There is no line," said Bertha, "so you can't draw it. And it was not myself I avenged this afternoon, but—the respectably clad."

"And before she became an astonished American," put in Arbuthnot, "this mistaken person was possibly——"

Bertha interposed, with a pretty gesture which set all the bangles jingling.

"Ah," she said, "but we have so little to do with that, that I have not even the pleasure of using it in my arguments against her. The only thing to be reasonably required of her now is that she should be sufficiently well-mannered during her career. She might assume her deportment with her position, and dispose of it at a sacrifice afterward. Imagine what a field in the way of advertisement, for instance: 'For sale. A neatly fitting suit of good manners. Used through one administration. Somewhat worn through active service, but still equal to much wear and tear.'"

That which struck Tredennis more forcibly than all else was her habit of treating everything lightly, and he observed that it was a habit Arbuthnot shared with her. The intimacy existing between the two seemed an unusual one, and appeared to have established itself through slow and gradual growth. It had no ephemeral air, and bore somehow the impress of their having shared their experiences in common for some time. Beneath the very derision which marked their treatment of each other was a suggestion of unmistakable good fellowship and quick appreciation of each other's moods. When Bertha made a fanciful speech, Arbuthnot's laugh rang out even before Richard's, which certainly was ready enough in response; and when Arbuthnot vouchsafed a semi-serious remark, Bertha gave him an undivided attention which expressed her belief that what he said would be worth listening to. Amory's province it seemed to be to delight in both of them—to admire their readiness, to applaud their jests, and to encourage them to display their powers. That he admired Arbuthnot immensely was no less evident than that no gift or grace of Bertha's was lost upon him.

His light-hearted, inconsequent enjoyment of the pleasure of the moment impressed Tredennis singularly. He was so ready to be moved by any passing zephyr of sentiment or emotion, and so entirely and sweet-temperedly free from any fatiguing effect when the breeze had once swept over him.

"All that I have to complain of in you two people," he said gayly, in the course of the evening, "is that you have no sentiment—none whatever."

"We are full of it," said Arbuthnot, "both of us—but we conceal it, and we feel that it makes us interesting. Nothing is more interesting than repressed emotion. The appearance of sardonic coldness and stoicism which has deceived you is but a hollow mockery; beneath it I secrete a maelstrom of impassioned feeling and a mausoleum of blighted hopes."

"There is a fashion in emotions as in everything else," said Bertha. "And sentiment is 'out.' So is stateliness. Who would

submit to stateliness in these days? It was the highest aim of our great-grandmothers to be stately, but stateliness went out with ruffles and the minuet, and a certain kind of Roman nose you find in all portraits taken in the reigns of the Georges. Now we are sprightly. It is imperative that we should be sprightly. I hope you are prepared to be sprightly, Colonel Tredennis."

He was very conscious of not looking so. In fact, the idea was growing upon him that upon the whole his grave face and large figure were rather out of place among all this airy *badinage*. His predominant feeling was that his unfortunate tendency to seriousness and silence was not a Washingtonian quality, and augured poorly for his future. Here were people who could treat lightly, not only their subjects, but themselves and each other. The fire-lit room, with its trifles and knickknacks and oddities; the graceful, easy figure of Richard Amory lounging idly in his chair, Bertha with her bright dress and fantastic little ornaments flashing and jingling, Arbuthnot smiling faintly, and touching his mustache with a long fair hand—each and all suggested to him in some whimsical, vague fashion that he was too large and not pliable enough for his surroundings, and that if he moved he might upset something, or tread upon some sparkling, not too substantial theory.

"I am afraid I am not as well prepared as I might be," he answered. "Do you always find it easy?"

"I!" she returned. "Oh, perfectly! it is only Mr. Arbuthnot who finds it difficult—being a prey to his feelings. In his moments of deep mental anguish, the sprightliness which society demands of him is a thing from which his soul recoils."

Shortly after dinner, Arbuthnot went away. He had a final call to make upon some friends who were going away, after having taken an active part in the inaugural ceremonies and ball. It appeared that they had come from the West, with the laudable intention of making the most of these festivities, and that he had felt it his duty to do his utmost for their entertainment.

"I hope they enjoyed themselves," said Bertha, as he stood making his adieux.

"Well," was his reply, "it strikes me they did. I took them to the Treasury, and the Patent Office, and the Army and Navy Department, and up into the dome of the Capitol, and into the Senate and the House, and they heard the inaugural address, and danced at the ball, and saw the ex-President and bought photographs of the new one, and tired themselves out, and are going home a party of total wrecks, but without a thing on their consciences, so I think they must have enjoyed themselves. I hope so. I didn't. I don't grudge them anything, but it is the ninetieth time I have been through the Treasury, and the twentieth time I have climbed to the dome—and the exercise has lost its freshness."

After he had left the room, he returned, drawing from the pocket of his rather dandyish light overcoat three small packages, which he laid on a side table.

"This is for Janey, and this for Jack, and this for Marjorie," he said. "I told them they would find them there in the morning."

"Thank you," answered Bertha, as if the proceeding was one to which she was well accustomed.

When he was fairly gone, Richard Amory broke into a half-laugh.

"What a queer fellow he is!" he said.

Bertha returned to her place by the fire, taking from the mantel a little screen of peacock feathers and shading her face with it.

"Do you know," she said, "that he rarely leaves the house without one of us making that remark, and yet it always has an illusive air of being entirely new."

"Well," remarked Richard, "he is a queer fellow, and there's no denying it. Imagine a fellow like that coolly rambling about with neat packages of bonbons in his fastidious overcoat pocket, to be bestowed on children without any particular claim on him. Why does he do it?"

"It doesn't exactly arise from enthusiasm awakened by their infant charms," said Bertha, "and he never professed that it did."

"But he must care for them a little," returned Richard.

"The fact is that you don't know what he cares for," said Bertha, "and it is rather one of his fascinations. I suppose that is really what we mean by saying he is a queer fellow."

"At all events," said Richard, amiably, "he is a nice fellow, and one can manage to subsist on that. All I complain of is that he hasn't any object. A man ought to have an object—two or three, if he likes."

"He doesn't like," said Bertha, "for he certainly hasn't an object—though, after all, that belongs to his mode of life."

"I should like," said Tredennis, "to know something of the mode of life of a man who hasn't an object."

"You will gain a good deal of information on the subject if you remain long in Washington," answered Bertha. "We generally have either too many objects or none at all. If it is not your object to get into the White House, or the Cabinet, or somewhere else, it is probably

your fate to be installed in a 'department,' and, as you cannot hope to retain your position through any particular circumspectness or fitness for it, you have not any object left you."

"The fact is," said Richard, "it would have been a great deal better for Larry if he had staid where he was and fought it out."

"The fact is," said Bertha, "it would be a great deal better for nine out of ten of the rest if they staid where they were. And when Larry came, he did not come under specially exhilarating circumstances, and just then I suppose it seemed to him that the rest of his life was not worth much to him."

"It has struck me," said Richard, reflectively, "that he had a blow of some sort about that time—something apart from the loss of his fortune. I am not sure but that I once heard some wandering rumor of there being a young woman somewhere——"

"Oh!" said Bertha, in a low, rather hurried voice, "he had a blow. There is no mistake about that—he had a blow, and there was a good deal in him that did not survive it."

"And yet he doesn't strike you as being that sort of fellow," said Richard, still in reflection. "You wouldn't think of him as being a fellow with a grief."

Bertha broke into delighted laughter.

"A grief!" she exclaimed. "That is very good. I wish he had heard it. A grief! I wonder what he would do with it in his moments of recreation—at receptions, for instance, and *musicales*, and germans. He might conceal it in his opera hat, but I am afraid it would be in the way. Poor Larry! Griefs are as much out of fashion as stateliness, and he not only couldn't indulge in one if he would, but he wouldn't if he could."

"Well, how would you put it," said Richard, "if you did not call it a grief?"

Bertha laughed again.

"If I put it at all," she answered, "I would say that he had once been very uncomfortable, but had discreetly devoted himself to getting over it, and had succeeded decently well—and last, but not least, I would add that it would be decidedly difficult to make him uncomfortable again."

Tredennis found it impossible to avoid watching her with grave interest each time she spoke or moved. He was watching her now with a sort of aside sensibility to her bright drapery, her flashing, tinkling wrists, and her screen of peacock feathers.

"She is very light," he was saying inwardly.

She turned to him with a smile.

"Would he strike *you* as 'a fellow with a grief'?" she inquired.

"No," he answered; "I cannot say he would."

"No," she said, "that is certain enough. If you went away and never saw him again, you would remember just this of him—if you remembered him at all: that his clothes fitted him well, that he had an agreeable laugh, that he had a civil air of giving you his attention when you spoke, and—nothing else."

"And that is not all there is of him?" Tredennis asked.

She looked down at her feather screen, still smiling slightly.

"No," she answered, rather slowly, "not quite all, but even I don't quite know how much more there is, and Richard, who has known him at intervals all his life, lapses into speaking of him as 'a fellow with a grief.'"

Richard rose from his chair.

"Oh," he said, with much cheerfulness, "there is no denying that you two are the outgrowth of an effete civilization. You are always arriving at logical deductions concerning each other, and you have a tendency to the derision of all the softer emotions. You are a couple of world-worn creatures, and it is left to me to represent the youth and ardor of the family."

"That is true," said Bertha, in her soft, mocking voice. "We are battered and worldly wise—and we have no object."

"But I have," said Richard, "and if Colonel Tredennis will come upstairs with me, I will show him what a few of them are, if he takes an interest in such things."

"What," said Bertha, "the laboratory, or the library, or ——"

"All of them," he answered, "including the new collection." And he turned upon Tredennis the brightest imaginable smile.

Tredennis left his chair in response to it.

"I am interested in all collections, more or less," he said.

"So am I," said Bertha—"more or less." And they went out of the room with this little gibe in their ears.

Before the conclusion of his visit to the domains upstairs, Tredennis had learned a great deal of Richard Amory. He had found that he had a taste for mechanics, a taste for science, a taste for literature. He had a geological cabinet, an entomological collection, a collection of coins, of old books, of old engravings, all in different stages of incompleteness. He had, even, in his small workroom, the unfinished models of an invention or two, each of which he was ready to explain with an enthusiasm which flamed up as the demands of the moment required, in the most delightful and inspiring manner.

"I shall finish them all, one of these days,"

he said, blithely. "I am always interested in one or the other, and they give me an object. And, as I said down-stairs, what a man wants is an object. That is what Larry stands in need of. Give him an object, and he would not indulge in that cold-blooded introspection and retrospection. Bertha has told him so herself."

"They are very good friends," said Tredennis.

"Oh, yes! They are fond of each other, in their way. It is their way to jeer a good deal, but they would stand by each other, I fancy, if the time came when it was needful."

He referred, in the course of the conversation, to his profession, and his reference to it caused Tredennis to class it in his mind, in some way or other, with the unfinished models and incomplete collections.

"I can't say I like the law," he said, "but it was a sort of final resource. I tried medicine for a while,—took a course of lectures,—but it didn't suit me. And then two or three other things turned up, but I didn't seem to suit them. And so it ended in my choosing law, or letting it choose me. I don't know that I am exactly a success at it. It's well we don't depend on it. Bertha——" He broke off rather suddenly, and began again at once. "I have plans which, if they are as successful as they promise to be, will change the aspect of affairs." And he laughed exultantly.

On their way down-stairs, they came upon an open door, which had been closed as they went up. It opened into a large, cheerful room, with gay pictures on the walls, and a high brass fender guarding the glowing fire, before which a figure sat in a low rocking-chair, holding a child in its arms.

"That is the nursery," said Richard. "Bertha, what is the matter with Janey?"

It was Bertha who sat in the rocking-chair, and as she turned her face quietly toward them, Tredennis felt himself betrayed into a slight start. Neither her eyes nor her color were as bright as they had been down-stairs. She had taken off her ornaments, and they lay in a small glittering heap upon the stand at her side. The child's head rested upon her breast, and her bare arm and hand held its body in an easy position with a light, close, accustomed touch. She spoke in a soft, lowered voice.

"Janey is nervous to-night," she answered. "She cannot go to sleep, and I am trying to quiet her. Will you excuse me if I do not come down? She really needs me."

(To be continued.)

THE FOUNTAINS OF THE RAIN.

The merchant clouds that cruise the sultry sky,
As soon as they have spent their freight of rain,
Plot how the cooling thrift they may regain:
All night along the river-marsh they lie,
And at their ghostly looms swift shuttles ply
To weave them nets wherewith the streams to drain;
And often in the sea they cast a seine,
And draw it, dripping, past some headland high.
Many a slender naiad, with a sigh,
Is in their arms uptaken from the plain;
The trembling myrmidons of dew remain
No longer than the flash of morning's eye,
Then, back unto their misty fountains fly:—
This is the source and journey of the rain.

NEW ROADS TO A TRADE.

MANUFACTURES and commerce require capital; the professions imply a costly education; a trade is easily learned, and demands only enough money to buy a kit of tools. Besides, nearly every successful farmer, manufacturer, railroad officer, and sailing-master has been first a laborer, mechanic, railway hand, or sailor. The trades lead to high places; they are the most secure foundation of wealth. The average income in the United States is estimated to be about six hundred dollars, and on this the majority of our people bring up their families and save money. Any common workman in the trades can earn this; the majority of journeymen earn about twice as much.

Something of this is now recognized, and many young people are asking how they may learn a trade. It is the purpose of the writer to show how and where a young man or woman may learn enough to win a first-rate position in the trades. Two facts make it very difficult to learn a trade: first, the old apprentice system, where the beginner lived with the master and was really a trade-pupil, has completely disappeared, and, second, the division of labor caused by machinery makes it very difficult for the young workman to get a liberal trade education. To compensate for this there have been established, both in America and in Europe, what are called schools of industry. These include schools of design, schools of forestry, mines, and navigation, railroad, dairy, and agricultural schools, schools of mechanics, technical schools, and trade schools. The methods of teaching pursued in these schools vary greatly. They all have one common aim—to enable their pupils to earn a living and become capable workmen, to reduce the number of possible paupers, and to place in the hands of the scholars power to subdue the earth and contribute to the wealth and honor of the nation. Four such schools have recently come under the observation of the writer, and brief accounts of these may serve to show how a trade may be learned.

THE WORCESTER (MASS.) FREE INSTITUTE.

THE Free Institute, located at Worcester, Massachusetts, is a school of technology. It aims to teach mechanical and civil engineering, physics, and chemistry, and, in addition, drawing, mathematics, and modern languages. In every study there must be actual manual labor in the shop or field. Ten hours a week, and the month that follows the second examination, must be spent at the bench or in the laboratory. The aim of the school is to make first-class engineers and chemists; but it does more, for in the department of mechanics it seeks to create practical workmen, capable of earning a living as journeymen as soon as they are graduated. This feature of the school is of most interest to us.

Six months before commencing the regular course, the pupil must enter a regular commercial shop and work there, as pupil and apprentice, ten hours a day. Thirty-nine hours a week must be given to this shop-work, ten hours to instruction in drawing, and five to recitation. The instruction in the shop begins with the use and care of the hand-tools used in carpentry. Wood is provided, and, under competent instruction, the pupils are required to make some given form of wood-work. From this making of mere forms they proceed to the union of different parts, and this means construction. They are next given a pattern of some article of wood regularly made and sold in the market. This may be such a thing as a hanging hat-rack for the wall, and each pupil is expected to make a dozen, all exactly alike, and fit for actual use and sale. He at once learns the difference between making an article for the sake of learning how it is made, and manufacturing it. In the drawing-class, he makes a working-pattern of the article he is to manufacture in the shop. He thus learns the language of drawing, and how to make it express practical work, and, at the same time, he learns to work from drawings. The making of a dozen hat-racks teaches the idea of manufacture, and he learns that every one of the dozen must be equally good. He also learns that to insure the ready sale of any manufactured article, the price must be low. He realizes the necessity of economy of time, labor, and materials. He very quickly sees the aim and value of machine tools. He quickly gets to see the essential parts of things, learns to make the parts separately, and to assemble them in the finished whole. If each piece of wood is to receive two saw-cuts, he learns that all these cuts may be made at one time at high speed on a band-saw. If there are six screws to be put in each piece of wood, he learns to arrange the work so as to save time and labor by doing all the screw-driving at once. Next to this manufacturing of simple things comes the construction, from drawings, of more elaborate articles, each employing the use of every hand and machine tool used in a wood-working shop.

At the end of six months he is ready to enter upon his studies. He has at this time learned enough to keep from starving in a clerkship or as a telegraph operator. He knows the labor value of a dollar, and something of the commercial value of education.

All the pupils of the institute, except those studying chemistry and physics, also work in a regular commercial machine-shop attached to the school. No pupil can be graduated unless he has made the working-drawing, and put together and finished a practical working machine, tool, or motor of some kind. Each pupil in every class must work ten hours a week in the machine-shop, and, after the second examination, work a whole month of ten hours a day. They must really work, and not only experiment. They must take their turn at firing the boilers, oiling the engine, and doing everything that may need to be done in the shop.

What are the advantages of such a school as the Worcester Free Institute over the apprentice system? In the first place, in the study of mechanics comes the preliminary six months' daily work in a wood-shop, and under constant instruction. The aim is not solely to make hat-racks or cabinets, but to teach the use of tools and the art of manufacturing. The pupil may get to be a bridge-builder or railroad man, yet there is no position in which he may be placed in after life in which the knowledge of hand-craft he acquires in the apprentice class may not be of use. He may never again lift a tool; yet he knows their use, and is a judge of good work and methods. If, on leaving the school, he has only his hands and his time for capital, he can earn a living. He has a good trade. He can enter a shop knowing far more of the theory and science of the work than his fellows, and yet not wholly unfamiliar with modern tools. There is no danger that he will join the incapables on the road to pauperism or jail.

NEW YORK TRADE SCHOOLS.

It is not every young man who can give three years to a course of study in such schools, or even spend six months in an apprentice class. He must earn money the moment he leaves the grammar school. He must, in some fashion, become a workman—stone-cutter, plumber, carriage-maker, painter, or whatever seems best to his liking. He cannot attend any day school, even if it is a free school. For such young men, who really desire to learn and to be educated in their trade, there has been recently opened in New York a series of evening trade schools. These schools do not aim to be industrial universities, but places where the young workman may attend lectures and drawing-classes at night, and at very low rates. A portion of these schools are under the charge of the New York Trade Schools, the others are controlled by the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and during the short time they have been opened have been attended by a very desirable class of pupils. The classes meet two to three times each week during the winter season, and the terms range from five dollars for five months' instruction, to three dollars a month. For carpenters, masons, and machinists, there are classes in free-hand drawing three evenings a week, for two and a half hours each evening, and the terms are five dollars for five months. For architectural carvers, there is a class in modeling, meeting at the same hours, the terms being one dollar more. In the carriage-building class, drawing with a special view to carriage work is taught three times a week for five months, at a dollar a month. For fresco-painters, instruction is given in the practical work of mixing colors; stenciling, design, and composition are taught three times a week, at three dollars a month. In the class in sanitary engineering, instruction is given by lectures in the art of plumbing, in the application of mathematics to practical work, and in planning and laying out work. Instruction is also given in drawing applied to plumbing, together with practical demonstrations of work and methods. There are also classes in sign-painting and wood-polishing. In addition to these evening classes, which have already been well attended, it is proposed to teach in other schools the science and practice of bricklaying, with lectures and practical demonstrations in brick-work. This school will be open in the day-time, and the charge for tuition will be quite low. These trade schools are designed to benefit those already employed, to help them to do better work, and to raise the standard of workmanship in these trades. Such schools cannot fail to be of value both to the young workman and to his trade. Whatever tends to raise the standard of excellence in any trade, and makes it easy for the workman to earn more money, is a benefit both to the man, the trade, and the public. In this, these trade schools have a wide field of usefulness, and it would be well if they were opened in every large city.

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

The criticism commonly made in workshops against the education given in technical

schools is that, while the pupils may be first-rate draughtsmen, and well up in the theory of the mechanic arts, they are utterly unable to do any real work in the shop, not being ready to use the most simple tool or perform the most common labor. The young man is a student, and not a workman. He may be theoretically able to take charge of a machine-shop, yet no man will trust him with work, for he would not know whether it were done well or ill. To meet this criticism, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has opened, in connection with its great school at Boston, a school of mechanic arts. Any one can enter this department who can pass an examination in the common grammar-school studies. The course is for two years, and the plan of study includes instruction in carpentry and joinery, wood-turning, pattern-making, and foundry work in the first year, and iron-forging, vice work, and machine-tool work during the second year. There is also instruction in the regular schools of the Institute, including algebra, mechanical drawing, geometry, physics, and English composition. Four hours a day must be given to study, and three hours every other day must be spent in the shops attached to the Institute.

The system of instruction in this school is entirely different from that followed at the Worcester Free Institute or the Trade Schools in New York. The school-room instruction is not important, as we wish to see only the shop instruction. The pupils are all taught the use of the same tool at the same time. For instance, in wood-turning there are sixteen lathes, and at each is a pupil working from the same pattern and under the same instructor. In the blacksmith work, a number of forges are used at the same time, all the students doing the same piece of iron-work at once. The object is to teach manual skill by classes. The articles must be well made, but it is not essential that they have any commercial value. The thing desired is the knowledge of implements and processes, and a reasonable degree of skill in handling the tools and materials. It is not expected that the pupil shall become a high-class workman, as such a degree of skill could only be obtained at the sacrifice of instruction. The graduates of such a school have a knowledge of the more simple tools used in carpentry, iron-forging, foundry work, machine-shop work, and pattern-making. When they go out to earn their living, they are not wholly at sea regarding the aim and use of the tools they see in shops and foundries. They may not be first-rate journeymen carpenters and machinists, but they are advanced beginners, and have a better general idea of the theory and practice of their trade than the average workman in it.

THE STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

THE Stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, New Jersey, is a school of mechanical engineering. In addition to the usual courses in physics, chemistry, drawing, mathematics, and mechanics, there is also a thorough course in shop work. Every pupil must work in the shop two afternoons a week, and eight hours a day for thirty days in each term. In this school, the aim of the shop instruction is to give the student a great number of exercises in the use of hand and machine tools, that he may obtain as wide as possible a knowledge of methods and materials. It is not intended that he shall be particularly skillful in the use of tools, but that he shall have a liberal education in the trades allied to engineering. It is not intended to make workmen, or to enable the pupils to earn journeymen's wages, or even to give a knowledge of commercial methods. The student is to become an engineer in the broadest sense, and to do so he must know something of every kind of work performed in shops and foundries. To understand this, we may briefly examine the courses of instruction in the shop work. There are no classes, and each student takes up one exercise after the other. As soon as he makes it clear that he understands the tool or process, he goes on at once to the next exercise. Those who are quick of eye and hand advance quickly. The slower pupil simply covers less ground. They have equal knowledge as far as they go.

In carpenter work, there are thirty exercises, progressing from the care of tools to the practical construction of a roof-truss. By following each in turn, the pupil covers the entire range of carpentry work. He sees and performs, at least once, every kind of work performed in commercial carpentry shops. He may not be able to turn out a very nice piece of work, and it may have no commercial value whatever, yet he knows the how and the why, and if in after years he wishes similar work done, the knowledge will be of use to him. In wood-turning there are twenty-seven exercises with a power lathe, beginning with the starting and stopping of the lathe. As each student takes every exercise in turn, and spends no more time over any one than is needed to get a clear knowledge of the work, one lathe answers for the whole class, each in turn performing the exercise for the day.

In machinists' work, there is a course in vice work, in chipping and filing, of eleven exercises, advancing from simple filing to the most elaborate work in finishing iron by hand. In the use of the planer there are ten exercises, on the milling machine eighteen exercises, from the simple setting the machine in order for work, up to intricate problems in the art of gear-cutting. There are sixteen exercises in drilling-press work, and in the use of the metal lathe thirty-six exercises, including all the work done with this tool. All of these exercises in the shop are based on drawings made by the students.

In addition to the foregoing, each class, before its graduation, makes working-drawings, and constructs from them some piece of machinery which implies a knowledge of pattern-making, casting, blacksmith's work, millwright work, and steam-fitting. There are also exercises at the forge, in pattern-making, in molding, and founding, and in all the work required in fitting up a mill, and in erecting steam and gas pipe of all kinds. Each pupil must, either alone or with others, go through these exercises till he shows that he has a clear knowledge of the subject, and that, if he had the practice, he could become a skilled workman in a very short time.

This school has recently greatly increased its facilities for instruction by the erection of a fine machine-shop, which includes a Buckeye high-speed engine, and at least one type of every class of machine-tool used in manufactures. The shop and tools were the gift of Professor Henry Morton, the president of the Institute. This shop certainly gives the Institute great advantages in the practical teaching of the trades connected with mechanical engineering.

These four schools are not all the industrial or technical schools in the United States: there are several others aiming to occupy more or less of the same field; but these show the methods pursued in teaching the trades, and they are the best we have in the country. For the young man who must at once earn money, the Trade Schools in New York offer excellent opportunities to study drawing, which is the universal mechanical language, and to get a better insight into the science of work than can be obtained in the shop. For those wishing to learn the trades in their relation to business, the methods of the Free Institute at Worcester seem best. For the student aiming higher than to be a mere workman, the Massachusetts School and the Stevens Institute offer the best advantages. Each is a university of the trades connected with engineering—the first giving perhaps the most hand skill, the second giving in its school course a wider field of study, with less actual manual skill. The influence of such schools is already great, both upon the standard of excellence in these trades and in raising the dignity of labor. Such schools are the new roads to a trade and a competence.

AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE misty air like amber seems,
  Like melting gold the sky o'erhead.
Athwart the ivory gate of dreams
  Surely our bark is piloted.

For this is the enchanted realm,
  The fairy-palace reared by sleep;
Through emerald chambers glides our helm,
  And in our wake flame-opals leap.

I need but lift my heavy eyes
  To South or North, to East or West,
To see, as at my bidding, rise
  A wave-charmed island's tufted crest.

Here a tall headland draped with fern,
  Pine-crowned and honey-combed with caves;
There, just above the river's urn,
  A low, soft nest of grasses waves.

Now narrowing cliffs inclose our prow,
  Fantastic rocks streaked blue and rose;
The channel eddies swift,—and now
  Broad as a sea the river flows.

Thrilled by the water's long embrace,
  The slender silver reeds are stirred,
And sway with slow, voluptuous grace,
  Like dancers to a waltz unheard.

There where the crystal floor scarce shines,
  So thick the velvet leaves unfold,
Superb the lily-queen reclines,
  A miracle of snow and gold.

Here is Miranda's island—look!
  'Twixt tree and cloud still Ariel flies,
Behind the hill, beyond the brook,
  The whelp of Sycorax yet lies.

But duke and princess, clown and seer,
  Have voyaged forth to other seas,
And fathom deep, since many a year,
  Are buried book and wand and keys.

No ribboned grass is floating there,
  Along our smooth, pearl-paven path,
But hidden faces' pale green hair
  Of nymphs and nereids at the bath.

On! we shall find in sober sooth,
  From some clear well-head bubbling up,
The fountain of eternal youth
  To brim the thirsty pilgrim's cup.

Enchanted world! enchanted hour!
  Hail and farewell, enchanted stream,
That hast the unimagined power
  To make the real surpass the dream!

BUCHANAN'S LOYALTY.

I HAVE often regretted that I did not keep a complete diary of the more important events at Washington during the fall and winter of 1860–1; but the truth is, I had not the requisite time and strength to do it, so onerous were the official duties then devolving upon me. I did, however, find time to make some brief notes, and these, with some of my private letters hastily thrown off in connection with my official correspondence, serve to refresh my recollection of many of the startling occurrences of that appalling epoch. Many of these private notes were addressed to General Dix and Mr. Capen, the postmasters of New York and Boston, through whose kindness I obtained copies of them—those from General Dix having been received about a year before his death. Of others of my letters I fortunately retained copies; and all, together with the answers to some of them, have been shown to a few friends, who have earnestly advised me to allow them to be published. To this I have consented, hesitatingly, with the assurance that any seeming egotism will be pardoned, if not overlooked, since it is apparent that I am not actuated by any selfish motive.

I have put the letters as nearly in their order of date as practicable, introducing only such explanatory remarks as may seem necessary to their correct understanding. That of ex-President Pierce, of November 26, 1860, and the Hon. Edward Everett's, were published in "Lippincott's Magazine" of April, 1872.

"P. O. DEPT., WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 16, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * Politically the signs look dark. It is painful to hear so many sound and conservative men give it as their decided opinion that there will certainly be resistance to Lincoln's administration of the government. Property holders in this district are greatly concerned.

"Very respectfully and truly,
"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, P. M., New York."

"P. O. DEPT., Nov. 7, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * I write this [on the business of the Dept.] early in the morning, before seeing hardly any one. The bright sun is shining into my office window, and everything is quiet, but a weight presses on my heart, which I never felt so sensibly before—all foreboding 'breakers ahead!'

"Very resp'ly and truly,
"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, New York."

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Nov. 7, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: As indicating how I feel to-day, I take the liberty of inclosing a copy of a letter I sent to the President this forenoon.

"The article in the 'Constitution' referred to will do infinite mischief, and I am not certain that the writer of it ought not to be stretched up. * * * I presume, however, it is the result only of bad judgment.

"Very truly,
"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, New York."

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 7, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: The die is cast, and Lincoln is elected.

"Shall we now fan the flame of disunion, or shall we exert our influence toward calming the already excited sentiment of the South?

"What course should we, here in the District of Columbia, pursue? Should we join hands with the disunionists and help on the storm, or should we not rather pour oil on the troubled waters? * * *

"My own will illustrate the condition of thousands in this district. With us everything depends on the Union being preserved.

"What, then, was my indignation on learning that men holding office here under your administration were parading the streets here this morning with disunion cockades on their hats! and the leading article of the 'Constitution' to-day can have no other effect than to encourage and fan the flame of disunion, both here and at the South.

"You will bear me witness that I have never intruded myself upon your counsels. But may I not, in the most respectful, yet in the most earnest manner, now appeal to you—for if you are silent your enemies will, I am sure, attempt to hold you responsible for these things—to use your power in at once checking this dread spirit of disunion here in our midst?

"With great respect,
"Very sincerely your friend,
"HORATIO KING.

"His Excellency, James Buchanan."

The editorial article of the "Constitution" referred to in the preceding letter concludes as follows:

"We can understand the effect that will be produced in every Southern mind when he reads the news—that he is now called on to decide for himself, his children, and his children's children, whether he will submit tamely to the rule of one elected on account of his hostility to him and his, or whether he will make a struggle to defend his rights, his inheritance, and his honor."

"CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 7, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your note of the 5th inst. has just been received, and I must thank you for your prompt attention to my little request, in which I, of course, had no personal interest.

"So far as returns of the election have reached us, I can discern but one green spot, and that the Fifth Massachusetts District. Mr. Appleton's election is important in several aspects, but under the circumstances it could have been predicted with no confidence.

"Indeed, it is singular, considering the sweep of this foul current, that the only signal defeat should have met a man who has floated so long and securely upon its surface as Mr. Burlingame. As the overthrow of a party merely, the result [of the presidential election] is comparatively of little moment. As a distinct and unequivocal denial of the co-equal rights of these States, I cannot help regarding it as fearful.

"My apprehensions, I confess, are stronger than my hopes, but I will trust in that good Providence which has hitherto held together these confederated States. Will you present my very kindest regards to Mr. Holt? I shall never cease to prize his friendship.

"Yours truly,

"FRANKLIN PIERCE.

"Hon. Horatio King, 1st Asst. P. M. Gen'l, Washington, D. C."

"(*Private.*)

"NEW YORK, Nov. 22, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * We have divers reports of disagreements in the Cabinet in regard to the disunion movements in the South. I hear nothing from Cobb in reply to my letter.

"There is a great fallacy at the basis of all the secession movements. It is this, that the violation of a compact by one of the parties releases all, assuming our federal system to be identical with a contract between individuals for certain purposes. It is totally different, and is not subject to the same reasoning and conclusions. The States have organized a central government and ceded to it a part of their sovereignty. The violation of the compact, to warrant a release of the parties, must be on the part of the central government, and not of one of the associates. Mr. Cushing, in his late letter, loses sight of this distinction—a vital one, as I think, in all our reasonings concerning the present disunion movements. In haste, I am

"Truly yours,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"(*Confidential.*)

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Nov. 23, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your private note of yesterday is received. I have shown it to the Postmaster-General. I am told both the President and Mr. Cobb are under a good deal of excitement. I have no doubt the friends of the President are determined to know whether there is secession in the Cabinet * * * and all you can do to this end will be a public benefit. * * *

"Things are looking a little better in Georgia today. Very respectfully and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, New York."

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 25, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I would call and report to you what I know of the feelings of your friends whom I met recently in a flying visit to my native State, but that I know you are much occupied. May I not, therefore, be allowed to say to you briefly, in writing, that their most anxious desire is that the President will cast the whole weight of his influence against the secession movements at the South, and in support of the Union? Among those whom I met was General Dix, who, of course, is greatly concerned with reference to the present excitement. He had written both to Mr. Cobb and Mr. Breckinridge, pressing them to come out boldly against secession. The inclosed note from him may be interesting to you. You need not trouble yourself to return it.

"I hope I shall not be deemed obtrusive. My great desire is that the Union may be preserved, and that, in your noble efforts to that end, you may know that all your *true friends* will stand by you to the last.

"I have the honor to be,

"Very sincerely, your friend,

"HORATIO KING.

"His Excellency, James Buchanan."

"(*Confidential.*)

"P. O. DEPT., Nov. 25, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have good reason to believe that the President is beset by secessionists, who are almost exclusively occupying his attention; and it is important that the *true friends* of the Union should do all in their power to strengthen his hands. Why will you not either write or come and see him, and get all the strong men of your city to do the same? I cannot call names; but rest assured what I tell you is true. The course of the 'Constitution' is infamous, but the President, I presume, has no means of controlling it. Pray let him hear from you all in the most decided manner on this subject. Let him know how much the paper and suspicions of disunion influences near him are injuring him.

"Stephens's speech is admirable; but you observe that you do not see it, or anything like it, in the 'Constitution.' Get the papers to come out and denounce the 'Constitution.' You may rely upon it, all its secession articles are directly against the feelings of the President.

"As the existence of the Department depends on the stability of the Union, I shall treat this as 'on official business.' Yours truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, New York."

"(*Unofficial.*)

"P. O., NEW YORK, Nov. 27, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: It is impossible for me to leave here at this moment, and I have an insuperable repugnance to a visit to Washington. On receipt of your letter, I sat down to write to the President, but constant interruptions prevented me from finishing it. Besides, I have some doubt whether it would do good. I have made some inquiry in regard to the editor of the 'Constitution,' and incline to the belief that he cannot be influenced from this quarter. At all events, those who might influence him think as he does. I am, in a quiet way, doing all I can to promote a better feeling at the South. I am sorry to say that nothing I have yet done has met with a response from any of our Southern friends. I believe we shall have to rely entirely on the efforts of our conservative friends there. They seem at the present to be overborne by the general excitement. I cannot think this will last. There must, at least, be an effort to prevent a dissolution. I trust events here may aid the conservative movement there. Vermont is moving to repeal her personal liberty bills, with what success remains to be seen.

Massachusetts will follow her lead, and, I think, will repeal.

"I shall send my letter to the President this evening or to-morrow.

"With sincere regards, yours,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Nov. 27, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * Our chief clerk, Mr. Clements, and myself had an hour with the President last evening, and our interview was most satisfactory. Mr. C. has just returned from Tennessee, and brings good news from that State, to the effect that nearly everybody there is opposed to the hasty action of South Carolina, and is in favor of one more effort to preserve their rights in the Union. The President appeared to be much gratified to be reassured of this. He is, as I supposed, a firm Union man. I told him about your writing to and not receiving any answer from Mr. Cobb, and he remarked that it would not do the slightest good to write to him. I expressed myself freely to him about the course of the 'Constitution' newspaper, and told him how much it had injured him, etc., etc. I have no doubt he will take strong ground in his message against secession, as well as the right of secession; but, were I allowed to guess, I would say that he will not be in favor of using force unless the property of the United States is interfered with, such as the taking of the forts, etc., when he would be obliged to act.

Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, P. M., New York."

"(*Confidential.*)

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Nov. 25, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am well assured that the President is beset by men who are for breaking up the Union,—secessionists, who strongly advocate the right of secession,—while the true friends of the Union seem, to a great extent, to keep aloof. Why they keep away I cannot comprehend, unless it be that they think the 'Constitution' newspaper speaks the sentiments of the President, which is certainly not the fact. Rest assured, the President will stand firmly for the Union; and what I think is now important is that his hands should be strengthened from every quarter. You can do much to this end by writing him briefly and pointedly on this subject, and you can get other strong men in Boston to do the same. You will know best whom to call on; but let this be strictly confidential so far as my name is concerned.

"Don't hesitate to denounce the disunion course of the 'Constitution,' and speak of the reports of secession feelings in the Cabinet as most unfortunate for the country, and highly injurious to the President's reputation.

"Act immediately. Things look worse and worse every day.

"Very truly yours,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., P. M., Boston, Mass."

"BOSTON, Nov. 28, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have read your note to several gentlemen of note, and all agree as to the importance of your views and agree with you; but they have a delicacy about writing to the President unasked. I inclose a note which I received last evening from Mr. Everett, and though I do not exactly agree with him, yet I can understand how he and others may entertain such opinions and have such feelings.

"Of course, I did not mention your name, because you requested me not to do so. I simply stated that the letter was from a distinguished person—one who was fully advised of what was going forward.

"The feeling here is decidedly that the New England States will repeal their nullification enactments. Vermont has the subject up, and I am told to-day that Connecticut will do it by a large majority. The same is expected of Massachusetts.

"Very sincerely,

"NAHUM CAPEN.

"Hon. Horatio King, Washington."

"BOSTON, 27th Nov., 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I share the opinion of your unknown correspondent as to the very critical state of public affairs, and I feel it to be the duty of every good citizen, by word and deed, to contribute his mite, however small, to rescue the country from the impending peril—by far the greatest that ever threatened it.

"The cause assigned by your correspondent as that which prevents Union men from affording their support and counsel, in this crisis, will not prevent my doing it; but ordinary self-respect, under the notorious circumstances of the case, requires that my views should not be obtruded upon him unasked. Whenever they are specifically invited by the President himself, or any one in his confidence, they shall be cheerfully and respectfully given.

"I remain, dear sir, with much regard,

"Very truly yours,

"EDWARD EVERETT.

"Nahum Capen, Esq."

A word, further, of explanation here. I saw how the President was beset by the leading secessionists, and I was most anxious to have earnest Union men come to his relief. I felt sure, too, that the latter were kept away on account of the very fact that the former were known to occupy a large part of his time and attention. It was unquestionably owing in a great degree to the persistency of these determined disunionists, in this regard, that the President's health and strength were so nearly exhausted toward the last, that it was only with great and painful effort that he was enabled to perform the fearful duties devolving upon him. Some days, I remember, the Cabinet sessions were held in the library, because he was too unwell to come into his office. No sooner were the members of his Cabinet dismissed than one or more of these leaders stood ready to be ushered into his presence; and, one after another, often several together, they came, keeping him up until late in the night. No one can tell what torture he must have been thus subjected to by them in their efforts to attain their ends. Never before, I imagine, was a president more rejoiced to be relieved from the responsibilities of office than James Buchanan, on the 4th of March, 1861.

"ANDOVER, MASS., Nov. 28, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have received your kind, earnest letter, and participate strongly in your apprehensions. To my vision, the political horizon shuts down close and darkly. It may be that light is to break through somewhere, but I do not discern the quarter whence it is to come. I had occasion to write a friendly letter

to Secretary Thompson [of the Interior] a day or two since, and expressed to him briefly my convictions, and fears, and hopes in relation to the present state of public affairs. I did not expect that letter to be published, but the blackness of darkness is gathering so fast that, if anything can be done to save our glorious Union, it must be done speedily, and in my judgment at the North chiefly. If you call on the Secretary he will show you that letter, and if he thinks the publication of it would be useful, he can use it as he pleases. The truth must appear that it was written in the course of friendly correspondence and not with a view to publication. Among intelligent, reflecting men, alarm is evidently increasing here daily. One decisive step in the way of coercion will drive out all the slave-labor States. Of that I entertain no doubt. My suggestion about the tone and temper of Congress, and the importance of temperate words and action, might possibly have some degree of good influence, and there is, perhaps, more hope that the letter might be serviceable just at this juncture at the North; but it was hastily written, and my friend, the Secretary, must judge. If you call on him, show him this note.

"In haste, your friend,

"FRANKLIN PIERCE.

"Hon. Horatio King, 1st Asst. P. M. General, Washington, D. C."

I immediately called on Secretary Thompson, as suggested, and in the "Constitution" of the following morning General Pierce's letter appeared, prefaced as requested. Here it is:

"LOWELL, MASS., Nov. 26, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your letter was received at Concord on Saturday, and I should have answered it while there if I could have found a little interval of leisure. I am here to-day on business, and can therefore do scarcely more than to thank you; but let so much, at least, be said. The apprehensions which you so forcibly express did not increase mine. You know how sincerely and earnestly I have for years deprecated the causes which, if not removed, I foresaw must produce the fearful crisis which is now upon us; and I know how ineffectual, in this section, have been all warnings of patriotism and ordinary forecast. Now, for the first time, men are compelled to open their eyes, as if aroused from some strange delusion, upon a full view of the nearness and magnitude of impending calamities. It is worse than idle—it is foolhardy—to discuss the question of probable relative suffering and loss in different sections of the Union. In case of disruption we shall all be involved in common financial embarrassment and ruin, and, I fear, in common destruction so much more appalling than any attendant upon mere sacrifice of property, that one involuntarily turns from its contemplation. To my mind one thing is clear—no wise man can, under existing circumstances, dream of coercion. The first blow struck in that direction will be a blow fatal even to hope.

"You have observed, of course, how seriously commercial confidence, and consequently the price of stocks, etc., have already been shaken at the North, and yet there is in the public mind a very imperfect apprehension of the danger. Still, there are indications of a disposition to repeal laws directed against the constitutional rights of the Southern States,—such as 'personal liberty bills,' etc.,—and if we could gain a little time, there would seem to be ground of hope that these just causes of distrust and dissatisfaction may be removed. I trust the South will make a large draft on their devotion to the Union, and be guided by the wise moderation which the exigency so urgently calls for. Can it be that this flag, with all the stars in their places, is no longer to float, at home, abroad, and always, as an emblem of our *united* power, common freedom, and unchallenged security? Can it be that it is to go down in darkness, if not in blood, before we have completed a single century of our independent national existence? I agree with you that madness has ruled the hour in pushing forward a line of aggressions upon the South, but I will not despair of returning reason, and of a reawakened sense of constitutional right and duty. I will still look with earnest hope for the full and speedy vindication of the co-equal rights and co-equal obligations of these States, and for restored fraternity under the present Constitution—fraternity secured by following the example of the fathers of the Republic—fraternity based upon admission and cheerful maintenance of all the provisions and requirements of the sacred instrument under which they and their children have been so signally blessed. When that hope shall perish, if perish it must, life itself, my friend, will lose its value for you and me. It is apparent that much will depend upon the views expressed, and the tone and temper manifested during the early days of the session of Congress now near at hand. May the God of our fathers guide the counsels of those who, in the different departments of Government, are invested in this critical epoch with responsibilities unknown since the sitting of the Convention which framed the Constitution.

"Your friend, FRANKLIN PIERCE."

"CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 6, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of Nov. 30 I found here on my return from Hillsboro yesterday, and also several Northern papers containing my letter to Secretary Thompson.

"Since the action of the Vermont Legislature upon the report of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, declaring the 'personal liberty bill' of that State to be clearly unconstitutional, I am in despair with regard to any amendment of errors at the North, so far as the question of slavery is concerned. Reason has surrendered its throne, all sense of patriotism, justice, and right seems to me to have departed forever * * * If the Legislature of this State were convened to-day, I do not believe that they would repeal their unconstitutional laws. When I say this, you will understand that I think the Union has already reached its termination.

"It seems to me that few men in this crisis suffer so keenly as I do. With regard to pecuniary loss, it is nothing. I do not take it into the account. It is not worth considering. We can all have bread, if we will work for it, but we shall never have again the glorious ensign of our country, which has been the object of our just admiration—the type of our power and the shield of our protection the world over.

"Your friend,

"FRANKLIN PIERCE.

"Hon. Horatio King, Washington, D. C."

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 10, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * Madness still rules the hour. Would it not be well to call public meetings at the North to give expression to the conservative sentiment, and show the true men of the South the importance of standing by their Northern friends, *in the Union* * Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., P. M., Boston, Mass."

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 10, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * Things look at present very dark; but some of the mad and drunken spirits from the South are acting so outrageously that the better disposed Southern men are becoming disgusted. * * *

"Cobb has resigned. Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Gen. Dix, New York."

"NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1860.

"DEAR SIR: * * * Alas for the Union! I fear its safety is hopeless, if it depends on such as your note describes. But I will not cease to hope.

"Very sincerely,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"(*Private.*)

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 12, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your note of yesterday is received.

"It is becoming every day more and more apparent that there is quite a large party at the South, who * * * are resolved on effecting a dissolution of the Union, even though the North were to yield to the utmost of their former demands; and these men are now in the lead. One of them kept his place in the Government till forced to resign from very shame, and there are others, of smaller calibre, who are still retained. * * *

"And we are to allow the best government in the world to be destroyed in the first hour of danger, without an effort to demonstrate that if statesmen, or those filling the places intended for statesmen, will but do their duty, it is capable of withstanding far more serious shocks than that with which it is now threatened. What mockery of statesmanship! What imbecility! What culpable wickedness! * * *

"It seems now to be pretty generally conceded that the cotton States will secede, and the next thing is to avoid a conflict on that account, or the whole country will be ablaze with civil war!

"Very resp'ly and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, New York."

"(*Private.*)

"NEW YORK, 14 Dec., 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your note, received yesterday, is confirmed to-day in its worst anticipations. I did not answer, because I have been busy preparing an address to the people of the South, to be submitted this evening to a committee, and passed upon to-morrow at a larger, but not a public, meeting. I do not know that any appeal, in whatever fraternal feeling it may be made, will be of any avail. But I think we have the right to ask our Southern friends to pause and listen to us. If they refuse, I see no issue out of the present darkness but in darker strife.

"Yours cordially,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 14, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: It may seem presumptuous in me, a humble subordinate, to address you on great matters of state; but my apology, if any is necessary, must be that I am an American citizen, with all that ardent love for my country and its government which should ever animate the true patriot, and especially in times of danger like the present.

"I am amazed that some decided action is not taken by the Government to cut itself entirely loose from disunion and disunionists. Look at the 'Constitution' newspaper of to-day—and indeed, I may say, of every issue since the Presidential election. *Its whole bearing is for disunion;* and, say what you will, the Government is held, and will be held, in a great degree responsible for it. It was the organ to which the message was confidentially intrusted, and its columns are daily filled with advertisements which it receives, and can receive, *only by the favor of the President*, for its circulation would not secure them to it by law.

"I saw, as every person of observation must have seen, the very day after the election, that its influence was directed toward secession, and I felt myself compelled immediately to call the attention of the President to it, as I did in a letter, a copy of which I herewith inclose for your perusal.

"I know how the President is pressed by the secessionists, and I sympathize fully in all reasonable measures to be taken *within the Union* to secure the rights of the South and consign to infamy the leaders of * * * at the North; but, as his devoted friend and the friend of every member of his Cabinet, I cannot restrain myself from the expression of the deepest astonishment and mortification that the Government should for one moment allow itself to occupy such a position as to afford even its enemies a pretext to charge it with giving the slightest countenance, either directly or indirectly, to secession or secessionists.

"Is it not possible to relieve the administration from the *infamy* which must attach to it for all time, so far as it is made responsible for the course of the 'Constitution,' and for keeping men in responsible positions who are known and avowed disunionists? For God's sake, let us see the Government placed squarely and unequivocally on the side of the Union! With great respect,

"Very sincerely your friend,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. J. S. Black, Att'y-General U. S."

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 15, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your letter to Jefferson Davis is excellent, and I have sent it forward through the P. O.

"You will see the President's proclamation and the address of the disunionists in the 'Constitution' (the secession organ) of to-day.

"I need hardly say that I am desponding to the last degree.

"Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., P. M., Boston, Mass."

"P. O. DEPARTMENT, APPT. OFFICE,

"Dec. 17, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your private letter of the 14th inst. came duly to hand. * * * I inclose, for your private eye and that of any of our friends, the copy of a letter I was addressing to General Cass at the very moment I heard of his resignation. I therefore sent it to Judge Black. You may think it injudicious; but I am determined to sustain the Union until not a hope for its continuance remains.

"The papers state the main reason of General Cass's resignation; but I *know* that he has long felt as I have about the course of the 'Constitution' newspaper.

"Very respectfully and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Gen. Dix, New York."

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 18, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have read your address with great pleasure. It is cheering to read such a paper in the midst of the infamous articles and speeches * * * that have of late been so common. The 'Intelligencer' of to-day has a stinging article, which I wish you would read.

* * * * * *

"Very respectfully and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. J. A. Dix, New York."

"NEW YORK, 19 Dec., 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I thank you for your excellent letter to Judge Black. I am as much disgusted as you are at the encouragement given to the secessionists. I am for making all reasonable concessions * * * But the Government should quietly and firmly maintain the central authority.

"I am glad you like the address. I have written to leading Southern men—some of them secessionists—against the right of secession, and especially against an attempt to break up the Union on the grounds assumed by South Carolina. But in a fraternal appeal intended to gain time for re-adjusting existing differences, I thought it not wise to introduce any topic on which our Southern brethren are sensitive. * * *

"I am very truly yours,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 20, 1860.

"DEAR SIR: Yours of the 18th inst. is received. I have not had time to read the proceedings or address of the solid men of Boston, but have heard it spoken of with great satisfaction.

"I think the disunionists are not having everything quite so much their own way as at first. The true friends of the country are beginning more generally to denounce the disunion 'Constitution,' and to protest against disunionists being retained in office.

"To show you how I feel, I inclose the copy of a letter which I had nearly finished and intended to send to General Cass, when I heard of his resignation—so I addressed it to Judge Black. It is for the private eye of friends only, of course.

"Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq."

"(*Confidential.*)

"P. O. DEPT., Dec. 28, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I feel as though we were on the verge of civil war, and I should not be surprised if this city is under the military control of the disunionists in less than one month! There can be no doubt that the Cabinet is divided, and rumor has it that the sympathizers of the President, as well as of Mr. Toucey, are with the disunionists in reference to the question of sustaining Major Anderson! Holt, Black, and Stanton are firm for the Union, there can be no doubt.

"Is there no way to bring a healthful influence to bear on the President and Gov. Toucey? Northern men all seem to be dumb and paralyzed!

"In haste, yours truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq."

"(*Private.*)

"NEW YORK, 29 Dec., 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Yours is received. I see fully, without any power to prevent it, the danger in which the country is placed. I have had little faith in the conciliatory action of the Republicans in Congress, though I know there are some who think rightly. It was for this reason that I moved, in conjunction with others here, in favor of a strong appeal to our Southern friends in the States on the Gulf of Mexico and the lower Mississippi to await the issue of the change which is going on in public opinion in the North. Our appeal is to go to the Southern conventions about to assemble in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. There seems but little prospect that any good will be accomplished. At Washington I fear I can do nothing. I have written to several leading Southern men, but I get no response. There is a determination on the part of leading Republicans here that a conciliatory course shall be pursued, and that reasonable compromises shall be made. It remains to be seen whether they can influence the action of their friends in Congress.

"Maj. Anderson, who was my lieutenant when I was a captain in the army, I have no doubt acted as any military man, responsible for the lives of those under his command, would have done. His conduct is approved here by all parties—even by the warmest advocates of Southern rights.

"My great fear is that the masses, North and South, who have been indoctrinated into secession views on the one hand and abolitionism on the other, will not follow their leaders in a retrograde movement. But I have less anxiety for the North than the South. We can make things right here if we can have time. * * *

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 30, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I rejoice to learn that the disunionists failed yesterday in their impudent and insulting demand that the administration should remove Major Anderson or otherwise degrade him.

"It is every day becoming more and more apparent that they are determined, as far as lies in their power, to make use of the administration to strengthen themselves in their rebellious position, and, if necessary for their purpose, *to break up the Government.* Does it require any close discernment to see that it would be fatal to follow their counsels?

"They commenced, long before the election, by getting possession of the 'Constitution' newspaper, which, from the announcement of Lincoln's election, has been openly for a dissolution of the Union, and some of them have continued, and still continue, to hold office here in the Government, although known to be hostile to that very Government which feeds them!

"In a letter to the President on the 7th of November,—the day after election—I called attention to these startling facts; and, from that day to the present, my amazement has increased until I am, at times, almost paralyzed to see such things go unrebuked. It is all folly for the editor of that paper to issue his pronunciamentoes that he alone is responsible * * * *so long as it is supported and kept alive by Government advertisements which it receives solely through the favor of the Administration, for it is not entitled to them by law.* Has not this fact been overlooked in the pressure of the great troubles now threatening our destruction?

"The question now is *union* or *disunion.* An article in that paper to-day advises that Lincoln's inauguration be prevented by armed force! Can the Government give such a paper patronage and escape *the charge of treason?* We must now take sides either *for* or *against* the continuance of the Union; and the sooner we know where we stand the better.

"I wrote you yesterday hastily what I regard as the clear duty of the Government in reference to Maj. Anderson, and I am confirmed in my opinions by everybody to whom I have spoken since, as well as by the press, several extracts of which I beg to inclose for your perusal.

"The duty of the Administration, it seems to me, is very plain. *It is simply to see that the laws are executed, thus maintaining, with a firm hand, the integrity of the Union. In this, rest assured, every friend of the Union will sustain you.*

"I have the honor to be

"Very truly your friend,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. I. Toucey, Sec'y Navy."

"(*Private.*)

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 31, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am rejoiced to hear you express yourself as you do in regard to sustaining Major Anderson. But I greatly fear the Cabinet now in session may take some action against him, although, if he is not sustained, you may expect to see the resignations of Black, Holt, and Stanton. The most intense excitement is felt here on the subject; and disunion men are raising heaven and earth to get the President to degrade Major Anderson. To-day we have a most unpleasant rumor that Floyd is to go back into the Cabinet. If this rumor is true, all is lost! It is known that he sent a most savage message of inquiry to Major Anderson; but the answer he got in return had the true ring to it of the *veni, vidi, vici* stamp.

"It is said there is a secret society forming here to prevent Lincoln's inauguration!

"Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, New York."

"(*Private.*)

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 31, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: In answer to your note of the 29th inst., I am sorry to say that I cannot give any assurance that 'the Jackson policy' in the present crisis will be pursued. Up to this time (12. M.), however, I believe no order has been made against Major Anderson, except that the Secretary of War (since resigned, thank God!) sent him a savage dispatch, inquiring why he removed his command. But this was not sustained by the majority of the Cabinet, and he got a regular soldier's answer back, full of the true mettle. The Cabinet is now in session on this subject, and the most intense interest is felt here for fear that Major Anderson will not be sustained.

"The President is borne down by the disunionists, and, as well as Governor Toucey, needs support from all true friends of the Union. Pray see that letters are poured in upon them. On Saturday, however, Governor Toucey was right, and I cannot think it possible that he will flinch. General Scott, I fear, does not have the influence he should in the counsel touching his command. * * *

"Very respect'ly and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., Boston, Mass."

"BINGHAMTON, Dec. 31, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * I am filled with anxious solicitude for the fate of our country. May God avert the threatened evil!

"Sincerely yours,

"D. S. DICKINSON.

"Hon. H. King, 1st Asst. P. M. Gen'l."

"(*Confidential.*)

"P. O. DEPARTMENT, APPT. OFFICE, Jan. 3, 1861.

"MY DEAR GENERAL: * * * Things are being brought to a point here, I think. I understand the 'Commissioners' [from South Carolina] sent an insulting communication to the President, and that he sent it back to them. We shall soon know who is for and who against the Union. At present, we know not whom to trust.

"Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Gen. Dix, New York.

"P. S.—That was most infamous business of Floyd at Pittsburgh. One of the 'forts' for which the guns were intended is a bare sand-bar, and the other has been just commenced, having a wall about two or three feet high. * * * Floyd's orders will be countermanded."

"(*Private.*)

"NEW YORK, 3 Jan., 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have been so pressed with outside business during the last ten days (trying to save the Union) that I have been unable to write to you.

"The first time we began to breathe freely was when Mr. Holt took Gov. Floyd's place in the War Dept. The feeling here is strong and undivided in regard to sustaining the Administration in its determination to stand by Maj. Anderson, to protect the public property, and to enforce the revenue laws. On these points the people of the Northern States are as one man; and I am satisfied the President will have with him the conservative men of all sections of the country.

"I have been very busy corresponding with prominent men in and out of Congress. We *must* preserve the Union. Congress should do what is right, and the rest will be easy. Why cannot enabling acts be passed admitting Kansas and New Mexico, and like enabling acts dividing the residue of our territory by 36° 30', and admitting two more States at once, with no other restriction than that of 'a republican form of government,' which Congress under the Constitution is bound to guaranty. This will dispose of the whole territorial question; and all may support it without a surrender of principle. What if New Mexico has a very small population? This fact should weigh nothing against the restoration of harmony and the preservation of the Union.

"Do not things look better? Let me hear from you.

Yours very truly,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"(*Private.*)

"P. O. DEPT., Jan. 4, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am obliged for your favor of yesterday. I feel as though there *is* a slight improvement in the state of things here; but the disunionists —*conspirators*—are doing their utmost to head off the Government in its present efforts to right itself. Things will not go entirely satisfactory so long as Thompson and Thomas are retained in the Cabinet, and especially the latter * * * I am glad to hear that there is a committee here from your city to make a representation to the President in regard to him. For Thompson I have more compassion. He is not willingly a disunionist; and *I guess* he sustained the President in sending back their insulting communication to the S. C. 'Commissioners.'

"Let us press forward till we clear the Government of every disunionist.

"Very respect'ly and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Gen. Dix, New York."

"(*Private.*)

"NEW YORK, 5 Jan., 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: Facts that have come to my knowledge give me strong hopes that the Union will be preserved. I look for a speedy movement on the part of the Republicans in Congress, and an effective one.

"In the meantime the authority of the Gov't *must* be maintained. I have written to several members of Congress, among others Gov. Seward, urging the adoption of the plan I suggested to you yesterday, as one involving no sacrifice of principle or surrender of position. We can do nothing unless the Republicans act with us, and I have for the last week been pressing them here and in Congress.

"Yours sincerely,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"P. O. DEPT., Jan'y 7, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have yours of the 5th, and am glad to see that you are laboring in the right direction. The Republicans must yield, or all is lost.

"But the South must be reasonable * * * Many good Union men are disgusted with their arrogance.

"Very resp'ly and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix."

"(*Confidential.*)

"NEW YORK, 8 Jan., 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: Why is money to very large amounts being transferred to Washington? It may be all right, but it is unusual. Nearly a million of dollars has been sent on in specie within the last week. I write you in confidence. Are these transfers made by order of the President? Is he aware of them? These questions have suggested themselves to me. There is a good deal of uneasiness in regard to the Treasury Dept. The Secretary and his Asst. are known to be secessionists; and our capitalists, who furnish the Government with money, naturally feel a solicitude in regard to the disposition made of it. The transfers in specie have attracted attention and produced a good deal of unpleasant speculation. The Asst. Treas. office is in Wall St., and any considerable quantity of gold cannot be moved without being known. I met, a few days ago, a large number of boxes going out, and on inquiry I found $400,000 were going to Washington.

"In haste, very truly yours,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"P. O. DEPT., Jan'y 12, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 8th came duly to hand. I am glad to know that you have been active in your efforts to head off the conspirators here. We are progressing slowly, but surely, as I trust. The appointment of Gen. Dix to the Treasury, and the discarding of the 'Constitution' [newspaper] in the last two days, are two things most gratifying. What is doing now, however, should have been done two months ago, as you know I have been decided upon from the start.

"Who will be nominated for Sec'y of War and Sec'y of the Interior remains to be seen. You will have seen Slidell's attack on Mr. Holt. Nevertheless, I believe if his name is sent in they will not be able to reject him. One thing I hope there will be no mistake about, and that is, that none but Union men will be allowed to go into the Cabinet, even if they have all to be taken from the North.

"Matters at Charleston are bad enough; but it is gratifying to know that Maj. Anderson will not need any assistance, probably, for four months to come. This was not known to Gov't when the *Star of the West* was sent for his relief.

"Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., P. M., Boston, Mass."

"P. O. DEPT., Jan'y 21, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 19th inst. is received.

"I presume I shall continue to act as P. M. G., as I have been doing since the first inst. I do not anticipate that any appointment will be sent to the Senate, at least for the present.

"I cannot see that there is much if any improvement in the state of things. Yet if the Republicans would only present some reasonable proposition, and vote upon it with anything like unanimity to show that they are willing to do *something*, it would at once take the wind out of the sails of secession in all the border States, and this would dampen the ardor * * * further South.

"Very resp'ly and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., P. M., Boston, Mass."

"P. O. DEPT., March 5, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have only time in this, doubtless my last communication from the 'P. O. Department,' to thank you for your kind letter of the 2d inst., and in reply to your question, to say that I fear the proceedings of the Peace Convention will result in little, if any, good; yet it is quite possible that they may be of use at an early day before a called session of Congress. The aspect of affairs is gloomy, and it will not surprise me if we are engaged in a civil war before the end of this month, unless all the forts in the seceding States are peaceably given to the revolutionists. Very sincerely your friend,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., P. M., Boston, Mass."

On the appointment of General Dix to the Treasury, January 11, 1861, our correspondence, of course, ceased. As the more important of his letters were read by Postmaster-General Holt, who in turn showed them to the President, I have always thought they led the way to that appointment. Eminent as a patriotic statesman, his selection for the position was hailed with marked satisfaction, and he filled it with distinguished ability. With none but kindly sentiments toward the South, he at the same time held it to be the imperative duty of the Government to "quietly and firmly maintain the central authority." This, it may as well be said here, is what President Buchanan endeavored to the utmost of his power to do, while at the same time he deemed it prudent, in the cause of peace and to avoid bloodshed, to pursue a conciliatory policy toward the South. It was this forbearance that for a time led even some of his best friends to harbor slight misgivings in respect to him as well as Secretary Toucey; and to this day we sometimes hear him censured because he did not at once come down on the secessionists as General Jackson did on the nullifiers of South Carolina in 1832. These critics seem to forget that, whereas President Jackson had but a solitary little State to deal with, in President Buchanan's case all the cotton States were united in the rebellion, and only anxious for the Government to strike the first blow, as in their view the surest and most speedy means of inducing all the border States to join them. Mr. Buchanan fully understood this, hence his extreme caution—with which it must, however, be admitted some of his nearest friends did not always sympathize, although it is now far from certain that his was not the wiser course. Said Joseph Holt, in 1865: "Looking at the glorious results of the war, and remembering how wondrously Providence has dealt with us in its progress, and how sublimely the firing

upon instead of *from* Fort Sumter seemed to arouse, instruct, and unite the nation, and to inflame its martial and patriotic spirit, we stand awe-struck and mute; and that man would be bold indeed who, in the presence of all that has occurred, should now venture to maintain that the policy of forbearance was not at the moment the true policy."

It is well known, and should be borne in mind when Mr. Buchanan's policy of forbearance is assailed, that, for several weeks after his inauguration, President Lincoln, still "hoping [we have the testimony of Gideon Welles, his Secretary of the Navy] for a peaceful solution of the pending questions," the greatest forbearance was observed, and "a calm and conciliatory policy" pursued toward the South.

President Buchanan stood on the defensive, and, true to his oath, strove by every means in his power to protect the rights and property of the Government. He held it to be his duty to see that the laws were obeyed; but this was impossible where the local authorities were all in rebellion, and officers could not be found to enforce the execution of the laws. For instance, there was no collector of customs at Charleston, and he sent to the Senate the name of a gentleman to fill the place; but his nomination was not confirmed. In a letter to me of September 18, 1861, Mr. Buchanan said: "Had the Senate confirmed my nomination of the 2d January of a collector for the port of Charleston, the war would probably have commenced in January instead of May."

As a further indication of his true sentiments, and as due to his memory, I venture to infringe the salutary rule (which has been so often violated since Mr. Buchanan's time in revealing what takes place in Cabinet session), by relating a little incident that happened in Cabinet on the 19th of February, 1861. I copy from my diary made on that day:

"19 Feb. In Cabinet to-day the principal matter presented was an inquiry from Maj. Anderson, in charge of Fort Sumter, at Charleston, what he should do in the event of the floating battery understood to have been constructed at Charleston being towed toward the fort with the evident purpose of attack. The President wished time to consider. Mr. Holt asked what he would do, or rather what Maj. Anderson ought to do, in case he were in charge of a fort and the enemy should commence undermining it. The President answered that he should 'crack away at them.' The President, however, is very reluctant to fire the first gun. The Peace Convention, he said, was now in session in this city, and its president, ex-President Tyler, had this morning assured him that no attack would be made on the fort. The President expressed the opinion that the fort would eventually be taken."

TO AMERICA.

Sept. 19, 1881.

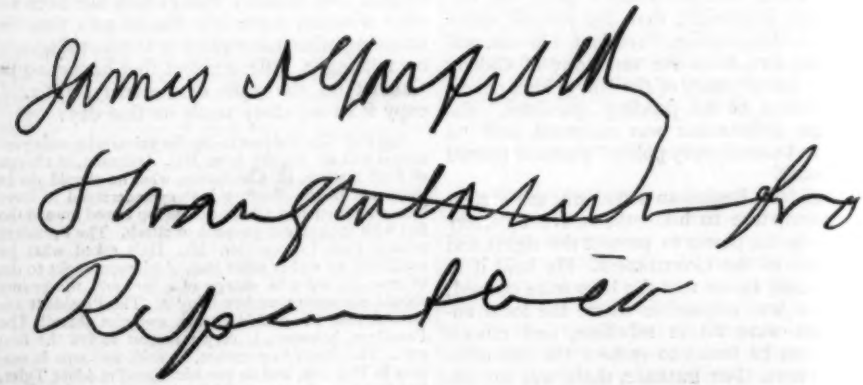
Now the hard fight is done,
  Manfully striven,
And the strong life is gone,
  Asked for of heaven:
Droop all your banners low,
Toll the bell sad and slow,
All that your grief can show
  Let it be given.

One there is more than all
  Bids you have patience,—
Sends at your sorrow's call
  Sad salutations,
Comforts your grievous need:
First-born of England's seed,
England by fate decreed
  Mother of nations.

So to the little isle
  Fragrant of heather,
Where the sweet roses smile
  'Mid the wild weather,
Stretch out a constant hand,
Linking, by God's command,
Daughter and motherland
  Closer together.

OXFORD, ENGLAND.

AN AUTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.*



It was not until several weeks after the death of President Garfield that it began to be generally known that, during his long martyrdom, he had written something of even greater historic value than the affectionate and hopeful letter to his mother. Thousands of readers will learn for the first time of this interesting piece of writing from the fac-simile of it which, by the courtesy of Col. Rockwell, we are enabled to give above. To all reflecting persons it must bring a new conviction that "the calmest man on that terrible 2d of July" was not long ignorant of the real significance of his assassination. That he was "slaughtered for the Republic" is as true of him as of Lincoln, and that he himself was aware of it, adds only another awful feature to the summer's tragedy. This autograph might fitly be placed upon his monument, as a sorrowful reminder of the national loss and a perpetual reproof to political greed.

As yet, the most diligent search and inquiry has failed to discover an earlier use of the Latin phrase.

We append a letter from Col. Rockwell on the subject of the President's writing during his illness:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 17, 1881.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: The late President Garfield took pen or pencil in hand four times during his last illness.

1. On Sunday, July 17, at noon, at his request for writing materials, I placed in his hand a clip and pencil. Lying on his back, and holding up the clip in his left hand, he then wrote his name and the prophetic words, "Strangulatus pro Republicâ," the fac-simile of which I now authorize you to publish. What epitaph more significant, eloquent, and truthful than this—his own!

2. On August 10th, with a fountain pen, he wrote his name on a clip.

3. Immediately after, he signed an extradition paper, sent from the Department of State, first requesting me to read the document,—the old habit of thoroughness asserting itself.

4. On August 11th, he wrote, on a larger clip, with a pencil, the brief letter to his mother, a copy of which has been widely circulated.

Very truly yours,
A. F. ROCKWELL.

THE STORY OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S ILLNESS,

TOLD BY THE PHYSICIAN IN CHARGE.

[THERE have been so many and such varying reports concerning the events of President Garfield's illness that we believe our readers will be interested to see the following authentic and untechnical record of it by the physician in charge, containing, as it does, some points of interest which have not hitherto been published.—ED. CENTURY MAGAZINE.]

AT the earnest solicitation of friends whose claims cannot be disregarded, I attempt a description of the illness and death of the late President, James A. Garfield. While I crave no indulgence, it is but just to say that brain and heart have not yet rallied from the strain to which they have been subjected. In trying to attend to long-neglected duties, I have found no rest. My words, therefore, must be spontaneous, and, perhaps, not always best chosen. Those of my great audience who desire mere literary excellence, may veil their eyes at sight of our common sorrow.

The record which I wish to make now is not that of the surgeon, so much as that of the man who loved his patient. The official and professional reports are presumably complete. There can be little to add to them, save what unprofessional criticism may furnish.

My present story is of a very different kind. During the terrible ordeal through which the nation, and a large part of the civilized world, have recently passed, I have found but little rest, and still less time for any notes, other than those which the rigid rules of surgery require as matters of record. With feelings of no ordinary affection, respect, and sorrow, I dictate this account, believing that if I shall not entirely fail in manner of statement, the story will stand as the legend of a great soul sorely stricken, and of patience under suffering at which the world watched and wondered.

Of all that constitutes moral and physical courage, and that high self-poise which found examples in the annals of Christian martyrdom, President Garfield and his heroic wife were the embodiments. The sad story of those dreadful eleven weeks exhibits the beauty and consistency of the true Christian character as I never, in a long and eventful experience, witnessed before. While the perusal of these pages will start many tears of sympathy, let us thankfully draw consolation from the beautiful lesson of strength, bravery, and devotion which is taught.

In the plenitude of mental and bodily power, having gained the proudest station to which a man can aspire, happy in every relation of life, with a loving and devoted wife, a family growing with promise toward manhood and womanhood, with every prospect of happiness and peace, this great man became the victim of an assassin, at a moment when, freed in part from cares of state, he was starting upon a journey which should give him rest and renewed vigor. Yet no murmur escaped him. Neither on the day of the dastardly act, nor during the long history of sorrow, agony, and death, did he manifest by word or look aught but thankfulness for attention, and kind consideration for all about him. I may safely say that I do not believe physician ever had such a patient before. His calm obedience and cool courage would possibly have secured recovery without scientific aid, had not the injury, as we now know, been fatal from the first. The incidents of the case which I am about to record are by no means exceptional or selected, but rather such as recur to my mind in the few moments of leisure which I am able to command for this purpose. My desire is to avoid, as far as possible, all technical reference, and to give such an account of the case as may best describe its progress, and in some measure illustrate the character of the great dead.

My first acquaintance with the late President was as a lad, at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, about the year 1844. His mother's farm was about two miles from my father's residence. I knew him as an earnest, industrious boy, a little younger than I, whose ambitions were evidently far above his apparent advantages. His faithfulness and high purposes not only gave assurance of future success, but were also a stimulus to his boyish associates. While our paths of life diverged, I still followed him with watchful confidence, fully assured that he would prove himself worthy. His successes as teacher, soldier, and statesman followed one another more rapidly than his most sanguine friends could have anticipated. Knowing, as I did, his private worth and public greatness, few can appreciate my feelings on receiving Secretary Lincoln's message which summoned me to the care of the wounded President.

Passing over the scenes at the depot, where

the chief magistrate lay helpless,—feebly asking to be transferred to the Executive Mansion; the anxious consultations of surgeons regarding the safety of removal before reaction; his descent from the second story, borne upon the strong arms of men who would have died for him; the transit through a dense crowd whose only voice was that of subdued weeping; the arrival at the south front of the Executive Mansion; the safe placing of the prostrate form in the family room,—we come next to the first formal consultation, in which some of the most prominent medical men in Washington took part. These gentlemen have received the thanks of the President, but I cannot refrain from expressing here my high sense of their skillful, earnest, and valuable aid. Feeling thus deeply, I append their names as a part of this simple record.

Dr. Smith Townshend, Health Officer, D. C.
Dr. C. M. Ford.
Dr. P. S. Wales, Surgeon-General, U. S. N.
Dr. C. B. Purvis.
Dr. C. C. Patterson.
Dr. Basil Norris, U. S. A.
Dr. N. S. Lincoln.
Dr. J. B. Hamilton, Surgeon-General, Marine Hospital Service.

Our patient lay on the wounded side, for reasons known to surgery. A sighing respiration, feeble and almost imperceptible pulse, the lines of the face hippocratic, frequent movements of the lower limbs, indicating severe pain, grave apprehensions of approaching dissolution evidenced by the anxious and even tearful faces of his official and professional attendants—these constitute an imperfect picture of the scene on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Garfield was absent. The President having left, as was understood, for a journey, the force of attendants was unorganized, save as good sense and devotion regulated their conduct. They stood in watchful silence, endeavoring to read the faces of the physicians for indications of hope or disaster, listening eagerly for the roll of the carriage-wheels which should announce the arrival of the absent wife, and without spoken word, perfectly understanding that it was feared that she would never see her husband alive. Our anxieties increased each hour. No indications of reaction could be discovered, even by the most sanguine. The regurgitations from the stomach were more and more frequent, indicative of the profound collapse which all the other symptoms showed. We measured the time with beating hearts, hoping that the illustrious sufferer might again in life see the face he loved so well. The President several times made inquiry as to the cause of Mrs. Garfield's delay, and, appreciating the gravity of his injury, was extremely anxious lest she should be too late for an intelligent interview. Upon her arrival, he requested that their interview should be entirely private. Thus the prostrate and apparently dying husband met his wife. She remained by his side not more than five minutes. The words of love, hope, and cheer given him are known only to themselves and to God. It is a fact, however, that within an hour the President's symptoms began to indicate reaction.

The President rarely spoke of his condition, seldom expressed a want, and only once, in my hearing, referred to the circumstance of his shooting. He asked of the Secretary of State, in the afternoon, the name of the assassin. On being told, he said:

"Why should he have wished to shoot me?"

It was explained that he had probably been disappointed in seeking some office.

The hourly bulletins of this first day, which, in the absence of an organized force of physicians, were issued by me, are a record of the early fears and anxieties of those near the President, until, reaction being decided, hope sprang exulting in our breasts. During the night of suspense which followed, Doctor Reyburn and myself did not close our eyes in sleep. Colonel Rockwell, General Swaim, several members of the Cabinet, Miss Edson, and Steward Crump were also at hand to render any needed aid. The President enjoyed, upon the whole, considerable refreshing sleep, broken about every half-hour by regurgitation of the contents of the stomach. The morning of the 3d of July found him comparatively cheerful and hopeful, and with a full appreciation of his surroundings. At this time he inquired of me what his chances of recovery were, saying, in his bright and cheerful way, that he desired a frank and full statement—that he was prepared to die, and feared not to learn the worst. He added that personally he was willing to lay down the heavy burden thrust upon him. I replied:

"Mr. President, your injury is formidable. In my judgment, you have a chance for recovery."

He placed his hand upon my arm, and, turning his face more fully toward me, said, with a cheerful smile:

"Well, Doctor, we'll take that chance."

After the morning consultation, and the dressing of the wound, having at my request decided upon his permanent professional attendance, he desired me to thank individually the physicians who came to his assistance so promptly. While the condition of the President continued critical, the day was compara-

tively uneventful. In the evening it was decided to summon the distinguished counsel from Philadelphia and New York, Doctors D. Hayes Agnew and Frank H. Hamilton. The excessive heat caused great discomfort to the President and anxiety to all. One of our first cares was to avert the dangers thus threatened. When we at last succeeded in procuring for him an adequate supply of cold and dry air, his relief was shown by some of the most touching displays of gratitude that I ever witnessed. I cannot recur to this period without feelings of mingled pain and satisfaction. Crippled, helpless, yet gallantly enlisted in a desperate fight for life, my heroic patient turned upon me such glances of approving thankfulness as I can never forget. Here I remark that, during his whole illness, I never approached him without meeting an extended hand, and an expression of thankful recognition of the efforts being made for his comfort and recovery. The time which passed until the 23d of July, when the first rigor occurred, was remarkable chiefly for the quiet, cool determination of the sufferer. Quite ready for, and evidently expecting, the worst, his demeanor was that of the man whose great intellect and wonderful will enabled him to give the most intelligent aid to the physician. Apparently indifferent as to the result, so far as it should affect him alone, he still watched every symptom, even making inquiry after each examination as to the temperature, pulse, and respiration, and every measure of relief adopted, with evidently firm determination to live for others, if possible. At this time, as is known, a simple but painful operation was rendered necessary by the formation of a superficial pus-sac. When, after consultation, I informed the President of the intention to use the knife, he, with unfailing cheerfulness, replied: "Very well; whatever you say is necessary must be done." When the physicians entered the room, I handed the bistoury to one of the counsel, with the request that he make the incision. Without an anæsthetic, and without a murmur, or a muscular contraction by the patient, the incision was made. He quietly asked the results of the operation, and soon sank into a peaceful slumber. This operation, though simple in itself, was painful, and the manner in which it was borne by the President in his enfeebled condition was, perhaps, as good an instance as any of the wonderful nervous control which characterized his whole illness. This power of mind over body was also daily exhibited at the dressings of his wound, which were unavoidably painful, and yet invariably borne without indication of discomfort; and also at subsequent operations, always painful. Nearly all the nutriment received by the President during his illness was administered by the physicians, but up to within an hour of his death he almost invariably took the glass in his hand and drank from it without assistance; he took pride in his ability to do this. We watched every indication which gave hope of possible assimilation without cloying. He did not draw a breath which was not heard by those incomparable nurses, General Swaim, Colonel Rockwell, Doctor Boynton, Miss Edson, Steward Crump, or by Doctors Reyburn, Woodward, or myself. We knew that as complete alimentation as possible was the primary indication. When the stomach failed, resort was had to other modes of administering food, which were repeated at proper intervals for four or five days, at several periods of his illness. We saw him slipping from our hands through inanition. We suspected and dreaded some internal injury which no mortal could have dared to explore. We sought every available means of supplying waste known to modern physiological science. Why we could not finally succeed, is shown by the autopsy. During all, the President intelligently discussed each condition with me. He often spoke with feeling wonder of the marvelous aids which science could and did give a sufferer in his condition, saying on one occasion, "What relief these so-called artificial methods of nourishment have given me! We should be thankful that science has so advanced that we can avail ourselves of it in this crisis."

About ten days after the first subscription was made to the fund for Mrs. Garfield, some one of the household informed him that a large sum of money was being raised for her in the event of his demise. At this he was very much surprised and said, "What?"—adding with evident emotion, as he turned his face to the pillow, "How kind and thoughtful! What a generous people!" He was then silent and absorbed for a long time, as if overwhelmed with the thought. I never heard him allude to the subject afterward.

Shall I try to describe the days and nights of incessant watching, the incredible patience of this great man in the weariness of constrained position, and the monotonous silence of the sick-room? Shall I attempt to phrase the terrible sense of responsibility which rested upon each and all of us who had charge of him, feeling, as we did, that the pulse of the nation was under our fingers? Removed from the affectionate regard ripened in a life acquaintance, and from that professional loyalty which had budded and blossomed in the sick-chamber, was the keen sense that not only our own, but all civilized nations, were prayerfully, tearfully watching. For my own part,

I can assert that the cares and responsibilities of a life-time were compressed into the narrow limits of those eventful eighty days.

To illustrate his persistent cheerfulness, as well as his desire for relief from the terrible monotony of his situation, it may be remarked that on several occasions he expressed a desire to be able to play a game of cards—an amusement which had been one of the minor attractions of his home-life. On the very evening of his death, with a significant look at Colonel Rockwell, he made a motion with his right hand as if dealing cards.

Hundreds of letters and telegrams daily, containing urgent advice as to the treatment of a patient never seen by the writers,—threats of death if he should die, and similar ones if he should live; in short, every imaginable communication from every quarter of the globe,—all these formed a necessary part of our ordeal. It is very gratifying to remember that, in all this mass of correspondence, nothing excelled the manly and heartfelt expressions received from the South, in most instances from ex-Confederates. One, from Texas, said:

"If you need or desire it, I can furnish a corps whose loving hearts and loyal arms shall bear the wounded President to Elberon as tenderly as mother ever carried babe."

There can, in my judgment, be no stronger evidence than this that sectional jealousies and animosities, if not entirely healed, are in the certain road to cure.

Among the events of the outer world which came to his knowledge was the termination of the memorable political struggle at Albany. On receiving the information of Mr. Lapham's election, he said with great earnestness, in the presence of Colonel Rockwell and myself:

"I am glad it is over. I am sorry for Conkling. He has made a great mistake, in my judgment. I will offer him any favor he may ask, or any appointment he may desire."

The President early expressed a desire to be removed to his old home. His dislike to formal attendance became more and more apparent. The retinue of professional and personal attendants, the sense that he was in some sort a state patient, and the desire for a more quiet, home-like convalescence, where the presiding genius should be his devoted wife, daily grew stronger. He said to me on one occasion: "Doctor, how soon do you think we can take our wives and go to Mentor?" I comforted him with the hope that he might soon be so far recovered as to make the journey, though in my inmost heart I feared he never would.

When the journey to Elberon was decided upon, no man ever had more efficient and consistent aid than was afforded me by Colonel Rockwell, General Swaim, and those already named, in carrying out its details. It had been suggested to extend the railroad track from the Washington Monument to the White House. After due consideration, this was decided unnecessary, as we preferred that the supplementary track should be laid at Elberon, in order to avoid the possible detention by a rainstorm. Here, in Washington, we were in no danger from such conditions, and, moreover, the perfectly even surface of Pennsylvania Avenue really rendered such an expenditure needless. The train intended for the trip was duly equipped and sent to Washington, and a trial trip was made of nearly twenty miles, to determine the amount and nature of the motion of the bed. The attendants who were to bear the enfeebled sufferer to the wagon were so drilled as to make a mistake almost impossible. Every movement had been studied over and again, so as to preclude the possibility of an accident. For the transfer to the depot, we thought best to use a huge express wagon. A vehicle of this size, weight, and solidity would not only afford ample room, but be far less liable to sudden and unpleasant motion than a lighter one.

At six o'clock, on the morning of the 6th of September, I quietly stepped to the bedside of the President and said:

"Mr. President, we are ready to go."

He replied:

"I am ready."

He was carried by no strange hands. Those nearest to him lifted him upon the sheet on which he lay, placed him upon the stretcher, and gently bore him to the great vestibule of the White House. Twice, in the passage, he waved his hand in recognition to those of his household whom he was leaving behind. The bed he had just left had preceded him. He was immediately placed upon it, and, without the least apparent discomfort, raised into the wagon. Every precaution was taken to avoid exposure.

Of this procedure Mrs. Garfield was a silent spectator. She refused to enter her carriage until she had seen the President safe upon his bed in the wagon. This being accomplished, with a long-drawn sigh of relief, she too departed, to meet him on the train. He seemingly enjoyed the proceedings until the car was reached. The hour was too early for any great congregation of people, yet many who expected the movement were present on the streets. In perfect silence, with men guarding the heads of the horses (which, by the way, were not attached until the President was safely in the wagon, and were

detached the moment the car was reached), we slowly wended our anxious way to the waiting train. Twelve soldiers grasped the wheels of the wagon, as the horses were detached, and rolled it to the car containing the bed, to which the President was then transferred without the slightest disturbance. The word was given to the master of the train, and we began our journey to the sea.

I must now say that this whole journey was a marvel even to myself. I had arranged that if prostration occurred, the train might stop at any given point. These arrangements were so perfect that, at any place on the whole route, the President could have been immediately removed to a private dwelling. The rate of speed varied from twenty to seventy miles per hour, and when it was the greatest, I asked the President if the motion was uncomfortable. He smiled and said, "Let them go," evidently meaning to quiet any anxiety I might feel, and to assure me that his vital force was still to be relied upon.

While stopping at a coaling station, I think in Delaware, we gave him a bath. About an hour before we reached Elberon, I suggested a second, but he replied, with a sparkle of the eye, "Let us reach the end of our journey first. That is most important." I mention this as showing how close an observer of his own condition the President was, yet, save when questioned, he never made a remark relating to his own feelings. The journey, as all know, ended safely. Under no other circumstances could this have been accomplished. Through those miles of strained attention and anxious doubt, while train hands vied with one another in quiet transmission of the doctor's orders as to speed and motion, no sound of bell or whistle was heard, either from our own or from the large number of trains passed. At every station crowds of men and women appeared, the former uncovered, with bowed heads, the latter often weeping. When not engaged with the President, I saw and wondered at these sights.

Mrs. Garfield sat by the side of her husband during the first part of the trip, cheering and re-assuring him as no one else could, and visited him afterward, frequently, from her car. On arriving at the track recently laid to the Francklyn Cottage, we were surrounded by a large concourse of people, who braved the heat of the day in their anxiety lest the journey might have resulted disastrously. The engine had not weight and power sufficient to push us up the steep grade. Instantly hundreds of strong arms caught the cars, and silently, but resistlessly, rolled the three heavy coaches up to the level. Arriving at the cottage, the President was placed upon a stretcher, and borne, under the canopy previously arranged, to the room wherein the remainder of a noble life was spent. The admirable arrangements at the Francklyn Cottage, as well as the details of agreement with the great railroad companies, owe their completeness to the sagacious and liberal management of Attorney-General MacVeagh. I shall always remember with thankfulness his quiet energy, thoughtfulness, and zeal, by which this great journey was rendered possible.

The fatigues of the trip were shown in the pulse and also in the facial expression, but the President expressed himself as glad to be at the sea-shore, and was inclined to think he ought to have been moved before. His satisfaction was evident to all. The sound of the waves, the salt and bracing air, all afforded him the greatest delight. For eight or ten days, his condition visibly and continuously improved. Upon the evening of the 15th of September, a noticeable change took place,—a more frequent pulse, higher temperature, and increasing feebleness all indicated deep-seated mischief, which his physicians could not localize, but could only recognize symptomatically, as due to the general septic condition.

On this day I was absent from him for five hours, the only occasion on which I left him during the eighty days. I left him comfortable, and on returning from New York, found him only presenting the signs of fatigue usual at that hour (5 P. M.). Upon my return he held out his hand, and attempted the familiar smile. I said:

"Mr. President, I have been away for a few hours, as you know, but they seemed like an age."

He answered:

"Doctor, you plainly show the effect of all this care and unrest, and I am glad you were forced to take this temporary relief. Your anxious watching will soon be over."

The history of the next four days was that of anxious apprehension. All the symptoms pointed to profound disturbance, which might at any time cause a fatal result. The disposition to converse was not so marked. The wandering mind, easily and instantly recalled by a word, or the touch of a hand; the occurrence of occasional rigors,—sometimes severe,—and the almost entire failure to assimilate food, all indicated the inevitable, fatal end. I think that then, and probably long before, the President fully believed that he could not survive. Perfectly calm, sentient,—even inclined to be jocose and humorous,—there was still an under-current of conviction which all our optimism could not stem.

This opinion is borne out by the remark already related, made to me, and by the incident of the 17th of July, when, signing his name upon a tablet held in his left hand, he added "Strangulatus pro Republicâ." Later, upon the day before his death, he addressed Colonel Rockwell as follows:

"Old boy! do you think my name will have a place in human history?"

The colonel answered:

"Yes, a grand one, but a grander place in human hearts. Old fellow, you mustn't talk in that way. You have a great work yet to perform."

After a moment's silence he said, sadly and solemnly:

"*No; my work is done.*"

And now we approach the fatal hour. After a comparatively comfortable afternoon, having taken and retained the usual quantity of nourishment, restful and cheerful, comforted and supported by the presence of his wife during most of the day and all of the evening, we had hopes of a better night than the previous one. Here I must again allude to a most touching trait of this illustrious man. The thoughtfulness shown for all about him endured even to the end. Often during his sickness, in his great care for her rest, after the fatigues of the day, he gently urged Mrs. Garfield to retire from the bedside, even when she herself could scarcely bear to leave. His heart was not only great, but tender as that of a child.

Upon this last evening I had just inquired of her if she was not in danger of too great fatigue. She replied:

"The General seems so comfortable and quiet that it has rested me to remain."

After making some arrangements for the President's comfort, and after the arrival of General Swaim, who was the nurse for the first part of the night, she left the sick-room and retired. I afterward reëntered the room, took the pulse, and left the President quietly sleeping. I then returned to my room to prepare the directions for the night, where I was visited by Colonel Rockwell, who earnestly discussed with me the probability of a favorable night. The colonel was to relieve General Swaim at 2:30 A. M. I myself did not intend to sleep until after twelve o'clock, as I had some special observations to make at that hour, should the President be awake and his condition favorable. Colonel Rockwell left the room to seek his much-needed rest. At 10:10 I was looking over some of the wonderful productions of the human imagination which each mail brought me, when the faithful Dan suddenly appeared at the door of communication, and said:

"General Swaim wants you, quick!" He preceded me to the room, took the candle from behind the screen near the door, and raised it so that the light fell full upon the face, so soon to settle in the rigid lines of death. Observing the pallor, the upturned eyes, the gasping respiration, and the total unconsciousness, I, with uplifted hands, exclaimed, "My God, Swaim! the President is dying!" Turning to the servant, I added, "Call Mrs. Garfield immediately, and on your return, Doctors Agnew and Hamilton." On his way to Mrs. Garfield's room, he notified Colonel Rockwell, who was the first member of the household in the room. Only a moment elapsed before Mrs. Garfield was present. She exclaimed, "Oh! what is the matter?" I said, "Mrs. Garfield, the President is dying." Leaning over her husband, and fervently kissing his brow, she exclaimed, "Oh! why am I made to suffer this cruel wrong?" Meantime, by what seemed some mysterious means of communication, the whole household was present at once. Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Rockwell, Miss Mollie Garfield, Miss Rockwell, Mr. C. O. Rockwell, Mr. J. Stanley Brown, Dr. Agnew, Dr. Boynton, the servants, and myself, were the witnesses of the last sad scene in this sorrowful history.

While summoning Mrs. Garfield, I had in vain sought for the pulse at the wrist, next at the carotid artery, and last by placing my ear over the region of the heart. Restoratives, which were always at hand, were instantly resorted to. In almost every conceivable way it was sought to revive the rapidly yielding vital forces. A faint, fluttering pulsation of the heart, gradually fading to indistinctness, alone rewarded my examinations. At last, only a few moments after the first alarm, at 10:35, I raised my head from the breast of my dead friend, and said to the sorrowful group, "It is over." So gradual was the final passage across the dark river, that for a few moments I doubted the accuracy of my senses. The President's worn face changed but little in death.

> "We thought him dying when he slept,
> And sleeping when he died."

I cannot describe this scene. The vital spark had gone. No human skill or courage of heart could longer avail. The once magnificent physique, which had been so constantly and tenderly watched, lay untenanted before us. There was no sound—not even of weeping. All hearts were stilled.

Noiselessly, one by one, we passed out, leaving the broken-hearted wife alone with her dead husband. Thus she remained for

more than an hour, gazing upon the lifeless features, when Colonel Rockwell, fearing the effect upon her health, touched her arm and begged her to retire, which she did.

In closing this brief account of suffering, so long and patiently borne, I should fail in duty to myself, as well as to others, if I omitted the tribute of my heart to those to whose untiring devotion and vigilant help so much is owed. The fidelity and loyalty of the President's attendants can never be surpassed.

First, to Mrs. Garfield—brave, self-contained, helpful, always superior to considerations of self. I can, perhaps, best illustrate her character by relating an incident which occurred just before the suppurative period of the parotid gland was complete. The problem had been to sustain the President until the gland should break down. On the 26th of August, the situation was exceedingly grave. According to custom, Mrs. Garfield was informed at 6 A. M., by her maid, of the condition of her husband. She arose and quickly presented herself at his bedside. Without suggestion from any one, and with a quiet imperturbability all her own, she at once spoke to him words of cheer and hopefulness. He looked earnestly at her, to see if she were not dissembling, but her heart never failed. Her radiant face and perfect control of feature aided the innocent deception. It succeeded. She then entered the surgeons' room, and with a very different countenance, asked: "How do you feel about the General this morning?" I replied that his condition was unpromising and critical, giving specific reasons for the opinion. She said he was evidently low-spirited and apprehensive, and that she had just tried to cheer him up. I went into the room to supplement her efforts. His appearance had already visibly improved. The brave, quick-witted wife had given him by her words and looks a stimulus which medicine knows not. Two hours afterward, at the morning consultation, it was found that the pus-discharge had taken place, and the long-wished-for relief had been obtained. Thus the ruse of the loving wife was swiftly justified by actual improvement.

Next, to Colonel Rockwell, his classmate and devoted friend, generous and noble-hearted; General Swaim, equally attached, and a close friend of many years; Doctor Boynton, his cousin, alert, disciplined, quick to learn a want or to descry a danger; Miss Edson, the devoted friend of the family, thoughtful, earnest, and intelligent; Mr. C. O. Rockwell, always judicious and faithful, and Steward Crump, whose unceasing and loving work early disabled him; and lastly, Mr. J. Stanley Brown, the President's private secretary, who, with a ready judgment superior to his years, in a thousand ways guarded and aided those who were watching the President,—to these proved and trusty aids in our great labor of love, I desire to express my sense of the value of their services.

The professional counsel, who rendered skilled and generous help, were always harmonious. The gravity of the problem hushed all possible discord. Every bulletin, even, was carefully and thoughtfully considered, every sentence, every statement of fact was weighed, in the attempt to convey to the public the unanimous views of the council.

This will readily be seen to be but a very imperfect record of the incidents of this most dreadful affliction. Much which might be said must remain forever unspoken. Can we picture the anguish of a husband at thought of leaving his wife and children, just at that period of life when honored and happy years yet lay before him? Can we portray in language the nobly repressed sorrow of the loving wife? Can we delineate the grief of those children, whose filial love and ambitions centered in the great heart now stilled? We enshrine in our memories this sorrow, for the expression of which mere words are inadequate.

THE LAST WORDS.

[LAST words written by Dr. Holland, October 11th, 1881,—referring to President Garfield.]

This expressing with the humble
desire to win the hearts of the world

I.

WE may not choose! Ah, if we might, how we
Should linger here, not ready to be dead,
Till one more loving thing were looked, or said,—
Till some dear child's estate of joy should be
Complete,—or we, triumphant, late, should see
Some great cause win for which our hearts had bled,—
Some hope come true which all our lives had fed,—
Some bitter sorrow fade away and flee,
Which we, rebellious, had too bitter thought;—
Or even,—so our human hearts would cling,
If but they might, to this fair world inwrought
With heavenly beauty in each smallest thing,—
We would refuse to die till we had sought
One violet more, heard one more robin sing!

II.

We may not choose; but if we did foreknow
The hour when we should pass from human sight,
What words were last that we should say, or write,
Could we pray fate a sweeter boon to show
Than bid our last words burn with loving glow
Of heart-felt praise, to lift, and make more bright
A great man's memory, set in clearer light?
Ah yes! Fate could one boon more sweet bestow:—
So frame those words that every heart which knew,
Should, sudden, awe-struck, weeping turn away,
And cry: "His own hand his best wreath must lay!
Of his own life his own last words are true,—
So true, love's truth no truer thing can say,—
'By sympathy, all hearts to him he drew.'"

October 12th, 1881.

J. G. H.

"Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit."
—Hor., Carm. I., 24.

Who knew him, loved him. His the longing heart
For what his youth had missed, his manhood known,—
The haunts of Song, the fellowship of Art,—
And all their kin he strove to make his own.

But his the good, true heart not thus content:
The words that fireside groups at eve repeat
He spoke, or sang; and far his sayings went,
And simple households found his music sweet.

So Heaven was kind and gave him naught to grieve.
Among his loved he woke at morn from rest,—
One smile—one pang—and gained betimes his leave,
Ere Strength had lost its use, or Life its zest.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

Mountain, that watchest down the vale
Most like a couchant lion,—
Wide, winding river, whose fair breast
Soft south winds gently die on,—
Lift up the head; flow still and slow;
Let no chill blast now chide you;
For one who loved you long ago
Lies down to sleep beside you.

You nursed within his boyish heart
The springing love of beauty;
You taught him, by your steadfast ways,
The deeper lore of duty;
Your shade and shine about him lay
In life's abundant labor;
And now the mound that holds his dust
Shall be your lowly neighbor.

A good, brave man, a blameless man,
He lived and wrought among us;
The truth he taught, the tales he told,
The heart-songs that he sung us,
All shine with white sincerity,
All thrill with strong conviction;
His words were seeds of honest deeds,
His life a benediction.

The art he loved was not the art
That finds its end in pleasing;
He loved to help and serve and bless
With toil and care unceasing;
No gift, he said, its fruit hath borne
Until with love 'tis mated;
No art is high, no art is pure,
That is not consecrated.

And thus, with kindly souls who pass
Through Baca's vale of weeping,
Beside whose way the fountains play,
Joy-bringing, verdure-keeping,
From strength to strength this pilgrim went,
With grace that ne'er forsook him,
Till suddenly, at break of day,
He was not, for God took him.

We tell our loss, we bear our pain,
Still thankful hearts upraising,—
For life so large and fruit so fair
Our God the giver praising.
The heart must bleed, the tears must fall,
But smiles through tear-drops glitter;
We drink the cup, and grateful find
The sweet within the bitter.

O mountain, guard his precious dust!
O river, seaward flowing,
By night your softest dews bestow
To keep the grasses growing
That ever, with the bitter-sweet,
His sacred grave shall cover,—
Servant of man and friend of God,
Brave thinker, steadfast lover.

Two Homes.

I hasten homeward, through the gathering night,
Toward the dear ones who in expectance sweet
Await the coming of my weary feet,
With faces in the hearth-fire glowing bright;
And please my heart with many a lovely sight
Of many-worn neighbors, stepping from the street
Through doors thrown wide and hearts of light that greet
Their entrancy, painting all their paths with white,
And then I think, with a great thrill of bliss,
That all the world, and all of life it brings,
Tell me true tales of other realms than this,
As faithful types of spiritual things;
And so I know that home's rewarding kiss
Assures the hope of heaven that in me springs.

R. G. Holland

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

[We print below two editorials, entitled "The Lesson of the Year" and "Poverty as a Discipline," written by Doctor Holland for the December number of The Century Magazine. That on "Poverty as a Discipline" is unfinished and unrevised, but we print it just as it was written, adding a quotation from President Garfield, of which Doctor Holland intended to make use.]

The Lesson of the Year.

The assassination of President Garfield was, without question, the most impressive event of the year, and one of the most impressive that has occurred within the memory of men now living. Never, perhaps, from so small a motive was a man struck down from so high a place. All the accompaniments of his death were impressive in the most profound degree.

The open attack upon his life; his long suffering, borne with heroic patience; the intense interest in the progress of his illness felt all over the civilized world; his removal to the ocean amid the hushed hearts and voices of millions of men; his death and burial amid symbols of mourning that blackened a continent and even darkened the air across the sea; the unprecedented expressions of grief and sympathy that came from other governments and peoples,—all contributed to make this death of our chief magistrate one of the most striking events of history. There are some points of this great tragedy which may profitably be recalled, with reference to the lesson they convey, and we propose to do this here.

First, we suppose it is true that there was never so much and such earnest prayer offered for one man's life as was offered, during his illness, for that of the President. And it did not avail anything. Let us have a word about this. The people did not know that they were praying for a dead man. There was undoubtedly never a moment, from the time the President was shot until he died, that he could have been saved without the performance of a miracle, and this was not prayed for. The people did not dream of asking for the performance of a miracle. They would have presumed to ask for nothing more than the illumination of the minds of those who had the President in their care and under their treatment, and for the forwarding of all those processes of healing established by nature and exercised within an organization not injured beyond the possibility of restoration. There is no doubt that many of the earnest petitioners for the President's cure were disappointed, and received a shock to their faith, on the denial of their prayers; and to these so much, at least, as this ought to be said: the earnest prayers of a great nation that turned unitedly to God in its distress are certain of an answer.

In the first place, the universal turning of the eyes Godward for help is an invaluable good in itself. The death of the President, or, rather, his long dying, was the cause of the revivification of the religious life of the country. Men were taught to pray by their great desire and their conscious helplessness. What every Christian man is bound to believe and assert is that all this tide of earnest prayer shall return to the nation in blessings equivalent to that which was sought. How this sad event has unified the national feeling! How can we be sufficiently grateful for this? The North and South came nearer together over the coffin of the lamented President than they had done since the war. It is quite possible that death has accomplished this much-desired result more surely than life would have done.

When the assassination took place we were in the beginnings of a fierce factional strife, instituted to break down the President's power. How far this strife would have gone in breaking the influence of the Administration we can never know, of course, but we can see that the prime mover in this most inexcusable factional strife has been politically slain, and that he who proposed to control the Senate of the United States, the Administration, and his own State, could make no headway against a dying man.

If he ever enter politics again, it will not be as dictator to his party, but as a humble and loyal servitor. If this death of the President shall serve, in any notable degree, to kill the power of the political machine, as represented by such men as Roscoe Conkling, he will not have died in vain, and the people who prayed for the President's life will have received a large installment of the equivalent of that life.

Again, the foreign participation in the profound interest excited by this calamity was a great good, not easily to be measured in all its relations and bearings. President Garfield was a man of the people, who rose, by sheer force of genius and character, to the highest place a human being can occupy. He was not the tool of a party. He had not sought the place to which he was elected. He was thoroughly educated for any political position, and he became President because he was our best man.

These facts had come to be recognized all over Europe, so that when he was stricken down the shock was felt from highest to humblest, from the heads of governments to the lowest of their peoples. The expressions of grief and sympathy that came from all these were an honor alike to the great Republic, and to the manhood which that Republic, in harmony with its ideal standards and theories, had elevated to its highest place. The death of the President has turned the hearts of the nations to us as no other event has done during the last century, so that his months of suffering may have won for us more than a life of service would have done.

A most valuable part of the lesson conveyed by the President's death relates to the vice-presidential office. It is devoutly to be hoped that Vice-President Arthur will follow loyally in the footsteps of his great predecessor. If he shall do so, we may practically have our President with us during the period of this Administration, so that we shall be deprived of no great

blessing by his death. The Being to whom we prayed so earnestly could not give us back a life destroyed, but he could, and we believe He will, perpetuate its influence through the term of the President's successor. Still we have had a great scare, and the circumstances from which it rose are not likely to be repeated. This one lesson we have learned—that the nomination of a vice-president by a party convention is no light matter. Such a nomination is never to be made to satisfy a faction, or to oil the wheels of a party machine. Just as much care should be taken to get a first-class man for the second place on the ticket as for the first. No man ever took the presidential chair with a fairer prospect of long life than President Garfield, but he was no proof against the assassin's bullet, and his work passed over to a man who began his term of office without the slightest expectation of ever occupying the White House. We have no wish to be offensive to a man who has undertaken to bear a great burden, to which he has been unexpectedly, and, we believe, unwillingly called, but, as a people, we have learned from him and the circumstances by which he is surrounded that too much care in the choice of a vice-president cannot possibly be taken. If the death of the President has impressed this important truth upon the country, then another great good has been bestowed upon it. Of this thing we are certain, viz.: that no nation can pray for a great good, as ours has done, and be refused.

The nation did not get just what it asked for, because it could not be granted, but we believe it has secured by its prayers an equivalent good, and that out of the death of the President will come a great treasure of peace, harmony, and prosperity. The nation is better for this death, which has so stirred and affected it, and in a sense the great, good man has died for us. Death alone could have sufficiently emphasized the lesson of his life, harmonized our jealousies and strifes, attracted to us the sympathy of the world, and brought some of our political methods to the test which proves their unworthiness.

Poverty as a Discipline.

We often hear it said of a man that he has had great advantages. We have meant by this simply the advantages which wealth could buy—university training, travel, high society, unlimited books, etc. It is not often that we hear poverty spoken of as an advantage, yet we believe it to be demonstrably true that, of all the advantages which come to any young man, this is the greatest. The young man who is saved from the effort of making his own way in the world and the necessity of establishing his own position, is denied the most powerful stimulus to labor and development. The young men who are coming every year out of the colleges and the professional schools of the country, and starting into active life, will win success or sink into failure mainly in accordance with the amount of stimulus under which their education has been acquired. If they have been obliged to labor until they have learned the value of money; if they have been forced into close economies, and learned, also, how difficult it is to keep it; if they have grown up with the consciousness upon them that everything they hope for in the world must be won by their own unaided force and industry; if they have acquired thrifty habits and self-helpfulness and self-trust,—they enter life with great and most assuring advantages. No amount of wealth given to a young man can possibly give him so good a prospect of a true success as poverty that has secured such advantages as these.

Twice within the easy memory of this generation a man who started at the lowest extreme of the social scale has risen to be the President of the United States. Abraham Lincoln rose from his nest of leaves in a Western log-cabin to be twice the elected ruler of the nation, at a most momentous period of the national history, traversing in the passage every degree of the social scale. The poor frontiersman's child, the flat-boatman, the day-laborer, the indigent student, the humble country lawyer, the politician, the stump-speaker, the legislator, the statesman, the President, and chief of one of the greatest armies the world has ever seen,—who believes for a moment that, had he been rich at the start, he would have ended where he did? It was the discipline of poverty that made him what he was. It gave him a profound sympathy with the people, most of whom are engaged in a struggle with poverty from the cradle to the grave. It stimulated and trained his powers to their highest development, and it helped him to form those habits of industry and economy that are essential to the best success.

James A. Garfield, whom we have just laid in the tomb with tears of affectionate reverence, was another instance of the beneficent influences of poverty. He rose from as low a place as Lincoln, and took even a higher flight than he. The most brilliant man who ever occupied the Presidential chair, and rapidly becoming the most admired and best beloved ruler in the world, he was mourned when, in realizing one of the many coincidences that existed between his life and that of Lincoln, he was murdered by an assassin, as man was never mourned before. His marvelous accomplishments and powers won for him the respect of the great, and his sympathy with the humble drew to him the hearts of the world. * * *

"Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving."—James A. Garfield.

Doctor Holland.

Doctor Holland's death, though occurring at a time when years of mental vigor and usefulness might fairly have been hoped for, was still delayed till his life had reached a singular completeness. He had accomplished nearly every desire of his heart. His life had grown broader and richer to its close. Though keenly sensitive to sharp criticism, and often suffering from it, still he was buoyed up through all his busy career by the grateful affection of untold thousands and the love of all who were near him. He lived long enough not only to be able to say honestly that he had forgiven all his en-

emies, but long enough also to gain the reverence and attachment of those who had planted the deepest thorns in his side. While retiring from all business control, and from a very large part of his editorial labors, he lived to see the magazine in which he was interested start afresh on its new career, in its new quarters, and under its new name. The first number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE was placed in his hands not many days before his death.

Knowing during the last few years that his end might come at any time, he had set his house in order, and, while still enjoying life to the utmost, and clinging to it with almost passionate fondness, he had made ready to depart at a moment's notice. It is a thought to be cherished that at the last he was not separated, either by distance or by wasting illness, from his congenial work and from his daily companions.

It is hard to do here, in these columns, for our lamented chief what he so often has done for his own comrades stricken down at his side. Though Doctor Holland was thoroughly prepared in his own mind for a sudden taking off, the shock was one for which those nearest to him could not, though ever so well warned, be really prepared; and, besides, he had been so much stronger of late—so much more busy, cheerful, and hopeful. Enough for us to say that that spirit of sympathy and helpfulness, that courtesy and gentle consideration which were so deeply characteristic of his published writings and of his dealings with all—friends or utter strangers—with whom he came in contact,—enough to say that these qualities of his heart had endeared him to his editorial and business associates in a peculiar manner. Every one of them remembers not only the uniform and unfailing gentleness of his manner, but also many acts of especial and extraordinary tenderness and forbearance. Even in cases where the springs of action must have been hard for him to understand, he still trusted; never once did he knowingly give pain to those beneath him in authority. He trusted his associates and all employed in the work of the magazine with a completeness that not only helped each to develop to the utmost his individual capacity, but which attached all of them to him in the bonds of personal affection and devoted loyalty. His quick sympathy, his warm encouragement, the inspiration of his generous confidence, his winning and fatherly presence,—all these we shall miss beyond words.

We think there can be few who doubt the sincerity of Doctor Holland's moral writings. No one could have been as near to him as we have been without feeling that these were the spontaneous expression of a big-hearted and genuinely helpful nature. He wished every man well. More than this, he could not do otherwise than extend his hand to help every man who came near him. The gratitude of thousands of hearts to whom, even by means other than his published writings and lectures, he has done good,—by a pressure of the hand, by a word fitly spoken, by a letter of good cheer,—all these attest that to which we also wish to bear our testimony—the sincerity of his utterances and the unconquerable desire to serve his fellows in everything that he undertook. His writings show little interest in and little knowledge of theology. If in them he preached in season—and, as it is charged, sometimes out of season also—the religion of Jesus Christ, the world may be sure that it was in no perfunctory, dogmatic, or Pharisaical spirit, but that he bore honest witness to an experience that had taken possession of his heart, and had given peace and inspiration to his life.

For years Doctor Holland had shaped the affairs of his office so that his own retirement might make as little break as possible in the conduct and spirit of the magazine. But in one sense Doctor Holland neither will nor can have a successor. There is, in fact, no one man who stands in the same relation as he to the great masses of American readers. One motive of his in going into a magazine enterprise was the desire to have a mouthpiece through which to express his own thoughts on current events. With a few exceptions, he wrote with his own hand every article which has appeared, during the last eleven years, under the head of "Topics of the Time." He announced there his personal opinions, and announced, as well, the changes that occurred in them. He wrote occasionally for other unsigned departments, but allowed in these considerable latitude of opinion. Hereafter the department of "Topics of the Time," like other unsigned departments, will be written by various pens, besides those connected with the editorial corps. In addition to this it should be said that, when Doctor Holland's name disappears from the cover, no other will take its place there.

In endeavoring to carry on the work before us in the spirit in which it was begun, we—and our associates, both editorial and business—shall be as grateful as Doctor Holland always was for right-minded and intelligent criticism, from whatever source it may come, and as unmoved as he by unjust and jealous aspersion. We believe that the best memorial we can build for our beloved chief and our friend is the honorable future of this magazine,—an enterprise which owes, and always will owe, so much to his far-sighted, courageous, and large-hearted management.

Memorial Meeting at Springfield.

A MEETING was held in the Memorial Church at Springfield, Mass., on Sunday evening, October 16, 1881, the day after the funeral, to do honor to the memory of Doctor Holland. We are indebted mainly to the report of "The Springfield Republican" for the following record:

"It was a deeply sympathetic audience which filled the Memorial Church * * * to listen to the just and tender words of tribute paid to the memory of Doctor Holland. Fitting, too, was it that this last service should be held in the church with the founding of which he was so intimately identified, and its name henceforth takes on a double appropriateness and significance."

Rev. Dr. Eustis, pastor of the church, conducted the services, and was assisted in the religious exercises by Rev. Dr. Terhune, Rev. J. W. Harding, and Rev. Dr. Gladden. A poem, read by the latter on this occasion, appears in this number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. A letter of regret from Rev. Dr. R. H. Seelye of Haverhill, and a telegram from President Porter of Yale, both former pastors of Dr. Holland,

were read. Among the hymns sung was the thanksgiving hymn from "Bitter-Sweet," to the tune of Duke Street. Doctor Eustis said that Doctor Holland was a remarkably successful man; that during his life he had accomplished nearly every desire of his heart. But there was one desire that was not gratified, namely, that he might write a hymn which should be sung in all the churches. He thought that, if the congregation would sing this hymn at this time, it would be proved to be one worthy of such use.

"For Summer's bloom and Autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of light,
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise!

"We trace to Thee our joys and woes,—
To Thee of causes still the cause,—
We thank Thee that Thy hand bestows;
We bless Thee that Thy love withdraws.

"We bring no sorrows to Thy throne;
We come to Thee with no complaint;
In Providence Thy will is done,
And that is sacred to the saint."

REV. DR. BUCKINGHAM'S ADDRESS.

"In speaking of Doctor Holland's relations to the churches of this city, I will say that when I came here in '47 I found him a member of my church. He was a young physician trying to get into practice. I remember he came to my study one day, and said he had an invitation to go to Vicksburg to superintend the city's schools. I expressed my surprise that he should be willing to go to a city with such a bad reputation, and his reply was that it was a matter of necessity—that he was obliged to renounce his profession and devote himself to something else. At the end of two years he returned, and found the way opened for him to become connected with the 'Republican,' a paper which had just been founded, and which I have always regarded as one of the two remarkable productions of this small inland town—this paper and Webster's Dictionary. Had it been some wonderful machinery it would not have been surprising, for such skill is what we cultivate. But this was a literary production, and all the more remarkable because started here in the smallness of the town, and with so little to encourage an enterprise of such a nature.

"We all regard, as Christians, every man's life as planned for him by God. Doctor Holland was unfitted to be a physician; God had made him to be a journalist and he couldn't change that plan, just as Doctor Bushnell undertook to be a journalist when God had made him and ordained him, if anybody ever was in these later days, to preach the Gospel. And, as he used to say, it was the weight of a wafer that turned him from journalism to the ministry. And so circumstances, providentially arranged, prepared the way for Doctor Holland to become connected with the 'Republican.'"

Passing from the story of Mr. Bowles's engagement of Doctor Holland on the "Republican," Dr. Buckingham told of his relations with the Springfield churches.

"After his return from Vicksburg he became connected with the North Church, in accordance with my advice, for he said it was a church that he could help, and where I thought he would find a freer and better development than in the older church. In addition to his faithful work here in the social and religious life of the church, he made himself especially valuable as the leader of the choir. You should have seen him sing, as well as hear him, to understand what he meant by the service of song in the house of the Lord! His noble mien, his reverent and exultant manner, as he carried the praises of the congregation up to heaven! The picture of the choir boys is a pleasant one, but commonplace in comparison with this magnificent specimen of manhood and Christian service.

"But we come now to his connection with this church. There was no church of any denomination in this part of the city. He, with a few others, conceived the idea of having one that, while it was evangelical, should be undenominational. He found no sympathy, I am ashamed to say, among some of our church members and ministers, for obstacles were thrown in his way and he was needlessly perplexed; and if he had not loved the cause of Christ more than most, he never would have sacrificed his peace of mind, and continued to push on to success as he did this enterprise.

"And here let me give you an idea of Doctor Holland's cast of mind, to explain his mode of thinking upon religious subjects. He once said to me: 'Christianity, in the form of abstract statement and in the shape of a creed, has not any particular interest nor very much meaning. I have to test things through my heart and best feelings. If they seem good and true and like Christ, it satisfies me, and nothing else does.' This will explain the little regard he had in his writings for formal orthodoxy. He followed the dictates of his heart rather than the teachings of any theological school, and, keeping his heart warm with love to God and love to man, and drinking in continually the spirit of Christ, he never was guilty of heresy. But he was all his life having a richer and more abundant experience of divine grace in his own soul, and it was conveyed, through his writings and through his personal intercourse, to the hearts of others. It is a striking fact in this connection, as his friend Mr. Eggleston will tell you, perhaps, that while he was so jealous of the religious liberty of others, and championed their claims so manfully, he never needed indulgence for heresy of his own. He believed in the Bible, and he adored and trusted in Jesus Christ as the only saviour of men, and he was always true to such a Christianity, whether in his Sunday-school teachings, or daily newspaper, or monthly periodical, or in his novels or poems. He was a pure-minded, conscientious, and useful church-member, and all who have ever been associated with him in such relations can bear the freest testimony in this respect to his singular simplicity, to his tender piety, to his conscientious fidelity and generous liberality in all the relations he sustained to these churches and to religious efforts in this city."

GEORGE S. MERRIAM'S ADDRESS.

"Doctor Holland was essentially a preacher. He was ordained by natural endowment, and by steady, enthusiastic purpose, to the ministry of moral guidance and inspiration. So long as a man's highest business is to shape his life to the noblest ends, and so long as some men can, out of their own larger experience and

proficiency, throw light on the path of others, giving them wisdom and heart for the great work, so long the preacher's vocation will endure.

"That vocation has hitherto been largely exercised by personal speech from pulpit or platform, and largely through the instrumentality of the church. Doctor Holland was an able and successful speaker. His relation to the church was one of loyalty and friendship. But his life fell at a time when a new engine of influence was largely supplementing the old. While those who speak from the pulpit are glad to number their hearers by the hundreds, the daily editor counts his by tens of thousands. While the church is anxiously debating how it can reach and hold the people, every man looks on his door-step for his morning paper before he goes to his breakfast. It is the newspaper that, beyond any other influence, now comes home to men's business and bosoms. The limitation upon that influence is that it too often lacks that clearness and emphasis of moral purpose which has largely characterized, with whatever defects and drawbacks, the ministry of the pulpit. It was the especial distinction of Doctor Holland that he used the newspaper's power to serve the preacher's purpose. As a moral teacher, he found a weapon superior to the old as a rifle is superior to a cross-bow, or a locomotive to a stage-coach. No less did he enlarge and ennoble the function of journalism, by putting it to a new and higher use. He showed that a newspaper might do something more than tell the news; something besides discuss what is doing at Washington; something more, even, than to act as guide and judge in literature, and art, and public affairs. He used the daily or the monthly journal to purify and sweeten the fountains of personal and family life. He spoke continually the word that should inspire young men to be pure, and women to be strong; the word that shed poetry over the home life; the word that threw on every interest the light of conscience and the warmth of moral feeling.

"I do not mean, of course, that Doctor Holland was the first or the only one to direct the power of the press to the conduct of personal life. Nor probably did it come to him at first as a distinct and deliberate plan. Said Cromwell, 'A man never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going.' It was without premeditation that Doctor Holland began the series of writings in which was his first great success as a popular moralist. He had written on local history and light social satires when, one morning, Mr. Bowles suggested to him that he should write a series of letters in a familiar and popular style. On that hint, and before leaving the office, he wrote the first of the Timothy Titcomb letters. It was his good fortune to be allied with a man, Samuel Bowles, who won the unique distinction of creating in a provincial town a newspaper of the first class, and whose enlarging conception of journalism welcomed and incorporated that specific function of personal moral teaching which Doctor Holland introduced. So, in his later career, he was fortunate in being associated with men skillful and strong to unite with his talents the other requisites for building up a great periodical. So he accomplished his work, not by conceiving and creating a career, but, so to speak, by meeting the hand of Providence half-way. He was faithful to the light that was in him; he was open-eyed and sensitive to the conditions of the time; he met the opportunity as it offered. And thus he did the work that was given him to do. He did a work large in itself; large in the impress it left on two great periodicals; large as an omen of the nobler work to be done by the press, an instance of the new and greater channels through which God fulfills his purposes.

"I do not attempt to speak of the elements of his intellectual power—to dwell on his observation, his reading of human nature, his sympathy, imagination, eloquence. But one element of his success and merit is to be noted—he could think the thoughts and speak the speech of the common people. He represented that democratic quality in literature which our social conditions demand and are only beginning to get. Take from your shelf at random a standard author, other than a novelist, and read a page to the first man you chance to meet. Ten to one he listens with a sort of uncomprehending look; the voice comes to him muffled, as of some one speaking in the next room. For most authors write out of a mental habit and equipment which is unfamiliar to the common people; they use a literary dialect—the dialect of a class, as much as is the dialect of science or theology. But, take almost any book of Doctor Holland, and read from it to any man or woman of common intelligence: the eye responds; they understand what he means; they agree or deny; they comprehend, they are moved, influenced. He was a man of the people, and the common people heard him gladly.

"It is fit that we should honor his memory as we are doing. But already his monument is built—built, as must be every monument that is worth anything, by his own life. He has that memorial which we all desire beyond any other—the love of a few hearts, in which he will never become a memory, but live in that nobler, tenderer, more sacred relation which death brings. He has that distinction, given to the fortunate few, to be remembered by thousands with a warmer emotion than admiration—with personal gratitude for some high impulse given when perhaps the will was faltering, some clear light shed when the path was dark. His influence remains, invisible but powerful, upon the newspaper and the magazine that owed so much to him—the influence of a generous humanity, a regard for moral ends. In a hundred thousand homes his books are lying—not dust-covered, but in familiar use; and in each home he is a companion, counselor, friend. A great and sacred gift was intrusted to him. He used it faithfully, reverently, gratefully. The story has reached a worthy end; the poem is finished; and we thank the Creator and Giver."

DOCTOR EDWARD EGGLESTON'S ADDRESS.

DOCTOR EGGLESTON traced the connection between the later growth of Doctor Holland and the vicissitudes of his early life, saying with the poet Herder, "My whole life has been but the interpretation of the oracles of my childhood." When Doctor Holland went to a wider field in the metropolis and founded the leading magazine of America, he went with his character already molded by his life in this community. He had despairingly thought in his young manhood that the world had no place for him; he had tried several

things and failed—like many a young man passing through similar struggles to-day who is destined to play an important part in the world. People afterward wonder they have not recognized such men before. It is always perfectly safe to be kind and not to snub a young and ambitious man. We should make a little smoother and a little sweeter and better, if we can, the pathway of a struggling, ambitious, and sensitive young man as Doctor Holland was in those earlier years. The trials of this period, however, only served to strengthen and develop the man.

As Doctor Eggleston expresses most of the sentiments of his address more fully in his article in this number of THE CENTURY, it is not necessary to give any further report here.

ROSWELL SMITH'S ADDRESS.

MR. ROSWELL SMITH, Doctor Holland's business associate since the foundation of the magazine, said that he was not here to pronounce a eulogy upon Doctor Holland, but to give some expression to the affection in which he was held by his associates. He told in brief the story of his acquaintance with the Doctor, and of the foundation of the magazine. Doctor Holland, he said, was a man who decided the most important questions with almost lightning rapidity; he never saw a man whose decisions upon important questions were so instantaneous. He used to say that he put his confidence in men rather than in things.

Doctor Holland knew that he had been often charged with a want of orthodoxy. The speaker had heard him repeat with zest the story of a clergyman of Springfield who, when absent from home, was asked by some one what were Doctor Holland's religious opinions. He replied: "Have you read Doctor Holland's books, and can you not learn his beliefs there?" The answer was: "Yes, I have read his books, but first I come across something which makes me think he is a Unitarian, and then I read on and find something which leads me to think that he is a 'Christian'!" His orthodoxy was of the type of the apostle James, rather than that of Paul; but his writings sometimes reminded one of the story of the young minister who preached to the students of Union College. The venerable Doctor Nott complimented him very much on his sermon, saying, "The first half was pure Calvinism, and the last half pure Arminianism, and I liked it, for that is just the way it is in the Bible." Doctor Holland appreciated the fact that he was a misunderstood man, and that he was credited with the holding of sentiments and the advocating of views which he thoroughly abhorred; and one motive, he said, in starting a literary magazine was that he might set himself right on the record. Furthermore, he wished to "round out," as he expressed it, his literary life.

No man held the clerical profession in higher esteem than Doctor Holland. Indeed, his estimate of it was so high, and his desire that it should attain the highest usefulness was such, that it led him to be impatient with its defects; and the same is true of his love for the church and his respect for the prayer-meeting. He felt that these were the hope of the world, and he could not tolerate stupidity or intolerance in either the one or the other. Ministers had no truer friend than he, and very many of them recognized it and held him in the highest regard. No minister ever came to him to consult him about leaving his chosen profession and going into literature, or into any other pursuit, but Doctor Holland turned him back and exhorted him, with the greatest earnestness, to stick to the preaching of the Gospel as the highest earthly calling.

"The whole generation of men of the age of Doctor Gladden, Doctor Eggleston, and myself, who were ten years younger than Doctor Holland, read his earlier works with the greatest interest, and we feel that we owe to him a debt of gratitude which we can never repay, for the influence he exercised upon our lives.

"You have heard here to-night how Doctor Holland was interested in the work of, and had helped to build up, three churches in this city. His love for this Memorial Church is well known to this audience. In New York he united with the Brick Church. And now, during the last summer of his life, he has been engaged in the work of enlarging and almost rebuilding the church at Alexandria Bay, on the St. Lawrence, originally built by Rev. Dr. Bethune."

The speaker then read a statement by one of the editors of the magazine, describing Doctor Holland's last day at his office, which was the last day of his life:

"Doctor Holland was at his post till the very last. His last day was a busy one, and one full of interest and pleasure. He was writing his editorials; he was talking over new projects; he had time to go out to see some beautiful stained-glass windows, whose rich and exquisite tones gave him the greatest delight; but especially the day was devoted by him to thoughts of our late President, whom he knew personally. The first thing he said in the morning when he came in was something about Garfield; he burst out with an ejaculation of 'What a magnificent man the President was—what a knight-errant!' He went on to describe his appearance in the House of Representatives, the hush that went over the House when he arose to speak, and the ease and courtliness of his bearing.

"Doctor Holland was engaged that day in writing an editorial (which remains unfinished) on poverty as a means of developing character; and his illustrations were taken from the lives of Lincoln and Garfield. While writing this a book was handed to him, entitled 'Garfield's Words.' For an hour or so he pored over its pages, reading aloud to one of his associates the passages that struck him as most telling. He laughed his approval at one bit after another of sententious humor; his voice trembled at every passage made pathetic by the President's tragic fate. Among the quotations he was greatly pleased to find one peculiarly appropriate to the subject of which he was at that very moment treating.

"The last poem that was submitted to him as editor, and accepted by him, was a poem on Garfield, written by one of the younger members of the editorial staff; and the last words that he himself wrote, in the unfinished editorial, were about the President, and might almost be used as his own epitaph."

Other Tributes to Doctor Holland.

IN a number of churches sermons have been preached on Doctor Holland, or fitting allusions have

been made to his character and his life-work. We quote the following from the sermon by the Rev. Dr. Gladden, preached on the morning of October 16th, in the North Church, Springfield:

"Doctor Holland's methods of preaching were various and well chosen. Upon the platform, so long as he had strength for such service, he lifted up his voice in behalf of truth and righteousness; and if the lyceum had kept to such straightforward and wholesome talk as he always dealt in, the lyceum would not have ceased to be a power in the land. When it demitted the function of teaching and went into the show business, exhibiting for an admission fee all sorts of literary and unliterary monstrosities, then its days were numbered. But Doctor Holland's lyceum lectures, gathered into two snug volumes, are all instinct with sound morality and wholesome commonsense, and all aglow with the author's hearty purpose to help his hearers into cleaner and brighter and larger living. He was a pleasant speaker, too, as we remember him,—dignified, direct, convincing; with the living voice he was no mean preacher.

"His earlier essays, those in the Titcomb Letters, 'Gold Foil,' in 'Lessons in Life,' in 'Letters to the Joneses,' as well as his later editorials, were, of course, in great part ethical or religious in their character. In those earlier volumes such titles as 'Providence,' 'Alms-giving,' 'Does Sensuality Pay?' 'The Sins of Our Neighbors,' 'The Canonization of the Vicious,' 'The Food of Life,' 'Unnecessary Burdens,' 'Faith in Humanity,' 'Truth and Truthfulness,' show the bent of the author's mind; and all recent readers of SCRIBNER know how often the 'Topics of the Time' are topics of the very highest human concernment—themes with which the pulpit is appointed to deal. I think that the service rendered by Doctor Holland to public morality by his editorial discussions in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, by his hot indignation against the rascalities of politics, by his trenchant assaults upon the vices of the time, by his hearty advocacy of the old-fashioned virtues of temperance and thrift and self-help; by his unfaltering assertion of the supremacy of the values of character above the values of art,—has been worth to this generation more than this generation will ever know till it measures the harvests of time in the garners of eternity.

"Of Doctor Holland's novels, substantially the same thing may be said. Most, if not all, of them were novels with a purpose. It was not merely for the sake of telling a pleasant story, not merely for the sake of describing real life, that he wrote, but also with the ulterior purpose of exposing and redressing some wrongs, of helping forward some good causes, of making social life better than it is. There are those who say that this is not good art. The fact is, that there are not a few people, nowadays, without a purpose, and these are not apt to take kindly to novels with a purpose. But when they set up their standard of purposelessness, and call on the world to conform to it, we must beg to demur. The history of literary art does not warrant their canons. The classics of fiction comprise many tales whose conscious end was service. Shall we say that Brooke's 'Fool of Quality,' and Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and George Eliot's 'Felix Holt,' and Charles Kingsley's 'Alton Locke,' and Dickens's 'Nicholas Nickleby' and 'Bleak House,' and Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and Charles Reade's 'Put Yourself in His Place,' are not legitimate fiction, because they try to do a little good, while they give a little pleasure? Doctor Holland had thought this matter all over early in his career, as he shows us in 'Kathrina,' and his judgment upon it never wavered. An editorial of his in a late number of his magazine deals with it vigorously. He speaks of this doctrine, that art has no higher end than pleasure, with strong dissent. 'We claim for the novel,' he says, 'the very broadest field. It may illustrate history, like the novels of Walter Scott, or philosophy, like those of George Eliot, or religion, like those of George MacDonald, or domestic and political economy, like those of the late Mrs. Sedgwick, or it may represent the ludicrous side of human nature and human society, like many of those of Dickens and Thackeray, or it may present the lighter social topics and types, like those of James and Howells, or it may revel in the ingenuities of intricate plots, like those of Collins and Reade. Every novel and every sort of novel is legitimate if it be well written.' I think that this doctrine of art is vastly higher and more catholic than that which he is confuting. And when he goes on to say, in good round words, 'The man who denies to art any kind of service to humanity which it can perform is either a fool or a trifler,' I confess that he carries with him my sympathy.

"At any rate, it is enough to say that he understood what he was about, when he wrote novels with a purpose. And it must be admitted by everybody that his purposes were high and pure; that the blows he struck with this good weapon of fiction were telling blows.

"And the same thing is true of his poems. All of his principal poems take hold of great themes, deal with the great interests of character, and the great spiritual laws. We may not agree with him in all the lessons that he seeks to teach in these poems; I own that I do not; but we cannot deny the lofty purpose and the earnest thought that pulsate through them all. Whatever we may say of their philosophy, the spirit that breathes through them is large and free.

"When I thus exalt the moral and religious element that characterizes all that Doctor Holland wrote, I would not wish to be understood as denying to his stories and poems that quality which the pagan critics insist upon—the power of giving pleasure. Not only in the felicitous and picturesque rhetoric, and the stirring music of his words, but also in his quick insight into character, and his happy delineations of men and manners, he has delighted a great multitude of readers. In his stories, especially, while he has always aimed at some high purpose, he has succeeded in imparting a great deal of pleasure, not only to those who read for the plot, but also to those who enjoy the unfolding of character and the representation of life. It was never Doctor Holland's doctrine that one who would do men good must study to displease them,—quite otherwise; and he has honestly striven, and not without success, not only to leave the world better than he found it, but also to leave it happier."

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THE following is from a sermon preached October 16th, in Grace Church, New York, by Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D.:

"And here it is, in the light of these words of His own, that we come to understand the meaning of the cross of Christ. If love is to be the king of your life and mine, my brothers, if with us here, amid all the strife and rivalry that make up our week-day world, the voice that bids us love is to be regnant over all other voices, somewhere or other there must be the spell that compels us to do so. An apostle had found that spell when he wrote 'The love of Christ constraineth me,' and other men than he, aye, a mighty multitude whom no man can number, have looked also into the face crowned with thorns, and have learned there how to love!

"More than any other, it is the lesson for which our time is waiting. Oh, how clever, how persistent, how aggressive we Americans are! It is simply true that there is no conceivable enterprise demanding capital, courage, the sacrifice of time and strength, which would not, if it were proposed to-morrow, find a host of investors and followers. But the quieter, larger courage that, deep in the love of God and man, gives itself to brighten and enrich and purify the sum of human life—that is not so common. The apostolic spirit that sent men forth aflame with a love of souls that would not let them rest—it is this that we need to have rekindled. Not by capital, not by culture, not by conquest, does any nation or any character become really noble or enduringly great, but rather by alliance with His life who gave the world, anew, the great commandment, and then translated it by His cross.

"One such character I desire to mention here this morning, just because, to so many of us, its influence has perhaps been so little known and so imperfectly appreciated. A man of letters died in this city during the past week who, though he came here ten years ago from New England, was perhaps known personally to but few of this congregation. I speak of the late Dr. J. G. Holland, for some time the editor of a monthly magazine in this city, and for the greater part of his life an assiduous and prolific writer.

"He was a man of good gifts, consecrated by a great motive. Of clear and vigorous intellect, he was best of all, like Noah of old, a preacher of righteousness, and one of rare power and singular sweetness. Writing of plain and homely themes, he never touched one of them that he did not ennoble; and over all that he wrote there breathed the spirit of one who loved God, and who, therefore, like Ben Adhem, "loved his fellow-man." His writings found an acceptance which has often puzzled the critics, and confounded the literary prophets. But their secret was not far to seek. They helped men. They lifted them up. They rebuked meanness. They encouraged all nobler aspirations. They were always a word for "God and the right," spoken with courage, but spoken most of all in a tone of manly and brotherly sympathy that could not be misunderstood. In a word, this large influence (to which for one I gladly own to having been a debtor) owed its power for good,—a power steadfast and wide-spreading, I believe, as yet beyond adequate estimate,—to a character touched itself by the spell of a divine love, and lifted by that spell into a throne of happy and wholesome influence over the hearts and lives of other men."

Communication.

"THE SO-CALLED VENUS OF MELOS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: Since writing the article on this subject in the November number of your magazine, I have visited the museum at Naples to examine the statue called the Capuan Venus, and find, as I had supposed, that the arms are a modern restoration, having been broken off nearly at the same points as those of the Melian statue. I found, also, a terra-cotta statuette which very closely corresponds with the latter, holding an apple in the left hand, but with the wings of Victory.

No critic of my theory can be more aware of the gaps in my demonstration than I am, but, in all investigations where the actual proof is wanting, the highest probability stands its next friend; and this, I confidently maintain, ranges itself on my side. No other theory so fully accounts for all the facts. I do not ignore the known fact that the original Niké Apteros, like the original Athena Polias, was in wood; but there is no evidence that, like that sacred image, it was taken from the Acropolis on the Persian invasion, and it was probably, therefore, destroyed at that time with the temple. The latter, we know by the frieze, was reconstructed after the victories over the Persians, and, if we may judge from the style of the frieze, after the Parthenon. The substitution of a new statue for the wooden one lost would most naturally fall on the school of Scopas. Pausanias mentions the temple, but says nothing of the statue in his enumeration of those he saw on the Acropolis—conclusive proof that neither the original nor a substitute was there at the time of his visit.

Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

LITERATURE.

Garfield's Words.*

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Abraham Lincoln, the wise and witty sayings of the man who had been, before he became President, a sort of Socrates of the prairies, were gathered and printed with the title: "The President's Words." That book is in some regards the raciest and most truly American thing that has been printed, not excepting the "Biglow Papers." What was done for Lincoln, Mr. Balch has done for Garfield. Lincoln's sayings have more

* Garfield's Words: Suggestive Passages from the Public and Private Writings of James Abram Garfield. Compiled by William Ralston Balch. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

humor and a deeper pathos, Garfield's are naturally more philosophical, are broader in their range, and have more rhetorical poise. There are, however, strong points of resemblance. Both speak sententiously, wittily, and with marked common-sense. Garfield has the finish of the schools, Lincoln the laconic terseness of the up-country. Lincoln appeals oftener and more directly to feeling, Garfield touches profounder questions and sheds more light on principles.

If James A. Garfield had had the good luck to represent a district fronting on Massachusetts Bay, instead of one on the south shore of Lake Erie, he would not have had to wait for the presidency and martyrdom to bring into relief his gift for "saying things." It is hard for us here, in the sea-board cities, to realize that the good gifts of broad statesmanship and the genius for felicitous utterance may come from the Galilee beyond the mountains. Athens holds the pen, but she records few heroes besides those of Athens. For a decade, at least, Garfield has been making perhaps the wisest, broadest, and most influential speeches uttered in either house of Congress; but his recognition was tardy. His speeches always attracted attention, but how few of us, here in the centers of thought, recognized the fact that one of the most highly cultivated men in the nation, the peer of our best statesmen, was the representative from the Western Reserve! Some of the sentences in this most valuable little book seem to shine with General Garfield's own experience of the world. "Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up," he says, and we hear the echo of his boyish perseverance in the sentence. There are maxims here that indicate the very secret of his success. "Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing." "If you are not too large for the place you are too small for it." "Do not, I beseech you, be content to enter upon any business which does not require and compel constant intellectual growth." "If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it." He says: "I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities are buttoned up under his coat." And here is a generalized confession: "To every man of great original power there comes, in early youth, a moment of sudden discovery—of self-recognition—when his own nature is revealed to himself, when he catches for the first time a strain of that immortal song to which his own spirit answers, and which becomes thenceforth and forever the inspiration of his life—

'Like noble music unto noble words.'"

And the following extract from his oration on the death of Mr. Starkweather is strangely pathetic when we remember the revelation of character which Garfield's own sufferings brought to the nation: "I have sometimes thought that we cannot know any man thoroughly well while he is in perfect health. As the ebb-tide discloses the real lines of the shore and the bed of the sea, so feebleness, sickness, and pain bring out the real character of a man."

These pages are full of disclosures of Garfield's knightly spirit, as, for instance, the saying: "If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man—it is a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil." And this: "I am glad to have the opportunity of standing up against a rabble of men who hasten to make weathercocks of themselves." "I have always said that my whole public life was an experiment to determine whether an intelligent people would sustain a man in acting sensibly on each proposition that arose, and in doing nothing for mere show or demagogical effect." "It is not manly to lie even about Satan." "I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion." "The men who succeed best in public life are those who take the risk of standing by their own convictions." "The great Carlyle has said that the best gift God ever gave to man was an eye that could really see; I venture to add that an equally rare and not less important gift is the courage to tell what one sees."

What an insight we get into his character from this sentence out of a private letter, written on the first day of 1867, in the exciting times of Andrew Johnson!—"I am trying to do two things: dare to be a radical and not be a fool, which, if I may judge by the exhibitions around me, is a matter of no small difficulty." So do we find the secret of his freshness and continual growth in his constant self-culture, as here disclosed. "I must do something to keep my thoughts fresh and growing. I dread nothing so much as falling into a rut and feeling myself becoming a fossil." This last is from a private letter, and contains the only confusing juncture of different metaphors that we have met in Garfield's writing.

In the very interesting but all too brief sketch with which the editor introduces the book, we see the steady widening of his vision under the influence of his growing culture. He read James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions" several times, and felt then that he had hitherto seen religion too narrowly. But he writes to Dr. Boynton: "I hope I have lost none of my desire to be a true man, and keep ever before me the character of the great Nazarene." His recipe for cheerfulness, in a private letter in 1874, is: "To look upon life with a view of doing as much good to others as possible, and, as far as possible, to strip ourselves of what the French call egoism." We remember that when Garfield went into the war the soldiers called him "the praying colonel," and if his religious life was less in people's eye at a later period, it was none the less a strong force in molding him to a high ideal. "The worst days of darkness through which I have ever passed have been greatly alleviated by throwing myself with all my energy into some work relating to others." This is true Christian consolation. And again: "It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in unselfish thought."

But it is in his statesmanship that we recognize the real largeness of the man. The roots of his arguments take hold of the history of the race, and the whole nature of men. "There can be no permanent disfranchised peasantry in the United States," he said more than twenty years ago. How swiftly does his honest heart and clear head go to the root of the financial question when he denounces "all methods of paying debts by sleight-of-hand." "Financial subjects," he says, "are nuts and clover for demagogues." The argument for governmental education is put into seven

words: "School-houses are less expensive than rebellions." And the economical relations of the working-man are all in this: "The laborer has but one commodity to sell—his day's work. It is his sole reliance. He must sell it to-day, or it is lost forever."

His views of our history were large, untouched with partisan or sectional narrowness, and going straight to the core of the matter. "Virginia and Massachusetts were two focal centers from which sprang the life-forces of this republic. They were, in many ways, complements of each other, each supplying what the other lacked, and both uniting to endow the republic with its noblest and most enduring qualities." Here, again, is a truth proven by American history in the earliest colonial times as strongly as by recent events: "Emigration follows the path of liberty." A general principle of statesmanship of the most far-reaching application is this: "Whatever the people can do without legislation will be better done than by the intervention of the State or nation."

He judges all things largely. Of John Stuart Mill, he says: "I can't see that he ever came to comprehend human life as a reality." His views of education were exceedingly broad—abreast those of the foremost and wisest educational reformers of our time. The sharp criticisms of some prevalent methods to be found in the extracts under this head would be most wholesome if the men who need them were likely ever to see them. We have room for but one significant remark: "It is to me a perpetual wonder that any child's love of knowledge survives the outrages of the school-house."

Gladden's "The Lord's Prayer."*

Mr. Ruskin, in some pithy letters addressed to the English clergy, made the inquiry, "Can this Gospel of Christ be put into such plain words and short terms that a plain man can understand it?" and suggested that this might be reached by "explaining in their completeness and life the terms of the Lord's Prayer." Mr. Gladden has acted upon this suggestion, and the result is an admirably simple and effective presentation of what may be called the substance of religion. Few preachers speak the speech of the common people as he does. His sermons have in a rare degree the quality of genuineness. Not one word has the false ring of cant or sentimentality. He uses illustrations freely, and always to illustrate, never to adorn. There is plainness of style, but there is richness of substance—the richness which comes from carrying the great simple truths of religion into the boundless field of individual and social conduct. As to the substance of the teaching, it may be described as the doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount closely applied to American communities in this present year of grace. The stress is thrown upon practical conduct, but there is a pervading atmosphere of reverence and trust; the ethical and the spiritual quality are closely blended. It is a strong, manly, helpful book.

In the break-up of old beliefs, it is the men who in their own lives dig down afresh to the springs of faith, hope, and love who can speak the living word to the people. Such preachers are necessarily few, and their most effective access to the great constituency who need them is no longer by the voice, but through the press. Mr. Gladden is one of the most effective and most useful of these pen-preachers. There may be men more eminent for originality, for philosophical and poetical genius, but he unites the great qualities of absolute sincerity, near and first-hand acquaintance with spiritual realities, and the simple, direct way of speech which the multitude understands.

We should also note that Mr. Gladden's theological position is in the ranks of liberal orthodoxy, and that he illustrates the best characteristic methods prevalent among that school of teachers. They have felt the influences of modern thought, and accepted new conclusions to an extent which they seldom define with much exactness to their hearers, or perhaps to themselves. Their general aim is to draw both from older and newer ways of thought those elements which, in their immediate application, are practical and fructifying. Their concern is almost wholly with the practical conduct of life, using the phrase in its large sense to include obedience and trust toward a higher power. They are apt to speak with a good deal of positiveness, as of things certain and indisputable. By this strongly affirmative quality they sometimes go rather one side of the more thoughtful and inquiring class of minds, but they exactly hit the want of the average man. The mass of mankind, whether they acknowledge it or not, rest in religion, as in most other things, upon authority. They must of necessity take the word of some one who they suppose knows better than they do. Men are at this time more sensitive than ever to the voice of a teacher which rings with the clear tones of a deep personal confidence in his own message. It is a most trying combination of functions which requires a preacher to be at once a student of truth and a guide to his flock, at a time when so profound a recasting of thought is going on, and so much uncertainty rests upon its ultimate issues. To the mind of the preacher who is both thoughtful and earnest, there is at times something like a conflict between love of truth and love of his people. If he speaks too positively, he misrepresents his own mind; if with too much qualification, he perplexes those whom he wants to help. The best of the liberal orthodox, like Phillips Brooks and Washington Gladden, extend their emphasis not only to the ethical and spiritual realities of earthly life, but to the personality and fatherhood of God, the providential government of the world, the life beyond death, and the authority of Jesus Christ.

* The Lord's Prayer. Seven Homilies. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Pneumatic Bell-Call.

A SYSTEM of pneumatic call-bells and annunciators that has been in use for some time in England has been recently modified and improved for introduction into America. It consists essentially of a small bellows, an air-tube, and a second bellows, that may be used to strike a gong-bell or control the dials of an annunciator. The bellows, which is quite small and intended to be operated by hand, is closed by pressure of the finger on a push-button, by pulling a handle, or by pressing on a rubber bag that forms the tassel or end of a cord hung from the wall. The closing of the bellows sends an impulse of compressed air through a small tube, and causes a circular bellows to expand. At the end of this bellows is an upright rod that moves a segment of a geared wheel. A smaller wheel geared to this segment moves with it, and causes the hammer of a gong-bell to give a series of rapid strokes. The bell "chatters" like an electric bell for a moment, and the pressure being removed, the ringing mechanism returns to its original position by its own weight. No clock-work or spring is required, all the parts being self-acting. The invention, in its present condition, seems likely to be of value in dwellings, small hotels, and on board steam-boats.

The Secondary Battery.

THIS battery—which, in a modified form and under a new name, was brought out a few months since—does not seem to have realized the very high estimates that were put upon it at the time. It can hardly be said to store electricity as a holder stores gas, or a tank stores oil. After it has been connected with a dynamo machine, it will continue for some time to give out a current, even if it is removed from its source of supply. The battery, however, has been made the subject of experiment as a source of power for electric lamps that must be used in difficult or dangerous situations. The experiments were made in connection with the Swan incandescent light. A single lamp of two-candle power has been kept lighted at the bottom of a fiery coal-mine for six hours, by the aid of a secondary battery weighing about five kilograms (ten pounds). To renew the light, the battery must be again connected with a dynamo machine for a short time. This, it was suggested, could be done by bringing it to the wires from the machine that lead down the shaft to the bottom of the pit. On being charged, the battery could then be carried to a distant and more dangerous part of the mine, where the light was needed. It may be remarked, in passing, that the Swan light is under experiment as a light for mines, the dynamo machine being at the surface, by the pit's mouth, and the wires laid down the shaft and along the galleries. So far, the experiments appear to be highly successful, though the question of the absolute safety of any form of incandescent light in mines liable to take fire is still under debate. The secondary battery, it has been suggested, may yet find a useful field in connection with windmills. While the wind moves the mill, the battery could be charged, and the energy thus obtained be afterward utilized when the mill is idle in calm weather.

New Photographic Convenience.

THE dark cloth thrown over the head of the operator while adjusting the focus of his camera has several serious disadvantages. Unless very carefully placed it fails to exclude the light. Out-of-door work is impeded by the flapping of the cloth in the wind, while the way in which it must be used is a source of great annoyance to ladies and young people who wish to use the camera. Several devices have been brought out that are designed to take the place of the focusing cloth. These have taken the forms of hoods for the eyes and face, and resemble the old wooden stereoscopes. A new apparatus consists of two leaves of card-board joined together by some soft, dark fabric and open at each end. One end is designed to fit over the back of the camera, and the other end is cut out on one leaf to fit the forehead just above the eyes; the other leaf fits the nose and face just below the eyes. In use, the larger end is fitted over the camera, a fringe of the cloth excluding the light at the edges of the box, and the smaller end serves as an eye-piece through which to view the darkened glass-plate. The two leaves fold together like a thin book, and take up very little room. The size of the apparatus depends on the size of the camera; its length is determined by the distance between the eyes and the glass-plate best suited for a good view of the picture, and this is easily determined by experiment. This invention will not be patented, and is a free gift to all who care to use it; and this notice also prevents any one from applying for a patent on it.

Slow-burning Construction.

SO LONG as wood must be used for floors and roofs there can be no such thing as fire-proof building. It is therefore proposed by one of the leading fire insurance companies that all new structures, and particularly factories and shops where wood is be used, shall be made fire-resisting or slow-burning. The plan suggested is worthy of attention, because it often happens that, if the fire can only be confined to the interior of the building for even a few moments, much property, and perhaps many lives, can be saved. For the floors it is proposed to use heavy timbers 30.5 centimeters by 30 centimeters (12 by 14 inches), and on these to lay matched planks 7.6 centimeters (3 inches) thick. Over these planks is to be a layer of roofing-felt or mortar, and in this mortar is to be bedded flooring-boards of the usual thickness. Such a floor would burn, but so slowly that fire would be a long time in eating its way through. The aim is to gain time, for time is the one element of safety at all fires. For the roof, the supporting beams are to be of the same size, and the top is to be of matched planks 7.6 centimeters thick, and covered on the outside with any form of roofing that may be desired. The ends of the beams are to pass through the outer walls, and to be finished as brackets to support the planking that is carried to the ends of the beams.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Lip Service.

IN YORKTOWN CHURCH A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO: MODERNIZED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

OUTSIDE the church the breezes blow,
  And wave the summer trees:
The fans within go soft and slow
  To stir a fainter breeze.
The clerk doth shrill with high voice cracked
  His keen falsetto strain;
While in the family pew high-backed
  Behold our lovers twain.

Arrayed in filmy furbelows,—
  Cool things of fluffy white,—
Shod with high heels and pointed toes,
  She is a winsome sight.
A blue-cocked hat bewrought with braid
  Her dandy sweetheart bears,
With shorts, high hose, and coat. Well-made
  The raiment that he wears.

"Good sooth," he thinks, his love beside,
  "When such a hap shall be,—
This bonny flesh and blood my bride,—
  What gladder heaven for me?"
The well-closed door from gossip's view
  Doth shut them—saints be praised!
This fashion of her father's pew
  His seven wits hath dazed.

He holds the corner of her book,
  The while she bends in prayer:
"What matter if one kiss I took—
  A trifle light as air?"
Her breast scarce heaves, her face is meek,
  Her eyes are in eclipse:—
"Or shall I touch it to her cheek,
  Or lay it on her lips?"

She little knoweth what rash thought
  His bosom doth possess;
Her soul, on heavenly pinions caught,
  Forgets earth's earthiness.
All wordly love and wordly dreams
  Are lapsed in heavenborn bliss,—
A most unmeetful time, it seems,
  For our bold lover's kiss.

Thoughts heavenward borne on wings of prayer
  Slight hap to earth may draw;
The soft salute doth miff our fair,
  And on his nearer jaw
With mittened hand she plants a thwack
  Which kindles all his rage;—
Forth pew and church to good steed's back
  His anger to assuage!

No Sabbath ever more shall see
  Our lovers, in yon pew,
From self-same book the Litany
  Lovingly going through.

No fee from them of Spanish-eight,
  Stowed in a buckskin glove,
The parson ever shall elate
  To preach their wedded love.

L'ENVOI.

A time for all things, ladies gay—
  Times, gallants, for each thing;
Since Love may go, or Love may stay,
  Who hath a fickle wing.
Lip service fellows not with prayer—
  Ye may not woo in church,
Lest kisses, welcome otherwhere,
  Here leave you in the lurch!

The Sea.

SHE was rich and of high degree;
A poor and unknown artist he.
"Paint me," she said, "a view of the sea."

So he painted the sea as it looked the day
That Aphrodite arose from its spray;
And it broke, as she gazed on its face the while,
Into its countless-dimpled smile.
"What a poky, stupid picture!" said she;
"I don't believe he *can* paint the sea!"

Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,
Storming, with fierce and sudden shock,
Wild cries, and writhing tongues of foam,
A towering, mighty fastness-rock.
In its sides, above those leaping crests,
The thronging sea-birds built their nests.
"What a disagreeable daub!" said she;
"Why, it isn't anything like the sea!"

Then he painted a stretch of hot, brown sand,
With a big hotel on either hand,
And a handsome pavilion for the band,—
Not a sign of the water to be seen
Except one faint little streak of green.
"What a perfectly exquisite picture!" said she;
"It's the very *image* of the sea!"

The King's Quest.

THE king rode fast, the king rode far:
  "Now, by my crown," quoth he,
"If I, in all the land, shall find
A maiden of contented mind,—
  Be she of high or low degree,
By Pagan rite or Christian signed,—
  My consort she shall be."

But when he chanced the maid to meet,
  So well content was she,
She would not wed,—but, deaf and blind,
Went on her way: "Alack, I find
  I'm caught in my own web," quoth he;
"This maiden of contented mind
  Is too content for me."

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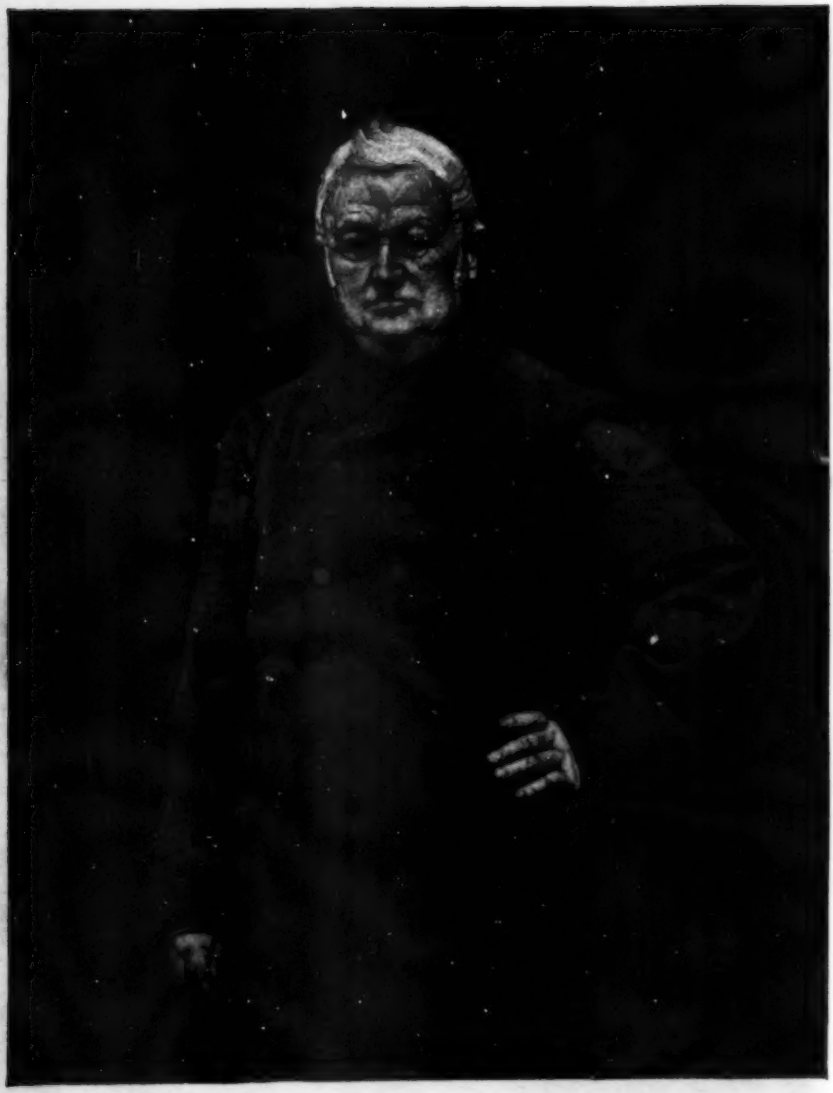

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.